

MATED.

A SEQUEL TO THE IMPENDING MATE.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

How a novelist would delight over the four years which we intend to pass remorselessly. How slowly and "gingerly" she would draw her story along through them, delighted beyond measure at the *length* of the stage assigned for her representations. While we, from a full appreciation of the value of time, (don't insinuate that the grapes are sour) beg leave to set you down at once, without circumlocution, in the drawing-room of a fine, large mansion in one of the principal streets of young New York, and which was the residence of Mrs. Morton, of former mention, who, together with Nina Van Arden, (do you remember her?) was seated within the shadow of the large bow-window, with the casement opened, and the air sweeping in over a little wilderness of sweets in the shape of a bed of mignonette. Nina looked somewhat older, as indeed was but natural: less child-like; with less of that playful demureness which had been the prevailing expression of her speaking countenance: yet she did not seem unhappy, for the centred light of her fine eyes, if less dazzling than formerly, smiled with a calm intenseness, a lambent brightness, equally removed from sadness or lightness. Only the mouth was the same; untamed and untameable in its spirited lines and proud curving.

"Yes, it is strange," she said, thoughtfully, with her eyes fixed on the floor, and her fingers busily employed in rolling and unrolling the scented note in her hand: and then she looked up toward her matronly friend, and the half sad, half arch expression of her face, made her captivating beyond expression.

"It is so," Mrs. Morton replied, quietly. "I begin to think you will never marry."

"And yet I do not think I am cold-hearted; but I cannot love!"

"Perhaps you have done so already?" Mrs. Morton suggested quietly.

"Oh, no!" the girl said, with a slight flush. "You remember my first lover—Carl Ullman? Do you know that I really persuaded myself that I had broken my heart by refusing him? After he had gone, I called up an ideal Carl to supply his place, and invested him with all that imagination suggested, till I was ready to hate myself, because I had been so precipitate. Fortunately for my health and spirits I was taken out into the gay world, and so forgot my first dream."

"Amid brighter ones, I suppose?"

"I never had a brighter one," the girl replied, unconscious that her voice sunk to a low, regretful tone, "but more exciting ones, perhaps."

"And you quite forgot the first then?"

"Not entirely. It haunts my memory now, when I am sad or weary, and feel so much the need of some one to lean upon. I have no doubt that had I been older I had loved: as it was, it only troubled the current of my life's stream."

"Troubled it forever more, perhaps?" Mrs. Morton said, playfully, stooping down to kiss the fair maiden at her feet.

"Oh, no indeed," the girl answered, quietly, and with a faint smile. "This is only a regretful moment. Father, mother, Walter, *all* gone," and tears gushed from her eyes, "it is so sad to lose the love which guided us from childhood!"

"Poor Walter! you should have married him, Nina! why did you let him leave you? He may not return."

"Yes—he will come again," the girl said, trustfully. "Dear Walter! you do not understand him. He never loved me as you thought he did."

"Nina!"

"Indeed I am right, dear Mrs. Morton! We had a long talk, one day, about our relation to one another. Walter introduced the subject himself, so that we might both love *peaceably* ever after, he said, in his beautiful phraseology: so we joined hands and said, '*evermore*' upon our agreement."

"You are a strange, romantic being, Nina. I cannot understand you!"

"That is because you will not, dear Mrs. Morton," the girl said, looking up with a bright smile. "You fancy something beneath my every-day exterior; that, perhaps, I have very deep, and strange, and wonderful thoughts. Perhaps?" she added, archly, "but only perhaps. Now Walter says, I am not the least bit of a dreamer: that every morsel of happiness which is tangible I lay hold of eagerly and enjoy it; and so I believe; only when one gets to be so old as I am, (almost twenty) and has received so many billets of this description," holding up the letter in her hand playfully, "why one cannot help sometimes wondering if they are always to go on so! I assure you I have not the least fancy for a lonely life, so is it not strange I *cannot* love?" and the girl got up and kissed her friend merrily, without the shadow of a cloud upon her countenance.

And just while she stands there, parting the soft curls upon Mrs. Morton's placid brow, and watching her affectionately with her frank, beaming eyes, which Mrs. Morton will not regard as the index of her thoughts, but fancies there must be something yet unconfessed in their clear, speaking depths, and so she gazes, and sighs, and gazes again—just now we will take a slight survey of the past four years.

When Carl Ullman left Nina, after her abrupt refusal, he went back to New York, and the very first vessel which crossed the ocean carried him back to his home in Germany. The party from Milmarth returned, and he was absent. In vain they questioned Nina—the servants; no one could or would give any information as to the cause of his departure. In the midst of their anxiety and distress, Walter received a note. The boy who brought it grinned from ear to ear when questioned as to who had sent it, and refused to answer anybody save Mr. Steinberger; and Walter too was silent, only fixing a severe and penetrating look upon Nina, before which she shrank away trembling to her own apartments, while he announced the departure of his friend for New York. He gave no reasons, however, at least to the company, and so, for the remainder of the day, they were at liberty to exhaust their imaginations with all sorts of conjectures as to his singular disappearance. It never seemed to enter their wise heads, however, that little Nina could be in any way connected with it, and by the next morning the existence of the grave, silent Carl Ullman was as much forgotten as though he had never been. When the chill autumn breeze came on, they scattered like the yellow leaves on the smooth lawn before the mansion, and Nina not so wild and dazzling, but Nina, still fitful and capricious, accompanied Mrs. Morton back to New York, and passed the winter in a round of gaiety well calculated to destroy whatever sentiment her somewhat romantic first experience might have nursed.

The death of her father the following spring sobered the young maiden considerably; and then she was called to watch over the couch of an invalid mother, whose sorrow for the companion of her life drew her gradually and surely to the grave. She too died, and Nina, beautiful, loving, heart-saddened, world-experienced, was left alone. Looking forward through the "dim vista of years" to come, she could see only the fresh graves before her feet, and the gush of sorrow which overwhelmed her then, left its impress ever after on her face. Not upon the eyes, or the sweet mouth perhaps, but on the smooth, unfanned brow. Not so deep as to amount to a contraction, but if you have ever seen one young—one who has suffered much, the imprint of which we speak will be familiar; slight "pencilings" with which sorrow has marked the way, just as we mark the white margin of the page on which some beautiful thought is written with our pencil marks of sympathy; so ever after, like the white margin of that beautiful book, Nina's face expressed simply, "I also have suffered—but I am content."

Now came forward Walter Steinberger; and Nina, forgetting all things save her deep sorrow, knelt at his feet like a wearied child; and wept softly when he raised her in his arms, and whispered her name; for she knew she had found a true friend, one, who though he had been harsh and stern, she felt in her inmost soul was trustworthy. So she listened quietly to his words of comfort and explanation, and obeyed him implicitly. And Walter, if he had ever thought of a nearer and dearer relation, seemed to have forgotten that now, for as he said one day, with an

attempt at playfulness, it would ill befit the brother to wed his sister. "No—no—Nina, we will love peaceably." And so the girl, with the kind, elder brother, and Mrs. Morton for her mother, lifted up her graceful head again, and was happy.

Still retaining the beautiful residence on the Hudson, she grew quite used to seek her friend Mrs. Morton, in her city haunts, whenever that gentle dame could not seek her. For though Mrs. Morton was a widow, she had sons and daughters who needed her care, as well as her adopted child.

Evening had come. Nina stood with the prettiest and least dash of scorn on her upper lip, which parting rebelliously from its red, pouting companion, seemed to sympathize so fully in its spirited movements with the cool, calm eyes above it. She stood in Mrs. Morton's drawing-room, inveigled into a gay circle quite against her wishes, (but how could she offend her dear friend?) and perhaps a little agitated in consequence, but exerting her wonderful self-command to the utmost. And who would have thought that Nina would have added that valuable accomplishment to the list of her perfections? *She* disclaimed the merit of it: she said, "Walter taught her!" What a pity that Walter was not present to witness his pupil's admirable composure!

But then, most of the gentlemen present were old friends, and Nina was quite used to hearing their complimentary speeches, and *replying* to them also as she well knew how to do! Quite unlike the smiling, blushing, saucy girl, who made her first appearance in that same drawing-room, some three years ago, and spent the evening beneath the shadow of those same curtains, perfectly wild with excitement and adulation. Now, there was such a look of amused mischief in those calm eyes, lighting up at intervals with a keen sense of the ridiculous. Presently she stopped talking, and looked toward the door with a startled, inquiring expression; the next moment she broke away from the gay circle, and rushed forward offering both her hands to a tall, composed looking personage, who was just entering the room.

"Mr. Ullman! actually! How glad I am to see you! You have seen Walter, I know, and brought news from him—tell me quick! When did you come?" she said, volubly, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushing.

That Carl Ullman recognized in the frank address, and impetuous movements, the beautiful heiress, his old acquaintance, was quite evident, and not so remarkable when we consider that she seemed to have regained, for the moment, her former ungovernable vivacity. So with a hurried movement of surprise, which might have been occasioned by a thought of their last parting, he bowed gracefully, (formerly he had not been remarkable for ease) and led her to a seat.

In that moment the blood rushed back from Nina's heart, and deepened on her brow painfully.

What would he think of her? How indelicate! how strange she should have forgotten the past! but really his appearance startled her so, and then *Walter!* She thought she had learned to be so composed and quiet. What would she give to know what he

thought of her? If she only dared to explain! but that would never do! the best thing now was to continue to seem as forgetful of the unpleasant parts of their intimacy, as ever.

These and similar thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, so that by the time Ullman had made his respects to Mrs. Morton, (whose surprise, though expressed earnestly enough, seemed scarcely natural) and had heard him tell that he had just arrived, &c. &c., Nina had resumed her composure, and seemed quite ready to enter into a conversation grave enough for even Carl Ullman. Gravity, however, seemed to be as foreign to that gentleman's nature now, as mirth had formerly been; and he laughed and rattled on till Nina opened wide her beautiful eyes with undisguised amazement and pleasure.

"Pardon me!" the gentleman said, sobering instantly, "and listen to me for one moment."

"I fear I have already attended to you too long a time," the lady said, rising calmly, and with frigid coldness in her manner.

"But one moment?" Carl Ullman pleaded. "You must blame yourself if I have offended, indeed you must," he said, speaking rapidly, yet respectfully. "I came back, not hoping, not dreaming that you would remember an acquaintance which caused you so much annoyance. I did not think you would so readily forgive my presumption, but your greeting—so kind—so kind—removed a load from my heart! I said, 'Nina will then, not disclaim me for a friend at least, and I am happy.' Yes," he continued, "how could I help being delirious? I dare say I was rude, or did I misunderstand you?" he added, sadly.

"Walter!" the girl said, blushing. "I thought you—I wanted to know—I was so glad to see some one who could tell me about—Walter; and I do believe I have been very foolish, and made quite a scene! I am going to be on my good behavior now, but (if its any consolation to you to hear it) I like you very much indeed! almost as much as Walter," she said, frankly, extending her hand, and blushing in spite of herself at the expression of his countenance as he stooped over it.

It was really astonishing to see how wonderfully well they "got on" together that evening. What in the world were they talking about so earnestly? "Probably Walter," Mrs. Morton said, as she watched them quietly; but unfortunately for that surmise, when after the company was gone she inquired what was the news from Walter, and how he was, Nina coloring up to her hair, and down to her fingers, was obliged to confess she—she "*didn't know!*"

Mrs. Morton did not find Ullman any more communicative on that subject the next morning. Certainly he dropped in at an unconsciously early hour, for Nina, blooming and chatty in white muslin and embroidered slippers, was still lounging at the breakfast-table when the door opened; and though she said, "how tiresome! who told *you* to come here?" she held out her little hand at the same time, and condescended to fasten in her bodice the white rose-bud he had brought; for what purpose who can tell? Certainly, twenty-four hours previously, he never would have aspired to the felicity of seeing the little

lady accept a flower from *him*: but then men are so insufferably vain! (Smile once on a man, and his air-castle is ready built for you. Smile twice, and he actually arrives at the conclusion that it is *very good* in him to suffer you to inhabit it!) *very good in him*

Well—while Nina was fastening the rose in her dress, Carl Ullman, with his eyes fixed upon her, was trying to answer the fast coming questions of the elder lady. "Yes, Walter *was* coming home—when? Why—three years? Four, was it, almost? Could it possibly be four years since? Oh!" he begged "pardon." He "was thinking—thinking—what did you say, Mrs. Morton?"

"Ha! ha!" Mrs. Morton was rubbing her plump little hands in irresistible merriment. It was evident she must wait till a more propitious moment for further information.

However she talked on, telling various bits of news till at last the gentleman erected his head. When was a gentleman ever indifferent to his personal appearance. Mrs. Morton was complimenting him—telling him how much he had improved—how he had completely lost all *gaucherie*, and was in fact quite polished. She did not know but what he equaled Mr. Frederick Vere, who was just now the "glass of fashion." Then while the gentleman smiled, and looked, if the truth must be told, rather *sheepish*, she went on to tell him how that they (Nina and herself) were going up to the Hudson residence in a week or two, and "would Mr. Ullman like to join their party?"

"Miss Van Arden!" Mr. Ullman was not quite sure whether it would be "perfectly pleasant?"

"Yes—yes it would!" Mrs. Morton said, imperatively. She "was Nina's guardian now, and Nina the most obedient of wards," and when Ullman bade the ladies "good morning," he felt very much inclined to throw up his hat, and shout "hurrah!"

It affords us infinite satisfaction, however, to be able to record that he did not, for we pique ourselves not a little on *generally* producing well-bred heroes.

It never entered into Carl Ullman's slow-thinking, German head, to *demur* at all on receiving his invitation, though strict fashion might have prescribed a course of that kind, consequently our readers will not be surprised at our abruptly introducing them to a gay party of some twenty persons, who two weeks after the morning we have mentioned, were assembled on the broad piazza of Nina's beautiful home-*stead*. The girl herself sat beside a small carved table and sewed diligently; while Carl Ullman busied himself in pulling to pieces a fancifully netted purse, which scarcely finished, remained upon the needles. And somehow, considering they were all good friends, it was wonderfully quiet and dull. One might distinctly hear the wood-pecker tapping his bill against the trees in the old grove near, and the bees buzzed and hummed indefatigably, as though weary of the silence. And yet it was but natural they should be thoughtful—Carl and Nina at least—for how much had happened since four years ago that day, they two had sat together here.

Yet we do not exactly think that Nina was wandering sadly in the past, for a saucy smile hovered

on her lip, and broke from her large eyes as she occasionally stole a glance at a gentleman who sat not very far distant. It was quite remarkable to see how quietly she took the destruction of her work; but that smile, and that merry trotting of the foot, if rendered into language, might have expressed "very well! if he chooses to destroy it, it is not I who am the loser—let him alone—good folks all; he is only amusing himself!"

Once, however, as she ventured a longer look than usual, the gentleman raised his eyes, and became immediately conscious of his employment, for he rose abruptly and stammered forth his apologies.

"Pray do not disturb yourself!" the girl said, in low, laughing tones, "it makes not the slightest difference to me!" and gathering up her work, she moved away, leaving him to construe her answer as he chose. He did not seem to have the vanity or *presence of mind*, we should say, (for when was a gentleman wanting in the former commodity) to seize the more favorable signification, but colored deeply when he met Mrs. Morton's eyes, and sat down nervously.

"You are all so stupid," that lady said, at last, "that I actually must find something to do. How we miss your old friends, Nina, Sir Henry, and——"

"Oh, pray! be still!" the girl interrupted, laughing. "That is too bad! But indeed," she continued, with charming ingenuousness, "I tell you who we *do* miss. Dear, darling Walter! how I wish he was here! for I love him a thousand, thousand times better than any one else in the world! I shall not be happy till he comes back," she added, dropping her large eyes demurely.

"You make a most open and candid declaration certainly," Mrs. Morton laughed out, "but since we cannot command Walter's services just now, suppose we exert ourselves to find some occupation for these lazy people! Mr. Vere, you and Clara take these things and play at battledore, while we will sit in judgment on your grace and skill; or better still, suppose you all jump rope, and the sober ones (Nina! you—and Carl) can have a quiet game of chess."

"Oh, no indeed!" cried the girl, laughing on one side of her face, and looking dire revenge at Mrs. Morton with the other. "Play chess indeed? Stupid

old game! invented expressly to put people to sleep! No indeed! I had much rather watch the gentlemen display their gracefulness in the rope! *Mr. Ullman*, for instance," glancing mischievously at the very tall frame of that sober personage.

Carl Ullman thought that the lady of his devotion might have spared him her ridicule at least, and he looked so painfully regretful, that the girl whispered pettishly to herself—

"What a tiresome creature he is! I cannot endure him! *I wish* he had not come! Yes, I do!" she repeated, when faithful conscience felt called upon to contradict her.

And after all this, and a great deal more, perhaps it may surprise you, dear reader, to hear that long before the sun went down that day, little Nina might be seen seated opposite Carl Ullman, deep in the mysteries of a game of chess! Few and low were the words spoken: a start when at times their hands touched—sighs mingled of sadness and relief—and finally a hot, burning, prideful tear, falling from beneath the girl's white, drooping lids, when a quick, eager whisper proclaimed her "check-mated!"

"Oh, no—oh, no!" she cried, sinking back in her chair, while the little zephyrs dallying in the white flower-cups in her hair, bent down to whisper in her ear, "an omen!—an omen!"

Then she said quickly. "Did I not tell you so? I hate you for making me lose the game!" and tried to laugh, and rise from her seat, pushing away the stand, and turning her head from Carl Ullman, who knelt beside her, and whispered—"well, you send me away again—Nina! oh, Nina! *must* I go again?"

And never was a lady's "no" syllabled so softly as the single word which fell from that fair girl's lips that summer's day. What had she *meant* to do? Be saucy, at the very least, since she had been vanquished, so that no man might say she had been lightly won; but somehow the lip forgot its haughty curl, and all at once happiness grew too precious to be risked by light, false words; and looking on Ullman's upturned face, who felt too much to *seem* light-hearted, she passed her fingers through his hair, and promised meekly, *very* meekly for one so wilful, to trust her little barque, with all its priceless freight, to his good keeping.

A SHADOWED PICTURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Tom! Why do you do that?" exclaimed Mrs. Telford, in a fretful voice, speaking to a boy about ten years old, who had balanced a chair on one of its legs, and was twirling it around to the imminent danger of the baby, who was sitting on the floor. "Here!" and she caught hold of him with no light grip—"just march out of the room—and try and amuse yourself somewhere else!" Suiting the action to the word, she thrust him out of the door in no very gentle manner.

A storm, even if it comes up suddenly, does not subside instantly into silence and bright sunshine. It motters, and sobs, and sighs itself away. So it was with Mrs. Telford.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, as she went back to the seat she had left—"was there ever such a boy? I am worried out of all patience with him."

Mr. Telford sat reading in the room. He did not lift his eyes from the book that was in his hand; nor appear to heed what was passing. But every word his wife had uttered was not only heard but felt.

"I wish you would do something with that boy!" said Mrs. Telford, provoked at her husband's apparent indifference. "There is no living in the house with him."

Mr. Telford did not look up, nor reply, and his wife was about proceeding, when over tumbled the baby, and bump went its tender head upon the hard floor.

"Mersey!" uttered the mother, catching up the child that screamed lustily.

Mr. Telford shut his book, and, tossing it upon the shelf, came and stood by the side of his wife, and examined the baby's head to see the extent of damage. It was of no great account. Being satisfied of this, he resumed his book, without having given utterance to a single word. This silence was perceived by Mrs. Telford as a kind of rebuke, and it tended to fret rather than calm her feelings. As the baby ceased crying, she began murmuring—

"Why don't that girl come up and get the baby? I'm sure she's been long enough gone to eat three dinners. But, that's just the way with them! They get together down there in the dining-room, and gossip away an hour at each meal time. I wish you'd ring that bell, Mr. Telford."

In giving the last sentence, there was no improvement in the amiability of the lady's tone of voice.

The husband, slowly, and with a certain dignity of manner, went to the bell-rope and gave it a light pull. A few minutes passed, but the summons was not answered.

"I'll make her hear!" said Mrs. Telford, impatiently, rising hurriedly, and giving the rope two or three heavy jerks that caused the ringing of the bell to be distinctly heard even in the chamber where

they sat. There was a rebuke of Mr. Telford for having done his ringing work so gently, in the voice of his wife, and he felt it. But he said nothing. His feelings were chafed, but he kept silence, for he feared to disturb his wife's temper beyond its present excited state.

The emphatic ring of the lady brought Polly, the nurse, from the dining-room in a hurry.

"It takes you a long time to get through your meals," said Mrs. Telford, as Polly came into the room. "Here; take the baby."

Mr. Telford moved restlessly in his chair. For about a minute a hammering sound had been heard over head. This the lady now perceived.

"That Tom's at some mischief! I know it just as well as that I'm alive! Go up stairs, Polly, and see what he is doing."

Not very amiably said.

Polly went off slowly, her manner showing that she did not relish being hectored for no other purpose than to gratify the lady's ill-humor. The hammering soon after ceased, but neither Tom nor Polly made their appearance.

"I'd just like to know what that boy's been doing!" said Mrs. Telford, who was nursing her unhappy state of mind. "I sent Polly to learn what he was about, but, of course, I shall see no more of her. I never saw such creatures!"

Still the husband maintained a rigid silence.

"Polly!" cried Mrs. Telford, going to the door a little while afterward. "Polly!"

The girl answered from above.

"What did I send you up stairs for?"

"To see what Tom was doing," replied Polly, appearing on the landing just above her incensed mistress.

"Then why didn't you come down and let me know?"

"He stopped when I went up."

"Stopped what?"

"Hammering."

"What was he hammering?"

"He was beating on the floor, ma'am."

"I know he was, but what with?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and then replied—

"With the towel stand."

"Is it possible! That delicate little mahogany towel stand! And its broken all to pieces, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am. It isn't hurt a great deal."

"How much is it hurt?"

"Its only bruised a little, and one foot knocked off."

"Goodness alive! Now isn't that too much? You Tom!"

Tom, though he heard distinctly enough, did not feel particularly anxious to hear.

"You Tom! I say!" screamed the angry mother.
"Tom!"

"Ma'am," came a feeble voice from above.

"Come along down here!"

Tom obeyed the summons, but with no great alacrity.

"Didn't you know better than to break up that towel stand, you little villain?" said Mrs. Telford, seizing hold of Tom with a grip that made him cringe.

"I didn't break it up, mother," replied the boy.

"Polly, here, says you did."

"I only said he broke off one of the feet," answered Polly, to this.

"Its just the same. What good is it after the feet are broken off, I would like to know?"

A box along side of Tom's ear closed all controversy on the subject, and sent him bawling away to the garret, where he was told to go, and not show himself again till dark.

Without speaking a word, Mr. Telford got up, and putting on his hat left the house. It was an idle afternoon with him, and he had intended staying home to enjoy the society of his wife. But her fretfulness and want of self-control drove him out. He did not go to a tavern, for he had no fondness for the society of persons who usually congregate in such places; but he walked about until he was tired, and then stepped into a public library, where he sat and read until sun down.

He did not find his wife in any better spirits when he returned home. Her brows were knit and her lips closely compressed. One glance sufficed for Mr. Telford. He suppressed a sigh as he took a chair and lifted one of his children upon his knee. The little thing was fretting when he came in; but a light came into her sweet face as she saw her father, and she nestled her head down upon his bosom with undisguised satisfaction. There had been no sunshine around her for hours, and her young heart had become disturbed amid the clouds and storms. We partake to a certain extent of the spirit of those with whom we associate. So it was with little Helen. Her mother's fretful temper had effected her. She too became peevish, restless and dissatisfied. She quarrelled with her brother, rummaged her mother's work-table drawers, and did sundry other things, the consequences of which were visited upon her in more than one case, during the afternoon, in punishment. At the time her father appeared, she was exhausted by the conflicts she had endured, both within and without, and sprang to him with a feeling of relief and a sense of safety. All this was a sad experience for a child, and one, the memory of which could never be wholly effaced; for the mind, more easily affected by injuries than the body, retains impressions far longer. This fact few understand or think about.

"Where's Tom?" asked Mr. Telford, addressing Helen, but, before she had time to reply, his wife said—

"I've sent him off to bed. The child has seemed possessed all day, and has almost worried the life out of me."

Mr. Telford did not inquire as to the particular

crime of which Tom had been guilty, for that would only lead his wife to say a good deal on the subject of the child's faults, and his ears were eager for more pleasant sounds. So he kept silence.

When supper was announced, all but unlucky Tom repaired to the dining-room. Somehow or other, a scolding, fretful mistress, usually has careless and neglectful servants. Whether this peculiar temper makes them so, or whether they are sent as a judgment, we will not take it upon ourselves to say. We simply make the observation. With such domestic Mrs. Telford was blessed. The family drew around the table, and Mr. Telford was in the act of helping one of the children, when his wife exclaimed—

"Here it is again!" And the table-bell was jingled vigorously. "No tea-spoons as usual!" greeted the ears of the domestic who answered the summons.

"Now don't let me have to speak about this again!"

The spoons were brought, and the servant retired; but she had scarcely closed the door ere the bell was rung again.

"Just look at that sugar-bowl!" said Mrs. Telford, exhibiting the vessel she mentioned. It was empty.

"I declare! You do try my patience beyond every thing by your carelessness."

The girl took the sugar-bowl with no very amiable gesture, and in her own time supplied the deficiency.

"You'd have better staid all night!" said Mrs. Telford, when the sugar-bowl at length appeared.

"I came as quick as I could," was replied, in an insulting tone.

At this, the lady fired up and gave utterance to a pretty sharp rebuke; which the domestic received with sundry mutterings of discontent, and then withdrew.

"Its downright wilfulness!" said Mrs. Telford; "and if she don't take care I'll start her off about her business."

The tea was now served around, and Mr. Telford, after helping the children had helped himself, and was about lifting his cup to his lips, when his wife exclaimed—

"There! Just see what you are about! Look at that table-cloth now! I've a great mind to send you away without another mouthful."

Mr. Telford re-placed his cup in his saucer, without having tasted its contents, and turned to see the cause of this new ebullition. Helen, in trying to pour her tea into her saucer, had spilled a part of it upon the table-cloth; it was a simple accident. The child felt this, and the injustice of the harsh rebuke. She had been in a bad state of mind all day, owing, mainly, to the re-action upon herself of her mother's unhappy feelings. But on the appearance of her father, a better and tenderer state had come. She felt softened and subdued. It was upon this better state that the unkind words of her mother fell, and they came with a jar that would not have been experienced under other circumstances. The poor child was deeply hurt. Tears came instantly to her eyes, and were soon falling over her face.

"You needn't set up a cry about it!" said the mother, in a harsh voice. "Another time look better to what you are doing."

Helen turned her wet eyes, with an appealing look, to her father's face, and then quietly slipping down from her chair, left the room.

An angry feeling smote across the bosom of Mr. Telford. He loved Helen with more than a common tenderness; and this, perhaps, because she manifested more love for him than any one of his children. Words of sharp rebuke arose to his lips, but, with a strong effort, he repressed them. His wife was not always in this temper. She was not well, and pain had weakened her nerves and made her fretful. These reflections kept him silent. But his sympathies went after Helen so strongly, that he started from the table and followed her from the room.

"Indeed, pa," sobbed the child, as he overtook her in the passage, and, lifting her in his arms, kissed her tenderly—"I didn't mean to do it. My hand slipped."

"I know you didn't, love; but never mind. Don't cry." And he drew her head down upon his breast, and carried her over to the chamber where she usually slept.

"You didn't finish your supper," said the father, as he sat down, still holding the child in his arms.

"I don't want anything to eat," replied Helen.

Mr. Telford kissed her, and said—

"You must try and be a good girl, and not do any thing to make your mother unhappy."

"I do try," answered the child, who had grown calm. "But I'm naughty sometimes. I won't be naughty any more. But mamma scolds me so much. Katy Lane's mother never scolds her. When I was at Mrs. Lane's yesterday, Katy let her cup fall on the floor and it broke all to pieces. But her mother didn't scold a bit. She said she was sorry, and that Katy must be more careful."

There was an auditor to this conversation unperceived by either of the parties engaged in it. The sudden withdrawal of her husband from the supper table startled Mrs. Telford. Her mind was thrown into a whirl of excitement. She felt the act as one of stern rebuke. Scarcely had Mr. Telford retired when she arose from the table. Quickly following, she came to the door of the chamber where her husband had gone, just as little Helen said—"mamma scolds me so much," and heard distinctly the whole sentence that followed.

"But you know, Helen," replied the father, "that your mother doesn't feel well."

"Does scolding make her better?" asked the child, in a changed and curious voice.

This was rather a difficult question to answer under the circumstances.

"No, I don't suppose it does," replied Mr. Telford, with some reluctance in his voice.

"Then why does she scold so much?"

"Because you worry her so, dear."

"No I don't. Mrs. Lane doesn't scold Katy; and she's sick sometimes. Her head ached yesterday, but she didn't scold a bit. I wish mamma wouldn't scold so? Won't you tell her not to scold, papa?"

"Let's talk about something else, dear," said Mr. Telford. "Wouldn't you like to go to Fairmount to-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh, yes! Can I go?" eagerly responded the child.

"Yes. You shall go?"

"And can Tom and Hetty go too?"

"Yes."

"Can't Tom have some supper?" asked the child.

"Mamma sent him up to bed, and he didn't do nothing but fall back over a chair."

"I'm afraid Tom hasn't been a good boy."

"Oh, yes he has."

"If he'd been good mamma wouldn't have sent him to bed."

"He only fell over a chair; and he hurt his head, too. And mamma said he was a little villain, and boxed his ears and sent him up to bed."

All this Mr. Telford heard, and with sobered feelings. It was true, just what the child alledged. Tom in his restlessness had climbed upon the back of a chair, and, losing his balance, had fallen over at the feet of his mother, who, having already lost all patience, on the impulse of the moment boxed his ears and sent him off to bed, muttering to herself as he left the room—

"I hope I'll have a little peace now!"

Poor Mrs. Telford! She had not felt well all day. Her nerves were in an excitable condition, and vibrated at the slightest touch. This state had been increased through want of any attempt at self-government, and the summoning of kind and considerate feelings to her aid. Every little thing was felt as an annoyance. The weight of a feather proved a burden. Thus it went on, all around re-acting upon her excitable feelings, until a condition of things arrived such as we have seen. For a brief season, a more unhappy family could hardly have been found in the city.

As the last remark of Helen about Tom fell on the mother's ears, her true maternal sympathies came back. She waited to hear no more, but went quickly up to the room to which the child had been banished. She found him lying on his bed fast asleep, and now for the first time became aware that in falling he had cut the side of his face, which was covered with blood that had oozed from the wound. The cut was of no consequence, really, but the sight of the blood filled the heart of the mother with wild alarm. Rushing down stairs, she entered the chamber where her husband still held Helen in his arms, and exclaimed, with a wild look—

"Oh, Mr. Telford! Come up stairs, quick!"

"What's the matter?" eagerly inquired the husband.

"Oh! come, quick! quick!"

Mr. Telford followed his wife with a failing heart. Her manner filled him with a vague but terrible fear, which was in no wise allayed by the first glance obtained of Tom's bloody face. He was not long, however, in discovering that the child was in a pleasant sleep, and that the injury he had sustained was little more than a scratch. Tom soon awoke, and after his face was washed, looked about as well as ever, and, judging from the way in which he eat his supper, had sustained no serious injury.

As to what passed between the husband and wife when they found themselves alone, after that eventful day, we acknowledge a total ignorance. We do not

know whether even the slightest allusion was made ; that Mrs. Telford never scolded as much afterward, to the occurrences we have detailed; but we do know : greatly to the relief and comfort of her family.

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A STAGE-COACH ADVENTURE;

OR, NEVER TRUST TO APPEARANCES.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

HENRY BEDFORD, a young merchant residing in one of the Western cities, came on to the East, as usual, in the summer of 183—, to purchase his fall and winter supply of goods. A few days after his domestication at the American Hotel, in New York, he observed a young lady in one of the parlors who particularly struck his fancy. On inquiry, he learned that she came from Ohio, and was the daughter of Judge T—, who had gone to Washington on some business with the government, and expected to remain at the capital for a week or ten days. So pleased was Bedford with Miss Cordelia T— that he could not rest until he had managed to obtain an introduction.

The young lady proved even more attractive than Bedford, in his imagination, had pictured her to be, when she first moved before him as a lovely stranger. So much pleased with her was he, that, before he had basked in the light of her sunny countenance an hour, he was decidedly in love; and his evident admiration of the fair young creature made serious inroads upon the tender regions about her heart. What particularly pleased Bedford was the style of the lady. She was not dressed gaudily, nor at all overloaded with ornament; but, still, there was something peculiar, not to say unique and striking, in her mode of dress. Her hair, of which she had a profusion, was as smooth and glossy as brush could make it; and, about her sweet young face, and on her graceful snowy neck, it fell with a voluptuous freedom that was absolutely bewitching. With each movement of her head, these silken curls seemed to catch the smile that ever lit up her face with a beautiful radiance. It is hardly a matter of wonder that Henry Bedford lost his heart.

A few days only could this young man spend with this charming creature. Business called him to Boston, and he had to leave her. Absence invested Cordelia T— with new charms, and made him more than ever in love with her. To a fellow townsman and young merchant whom he met in Boston on business, he spoke of Cordelia with all the enthusiasm of a lover, and said that, take her all in all, she was the sweetest girl it had, so far, been his fortune to meet.

"Did you ever see her father?" inquired the young man.

"It has not been my fortune to meet with him."

"He's a hard old christian."

"A rough exterior often covers a generous nature."

"True."

"I cannot believe that the father of so lovely a girl can have a bad heart."

"Oh! As to having a bad heart; I wouldn't say that. But I doubt if it possesses many kind impulses, or gentle feelings. He is known to all as a hard

character, and his face does not, in the least, belie the reputation."

"Well, all I have to say is, that let Judge T— be what he may, he has a charming daughter, and no mistake; and I am going to get away from here just as quickly as it is possible, in order to spend a day or two with her in New York before leaving for the West; and, if I do not lay my heart at her feet before we separate, it will be because I change my mind very much from what it is at present."

"You are smitten, sure enough!"

"And so would you have been if you had met this lovely girl."

"May be so; though I rather doubt your conclusion. I am not usually won by every pretty face that comes along."

"Nor I. This, let me tell you, is no mere pretty face. The whole air, manner, and style of the girl, to say nothing of her accomplishments, make up a whole of beauty and grace that charm irresistibly."

"Of all that I will judge for myself when I meet the young lady in New York, if she is there when I pass through, or at your residence when she becomes Mrs. Bedford."

"Which, jesting aside, is an event most likely to occur."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the young friend of Bedford. "You are fairly caught, sure enough! I only hope the meshes may prove strong enough to hold you."

As soon as Bedford could arrange his business in Boston, he went back to New York, eager to meet the young lady who had robbed him of his heart. But the bird had flown. Judge T— had arrived at the American the day after Bedford left New York, and was now, so the young man learned, on his way home to the West, in company with his beautiful daughter. Had it not been that his business made it absolutely necessary for him to remain in New York several days longer, Bedford would have started for Philadelphia by the first line, and made an effort to overtake the lady who had robbed him of his heart; but business was imperative and could not be neglected; and so he had nothing to do but submit, with the best possible grace, to what could not be helped.

It was nearly a week after Judge T— and his daughter left New York, before Bedford turned his face homeward. At Baltimore he took his passage for Wheeling. The railroad was then only completed a distance of some sixty miles, and had its terminus at Frederick, where the lines of stages began. The cars started at six o'clock in the evening, and were drawn by horses. It was about two o'clock in the morning when the passengers arrived at Frederick,

where they crowded into coaches and pushed on for Hagerstown, which they reached in time for breakfast. Bedford's travelling companion was the young merchant he had met in Boston.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during the first day's ride. Cumberland was reached on the morning of the second day, the travellers not much improved either in their looks or feelings by two nights' loss of rest. After washing the dust from their faces, and eating with no very alarming appetites the breakfast that was prepared for them, they were again packed into the narrow coaches and indulged with an airing among the mountains. By the succeeding night, Bedford felt as if he did not care for anybody or anything. He had put on, when he left Baltimore, a suit of old clothes that were not to be injured either by rubbing or dust, and these had gained nothing in appearance by the journey. One of the elbows of his coat was out; and his pantaloons looked as if they had done service in hod-carrying or some other work equally trying to a pair of inexpressibles. As for his beard, it had not known the presence of a razor for two days, and his hair looked as if it had never been acquainted with a comb. His soiled shirt collar was concealed beneath a rusty black silk handkerchief, that was twisted about his neck more like a rag than a cravat. Take him all in all, he looked the vagabond so completely that his friend could not help jesting with him on his appearance.

"I declare, Harry!" said the latter, as they left the coach, and entered the bar-room of a tavern where they were to take supper—"you do cut a shocking figure. You're hardly fit for decent company."

"The man's the man for a' that," replied Bedford, laughing. "I'm as good as if I were dressed in a brand new suit of French broadcloth."

"The beautiful Miss T—— might not think so were she to get a peep at you just now."

"Oh, dear!" And Bedford shrugged his shoulders. "But, thank fortune! there is no danger of that. She's far beyond these regions."

The ting-a-ling-a-ling of the supper bell at this moment announced the fact that their host of the stage house was ready with his good cheer, and they obeyed the summons without ceremony. By the time the hungry passengers had laid in a sufficient supply of coffee, toast and "chicken fixins," the driver's horn was heard, and they once more contracted their bodies within the riding machine where they were to spend the night, but not in gentle sleep. Two of the passengers were not going farther than Brownsville, and their fellow travellers were congratulating themselves on the relief all would experience when there were but seven instead of nine inside. It was midnight when this point in the journey was reached. After waiting for a change of horses, the seven passengers, who were to continue on as far as Wheeling, spread themselves out in the stage-coach, and gave utterance to sundry expressions of pleasure at the prospect of not being so much crowded as they had been since leaving Frederick. But, alas for the uncertainty of all human anticipations. Just as the drivers of the four coaches that were running on the line were about mounting their boxes, the stage agent announced that

there were two passengers in the house who must go on.

"No room here!" was instantly heard issuing from each of the coaches.

"There is room somewhere," returned the agent, "for two passengers have stopped in Brownsville."

Just as this was said a man and a woman emerged from the house.

"Go ahead driver! No room in this coach," cried Bedford, in a petulant voice, leaning out of the window. "We're crowded to death now."

And, "go ahead!" "go ahead!" was repeated from each of the four vehicles.

But the agent was not to be outwitted after that fashion. "How many inside here?" he asked, opening a coach-door.

"All full. Nine inside," was answered.

"Three—six—nine. All right here. Go ahead, driver!" The driver's long whip cracked like a pistol in the still night air, and away his horses dashed at full speed.

The next coach, and the next were in like manner examined, and sent on their journey. The last coach was the one in which Bedford was a passenger.

"All full here," said several voices, as the agent came to the door; and the inmates spread themselves out as wide as possible. But the eyes of that functionary could not be deceived; even though it was night.

"Three—five—only seven," he said, in a decided, matter-of-fact voice. "Come! here's room."

Bedford, with two others, occupied the back seat.

"Will one of the gentlemen on the back seat change, and give the lady a place there?" said the agent.

"I shall not move," said Bedford, who sat next the door, and in a voice loud enough to be plainly heard.

The other two men said nothing, but kept their places firmly. The lady was, by this time half way in the coach, but as neither of the occupants of the back seat showed any disposition to abdicate in her favor, she was obliged to content herself on the middle seat, which was, in reality, if she had known it, by far the most comfortable. The man came in after her, grumbling, or, rather, growling in a low, defiant, bull-dog sort of way.

"No room!" he muttered, as he settled himself down on the front seat, and pressed out his elbows against the two passengers who had compelled him to take the place between them—"there's hardly room enough in the world for some people."

The lady did not seem in a more amiable mood than her companion. Particularly was she displeased at the want of courtesy shown in not giving her the back seat, and, in answer to some reference made to it by the agent, before he closed the coach door, she said in a tone distinct enough to be heard, that she presumed they—meaning the occupants of the seat she had expected to obtain—were foreigners, as she had never known Americans to treat a lady with discourtesy or want of attention. Bedford felt chafed at this, and he could with difficulty restrain himself from uttering some retort involving a rebuke of American

ladies for the selfish and exacting spirit they manifested toward gentlemen on all occasions.

"I wish you a pleasant ride to Wheeling," said the agent, as he closed the door.

"Thank you," returned the lady. "No doubt it will be as pleasant as could be expected under the circumstances."

Particular emphasis was thrown on the last part of the sentence.

"As pleasant as you deserve," grumbled her companion on the front seat. "Wouldn't have been much sorry if the stage had been full of Hottentots or Blackfeet Indians. It'll teach you a lesson on the subject of giving up a good place in a coach for a mere trifle. After waiting two days for a chance to get on, you might put up with a seat on the box and think yourself well off."

"A sick headache is no whim," returned the lady, fretfully.

"Though no killing matter. I've ridden a hundred miles with a broken leg. But women are women all the world over. That's my experience."

"Would you have them men?" inquired the lady, pertly.

"No, Miss Saucebox!" was quickly retorted. "But I'd have them show at least a small portion of reason and fortitude."

This rather free speech hurt the lady's feelings a little. The tone in which it was given clearly enough showed the relation of the parties to be that of father and daughter. An indistinct reply from the latter closed the conversation, for, just at that moment, the baggage of the two passengers having been securely buckled up in the boot, the driver cracked his whip, and the passengers, dissatisfied with themselves and each other, rolled away on their midnight journey.

The lady had her seat immediately in front of Bedford, who felt toward her a strong repugnance. For this there were two reasons; he had failed to treat her with courtesy, and she had, plainly enough, resented his conduct. He was, therefore, dissatisfied with himself and offended with her—causes fully sufficient to produce a feeling of dislike.

"A fine specimen of a lady!" was his mental exclamation, as he sunk back in his seat, drew his cap over his eyes, and prepared to get a little semi-oblivion, if not positive sleep. For a quarter of an hour he could think of nothing but the lady before him; and, most heartily did he wish her at the North Pole, or anywhere else so that she were not in his immediate vicinity. At last his mental impressions became less and less distinct, and he was beginning to have something like pleasant, half waking dreams, when he was aroused by the sweeping of something across his face; which proved to be the barege veil of the lady before him. Said lady's veil had been thrown loosely over the crown of her bonnet; and as the lady had forgotten her troubles in a little doze, and there being nothing to support her head, that member of her body, as the stage made a jolt, had been suddenly jerked backward, and the veil flung into the face of the young merchant.

"Ugh! what's that?" fell from Bedford's lips, as, only half conscious touching the cause of annoyance, he pushed the veil from his face, and without intending

to do so, gave the head and bonnet that had inclined themselves rather nearer than was exactly agreeable, considering who was their owner, something of a rude repulse.

What the lady said in resenting this rough treatment Bedford's ears did not distinguish. Judging from the tone of her voice, he naturally enough concluded that it was nothing very complimentary. Of course, he felt for her a still stronger dislike—for he had acted toward her again in an ungentlemanly manner, and she had resented it.

No farther acts of antagonism occurred during the night. When the gray light of morning began to steal slowly in at the coach windows, it found all the passengers in a state of half-conscious, uncomfortable repose. Bedford was crouched down in a corner of the vehicle, with his face upon his bosom, and the lady before him sat with her head thrown so far back that it was almost a wonder that it did not break off with each heavy jerking of the coach, as it dashed down the rough hill side road. To add to the graceful ease of her position, her mouth had fallen open; and, to give an appropriate effect to the whole picture, certain sounds were issuing from her throat and nostrils that did not exactly remind Bedford, whom daylight first aroused, of the warblings of Mrs. Wood, whom he had heard in *Somnambula* and *Cinderella* only a week before.

The particular view which the young man first obtained of the face of his fair travelling companion, was not a very flattering one: Whether she was young or old, it was rather difficult to make out. That she was not particularly beautiful, was readily concluded at the first glance. As to her style of person and habiliments, as far as these could be seen, they indicated to the young man a vulgar mind. She had on a nankin riding-dress, which looked soiled and disordered. Her bonnet was of straw, and broken in several places, and a faded green veil was drawn over it, apparently as much to conceal defects as to shield the countenance of the owner. Masses of uncombed hair lay about her face in anything but graceful luxuriance. For at least a quarter of an hour the lady did not change her position. Long before that time expired, Bedford had turned his eyes from her with a feeling of disgust, and was observing the bold and romantic scenery which the newly risen sun revealed to his eyes.

While most of the passengers still slept, the driver reined up his horses at the regular changing place, and as the coach stopped, a man put his head in at the window, and called out in a quick voice—

"Breakfast here, gentlemen?"

Upon this announcement there was a general movement inside, and in as short a space of time as it could well be done, the hungry passengers tumbled themselves out, each so intent on stretching his cramped limbs, on reaching the ground, as scarcely to notice his companions in suffering. When Bedford thought of the lady who had come in at Brownsville, and looked up in order to take an unobstructed observation, she was not to be seen, having passed into the house.

Hurried ablutions were performed by the travellers

preparatory to going into the breakfast room. No brushes nor combs being supplied, those who did not possess either of these necessary articles of the toilet, had to leave their hair in the rough, and rough enough was the state in which some heads remained. Among these, that of Bedford was conspicuous. His was not naturally a soft and silky poll—and some recent *barbarous* operations having brought it down to about the length of a hog's bristles, it presented a somewhat similar appearance with only this difference: While a hog's bristles lie all in one direction, his, to use rather an obscure vulgarism, "stood seven ways for Sunday."

"Well, you are a beauty!" said Bedford's companion, as the two young men stood in the bar-room awaiting the breakfast bell.

"What's the matter?" inquired Bedford, affecting surprise.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other. "The matter? why you look like the very old boy! Just take a glance at yourself in that glass."

"No, thank you! I'm afraid that, like a certain mythological notable, I might fall in love with myself."

The sudden ringing of a bell caused both to turn toward the door leading into the passage by which they were to reach the breakfast room. As they were going through the door, the man who had got in at Brownsville went by with the lady on his arm.

"Are those our travelling companions?" asked the young man, with some earnestness of manner.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Are you certain?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bedford. "I shall never forget that bonnet and that hair."

"The man is Judge T——!"

"Oh, never!"

"I tell you it so! No one who has seen that nose, mouth and chin can ever forget them."

"Judge T——?"

"Yes; and no mistake! And the lady is, of course, the charming daughter about whom you have had so much to say."

By this time the two young men were in the breakfast room. As they were last to enter they had no choice of seats. Bedford saw but one vacant seat, and that was beside Judge T——, who, with his daughter, now fully recognized, occupied the end of the table. To retreat was of no avail. So he forced himself up to the lady's presence with an effort not unlike that which a soldier makes in marching up to a cannon. She looked at him as he sat down; but it was not wonderful that she did not recognize, in the soiled and disordered fellow before her, who looked more like a vagabond than anything else, the fine young gentleman she had met at the American House in New York, and who had been present to her fancy ever since. When Bedford ventured to lift his eyes to her face, after taking his place at the table, he saw that she did not recollect him, and had he not been apprized of the fact that the individual with whom she was in company was Judge T——, he would hardly have discovered in the slovenly figure and peevish face of the lady, the delightful and fascinating young creature who had won his heart almost at first sight.

That Judge T—— was a "hard old christian," as his friend had said, Bedford was ready enough to admit before leaving the breakfast-table; for, some remark led him into a little controversy with the Judge, whom he found about as rough as a polar bear. As for Cordelia, she made sundry little exhibitions of herself that did not add to the young man's estimation of her character for sweetness and amiability; and when he arose from the table and left the breakfast-room, every charm with which his warm imagination had invested her was gone.

"When I fall in love again," said Bedford, to his friend, as they walked out of the bar-room after settling the landlord's bill, "I'll put off the declaration until I can meet the lady in a stage-coach after two days' travel!"

"When both of you will be cured, I fancy, if you prove as amiable and accommodating as you were last night, and cut as fine a figure as you do this morning."

The near approach of Cordelia and her father prevented farther remark on that subject. It was the intention of Bedford to yield his place to the lady; but she did not wait for the courtesy. Pressing forward she clambered into the coach, and took possession of the back seat; and Judge T—— getting in after her, coolly appropriated a place by her side. Being the last to approach the door of the vehicle, Bedford found that his only chance was to crowd past the lady, and do penance between her and her father from thence to Wheeling. If any love, by the merest chance remained, it was all gone by the time they reached the banks of the Ohio.

Six months afterward Bedford and Miss T—— met in Cincinnati at a fashionable party. The young lady was as attractive, as beautiful, and as fascinating as before; but her former lover could not forget the stage-coach adventure, nor force himself into any thing beyond a reserved politeness. It happened that the friend of Bedford, who had returned with him from the East, was also present. He had become very well acquainted with Cordelia since that time, having entered into business in the town where she lived, and been a frequent visitor at her father's house. To him she said, a few days after the meeting in Cincinnati—

"How greatly Mr. Bedford is changed. When I saw him, for the first time, last in summer in New York, he was the most attentive, affable, polite young man one could wish to meet; but the other evening he was so cold, distant and reserved, that it fairly chilled me to come near him."

The young man, as the lady said this, thought of the stage-coach adventure, and the ludicrous ideas it created caused him to laugh outright.

"What are you laughing about?" inquired she.

"Have you met Bedford since you saw him in New York?"

"Not until now."

"Are you certain?" The young man felt that he could not keep his secret, let the effect of its betrayal be what it might.

"Oh, yes. He left New York for Boston on business, and I started for home before he returned."

"And, on the way, stopped for a short time at Brownsville."

"What!" The young lady evinced surprise.

"Isn't it so?"

"Yes."

"And resumed your journey one morning about two o'clock."

"How do you know?"

"You see that I do know."

"Were you a passenger at the time?"

"Yes, and so was Bedford."

"Bedford!" The blood mantled to the brow of Cordelia.

"He rode between you and your father from the first stopping place after leaving Brownsville, until you reached Wheeling."

The young lady looked confounded.

"You are only jesting with me," she said, at length, her face brightening.

"No, I'm in earnest."

"Why, the man who rode between us was such a miserable looking wretch, that I couldn't even be civil to him; and, I well remember, that he was at no pains to be civil to me."

"That man was Bedford."

"Impossible!"

"I do assure you that it is so. I was myself along, and knew your father by sight very well."

"Did he know me?"

Not until I pointed out your father, as we were entering the breakfast room at the tavern on the

morning after leaving the place where you had been detained for a couple of days."

The young lady very naturally became thoughtful, as memory went back to the time that was referred to. An image of herself as she must have appeared in the eyes of Bedford was soon distinctly before her mind; and sundry little facts and incidents appertaining to her entrance into the stage at Brownsville, and the ride to Wheeling, came one after another to her recollection. It was no cause of wonder that the crimson did not fade quickly from her brow. The young man more than half regretted having permitted himself to refer to the subject.

"Don't take it so much to heart," said he, laughing. "I only told you as a good joke."

But it was too severe a joke; and, in spite of all he could do, he failed to bring back her mind into a cheerful tone. The relation, however, had one good effect, it completely extinguished all tender emotions when an image of the handsome and attentive young merchant arose in her thoughts; for the transformation to the ragged, uncombed, unshaven, disagreeable, uncourteous stage companion was almost instantaneous.

More than fifteen years have passed since that time. Cordelia T—— was married to the friend of Bedford, and is now the mother of half a dozen children. Bedford is also married, and the two families live in the same town and are intimate. The stage-coach adventure is often referred to as a capital joke, and a good lesson for travellers who are never certain about the company into whom they may happen to fall.

A VISIT HOME.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come:
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.—ANN S. STEPHENS.

ELEVEN years amid the toil, trouble and confusion incident to a city—eleven years of ceaseless strife in the broad highway of the world—eleven years of heart pilgrimage from the scenes and associations of early youth, makes us all turn with a deep and longing desire to re-visit once more the Mecca of our loves. Advance as we may: succeed as we will in all the hopes and enterprises of manhood, still we cannot keep the current of our thoughts from ebbing, and floating us backward toward that port from which we started, with colors flying and music sounding on the voyage of life. The thirst for gold, the desires of ambition may, for a time, dim the flame on the altar, but in the still lone hours when the heart and affections rest for a moment in the race from the cradle to the grave, a voice is whispering, and a hand is beckoning us *toward* home. As the shadows of coming years fall upon our brow, and lengthen our pathway, the dreams of youth come back to us once more clad in all the gay tints of that spring-time of our existence.

Eleven years past, and one bright morning in summer found me amid the old haunts of my boyhood, from which I had so long been a wanderer. Time had made many an alteration since last I gazed upon that scene—many a heart that then beat high with hope and expectation, was now hidden in the old church-yard, many a bright eye had been dimmed with bitter tears, many a raven lock had been tinged with snow, but still Nature was the same.

There stood the old farm-house, surrounded with those patriarchal oaks that had looked down on a century of spring and summer. And there ran the elm bordered lane, ended by the walnut tree on which the robin sat, and poured forth his summer song. Far away in the distance could be seen the little streamlet winding through the meadow like a thread of silver, its margin decked with the gay colors of the water lily and butter-cup. In the midst of a group of weeping-willows stood the rustic spring-house, its walls dark with moss, and the roof overrun with wild vines that fell from the eaves in a thousand beautiful festoons. The swallow twittered on the time-battered barn; and the lark was sunning his bright plumage beside the brook; the gray form of the nimble squirrel could be seen in the depths of the wood; and the friendly wren ran in at the open door of the old farm-house.

Further down the road, and crossing the brook on the rude bridge, you came to the old sexton's house, near by the church. It was a low, dark building when first I knew it, wild and wierd-like, and though

time had deepened the traces of ruin since I left, still in all else it was the same. The old sexton lived and died there amid the tombs, and many a strange tale had he to tell, that strange old sexton. After his death the family still lived there, and worked amid the graves like "*Old Mortality*," deepening the inscription that affection had traced upon the stone, which told where the loved one was sleeping, planting wild flowers on the tombs, for rude and unlettered as they were, still their hearts were full of the better feelings of our natures. I can picture the old widow of the sexton, as she used to move among the graves, her thin and attenuated form bent beneath the weight of seventy winters, her scattering locks white with age escaping from the sombre cap, and her voice faint and low. Many a time when the sun was sinking in the West, and the shades of evening falling with their dusky wing, have I lingered to listen to the legends that she would tell—tales that were full of superstition, stories of fate, and omens that were born of the situation and the circumstances of her life-long intimacy with the church-yard and the tomb. The owl hooting in the dark pine tree; the bat flitting in the gloom and shadow of the evening; the sighing of the night air through the branches of the cedar, each had a mysterious and unnatural meaning to her mind, and spoke to her of that world beyond the grave. Beside this, many a story could she tell of the changes time had made since she was first conducted across that cottage door, a blushing bride. And I was a willing auditor. To the young, tales that speak of the wild and supernatural are full of thrilling interest, and often when the night has warned me away, have I longed for a return of the morrow, to hear again from those aged lips the tales of the church-yard.

Near the sexton's dwelling was the country school-house, a rude old structure that had stood as the sentinel of more than one generation. Oh! how my heart warmed to that building, with its thousand happy memories. How with a host of brave hearts and bright eyes I commenced life. It is a low, square building, with a row of desks ranged along the walls, and a high one in the centre for the master. It stands on the top of a bank covered with greensward, bare where the busy feet of the playful children have trodden it into pathways. In the front runs the road—beyond which stretches a wide expanse of verdant meadow watered by a brook. In the rear is the church-yard, in one corner of which stands the meeting-house. It was playtime when I stood once more beside that old school-house, and as of yore groups of

boys and girls were sporting beneath the trees, and making the air ring with their peals of merry laughter. Backward, backward went my fancy, and once again I played upon that grass a child. But where are the gay and hopeful throng with which I started in life? Some—few indeed—are still there—others are gone—some in pursuit of gold—others seeking the “bauble reputation at the cannon’s mouth”—one a wanderer in a far distant clime—and many in the cold, cold tomb. Call for all of that school-day class and how few would answer—and if they did, what a bitter tale each would have to tell of dreams unrealized—hopes unfulfilled—expectations once bright as the sunlight, now dark and gloomy. But they are all gone.

“Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not *here* an end.”

Behind the school-house stretches the church-yard, lone, quiet and spirit-like. I have seen it at all hours. In the morning when the rising sun had tinted it with a thousand diamonds from the reflected dew-drops, and the songs of the wild birds made the air vocal with their melody; at noon when the funeral train entered, have I stood beside the open grave and looked down into its cold depths; and at evening when the calm and hush of repose had come upon hill and vale, have I lingered within this garden of tombs, and felt its stillness and awe creep into my soul. In winter and summer, amid the perfume of flowers, and the chilling embrace of hail and snow, when the rivulet sang in the breath of the May-day kisses, and when the song was hushed by the touch of the winter King, have I gazed upon this lone and beautiful resting-place of the dead. Tall forest trees surround it on one side—and the others look out on a wide expanse of cultivated fields, dotted with farm-houses, the fields yellow with the coming harvest, and the orchards bending beneath the ripening fruit. Through the corner winds a small stream still and noiseless, as if afraid to disturb the repose of the spot. The wall is broken in many places, and through the breaches creep the masses of sweet-briar that make the air redolent with their perfume. No pride of monument is here. A simple stone tells the name of the sleeper, embellished at times with a rustic couplet. Let us enter this church-yard, and I will tell you some of the many histories that are treasured in this store-house of the past.

Here, nestled down in a quiet corner is the grave of the *blind man*. A plain stone marks the place where he sleeps, but tells no part of his history. Often when the earth was green with verdure, and the blossoms hung in pinky fleeces on the apple-trees, have I took this old and sightless man by the hand and listened to his words of wisdom. And now, though I have been out into the great world and learned, as all must learn the lessons of experience, still standing by this lonely tomb and looking far back to the sayings of that old man, I feel that one tear is due to him who taught me early the lessons of wisdom and truth. Depart as we may from the pure and simple teachings of childhood, wander ever so far from the path that our feet trod in

youth, still at times the wand will be waved, and the charm spoken that will conjure up the past with all its truth and purity, and send us back into the dry and dusty pathway of every-day life, better beings.

Beside this wild rose-bush is the tomb of one who came back from the great world with a torn and bleeding heart, to rest at home in the old burial-place. I remember her when her step was the lightest on the green, her voice the sweetest in the song, her eye the brightest of all the glad circle. She left the school-house, the swing on the oak tree, and launched her barque on the untried waters of the ocean of life. For a while nothing was heard of her—and then she came back. But oh, how altered! Gone was the lightness of the step—gone the melody of the voice, and the lustre of the eye. None asked the cause. She was silent, but day by day she faded, until at last she was laid beneath the sod. The history of that gentle and confiding girl rests with her in the peaceful tomb. Whether her tears flowed from the fount of another’s sorrows, and her smiles from the beams of another’s joys—was never told.

“Peace to her broken heart
And early grave.”

Beneath his rude monument sleeps the old pastor. It is a rough block of stone, supported upon four upright pieces of the same, raising it some inches from the ground. Upon it, with crooked and unfinished letters, is told the date of his birth and death, the place of his nativity, ending as is usual with some quotation from the Scriptures. The slow but consuming finger of time has almost obliterated the inscription, and the act of deciphering it now costs the reader some labor. He was a man of other days—before my memory, but often have I stood by the side of old men around that pastor’s grave, and heard them tell his many virtues. Pure, simple and unostentatious, he went about doing good, speaking words of aid and advice to the young and inexperienced, and telling the aged of that rest to which they were fast hastening. More than one generation passed from before that old man’s eyes in that quiet spot. He kissed the cheek of the rosy infant, guided the dawning of the budding woman, blest the nuptial hour of the happy wife, and told the tale of immortal hopes to the ear in which the songs of Paradise were beginning to sound. He was priest for all—that old pastor, and all alike loved him. And here in this lonely and forgotten spot he spent his life.

“More skill’d to raise the wretched than to rise.”

Farther in the centre of the church-yard, where the sunlight falls brightest, stands a tomb remarkable for its inscription. He was a cold, stern man, the *Dives* of that section of the country. Steadily, dollar on dollar, acre after acre, he built up a fortune, no matter at what hazard of health or wear of mind. He listened to no song of bird, or murmur of rill. To him the sunset had no charm, the rising moon no beauty. And he succeeded to his heart’s desire. He got money. Around him grew up a princely attendance of fair and fertile acres. Houses met his proud gaze on every side—and he the master of all. But the hand of death came, and he was carried home to the old

church-yard to rest beside the poor man. No title shielded him now from the plain tale that the finger of truth would write upon his tomb. His epitaph was not penned while his heart was sad. No eye watered the page with the tributes of affection. Upon his ashes no hand planted the flowers that tell the story of undying and fadeless memory. No, a stranger from a far distant clime wrote the evidence that lives upon the stone, and thus it runs:—

HE SPENT A LONG LIFE IN ACQUIRING PROPERTY.
AND HIS HEIRS ARE NOW DISPUTING ABOUT
WHAT WAS ONCE HIS—AND CANNOT LONG
BE THEIRS.

On the side of the hill that slopes down to the pool for immersion, surrounded by a cluster of wild vines, that cling upon the half fallen stone that bears no name, is the "unknown" grave. To this there is no history, and fancy has supplied its place. Many a legend is told of him who sleeps beneath. Some say that he fell a victim to his own passions, his own executioner. Others, that wounded in one of the many Revolutionary struggles that took place in that neighborhood, he was buried here by his comrades and all else forgotten. Strange tales are told of a midnight train that entered that place of the dead, and without light, save of the moon and stars, and with no hymn but the sighing of the night air through the pines, quietly dog the grave and performed the burial rites. And then, they whisper of a faded form that used to visit that church-yard and stood by that tomb, until she too was laid down to sleep in that violet covered earth—but not beside the *unknown*. That spot is sacred—none else is near. What the reasons were that made this a solitary and marked spot is not known—but so it is—and more than once have I conjured up a romance about this tomb and its nameless occupant.

Here too, in this sweet spot, slumber the lost ones from our home and hearts. Not many, for death has dealt *sparsingly* of his arrows among our little band. But still enough are resting beneath that sod to make it holy ground to me. I was a youth, wild and thoughtless, when I followed the hearse into that old church-yard, and saw the earth close upon the form of the dead. I remember the pale and sorrow-smitten cheek of the mother, and the tearful eyes of the sister as they looked far down into the final resting place of the one she had so loved. I heard the prayer, and saw the little band of mourners that were standing round, but, still I shed no tear. That fount was dried up, and even the Moses-like rod of grief could not unseal the fountain. And now eleven years have passed, and once more I stand beside that tomb. The turf is still green and verdant, and the flowers are yet springing upon the mound, but much of the freshness of the heart is gone, and many, very many of the bright flowers that the boy conjured up to cheer the path-way of life, are now dry and scentless. Each succeeding circle of the wave of time, is growing smaller, and far over its topmost crest can be seen the slow, but steady approaches of the shadows of invading night. Many a bitter lesson has been learned, of friendship estranged, and loves unreturned. The temper has been soured, and the heart grown cold amid the tempest-blasts that

beat around our way. Cheered by the delusive hopes and fancies of youth, we still work and struggle on in the vein of the golden hill of fame and success, but as we approach the delusion vanishes, and the Alps, cold, stern, and formidable, stand before us. Amid the flowers of spring and summer-time, we had started on the journey of life, but now standing midway in the passage, and looking up to the peaks yet to be surmounted, the heart falters, and turns back once more to the freshness and perfume of youth.

Under this turf of wild clover, war's stern notes are all forgotten, is interred a soldier of the Revolution. When those calm skies reflected the gleam of bayonets, and the summer flowers were trodden under foot by the march of armed men; when those sleeping vallies were awakened by the shrill tones of the trumpet calling father and son, husband and brother from the peace and quiet of the family hearth, to the scene of strife and carnage, he had perhaps taken a farewell kiss of a clinging wife, or widowed mother, and joined the band of his country's defenders. Perhaps, his mangled feet had traced a bloody path on the winter snow, and his thin clad and shivering form stood the sentinel of his country's safety, amid the snow and hail of many a weary night. Wounded and dying, he came here from the adjacent battle-field to breathe his last. And here they buried him. And here too the undying love and devotion of a wife found him. Untiring from one scene of battle and blood to another, had she followed him, and now, though the cold clay had been heaped upon the form of him she loved, she had it exhumed, and severing a lock of hair, the sole memorial of the dead, she watched the clods descend upon the coffin, and departed, broken-hearted and alone, for her solitary home.

Calm, quiet, and dream-like, amid this garden of the tomb, stands the church. It is a plain, square building, of dark colored stone, pierced with small angular windows, whose quaint and irregular panes present a singular appearance contrasted with the more ornate and finished productions of the present day. In many places portions of the walls are crumbling to decay, and moss, and other clinging plants have rooted themselves in the interstices, and are now decking the old edifice as if with mosaics. All around the eaves, and up the roof too, has time's effacing finger been at work. The rough stones that serve as steps to the doorway bear the marks of the thousand busy feet that have trod them since the old church was built. The interior is of other days, a link to bind us to the past. The narrow, uncarpeted aisles, the high-backed box-like pews, reminding us of the stalls in some of the ancient churches in England, the pulpit at the extreme end of the building, elevated high above the floor and pews, and closed with a rude and unpainted door, and the stand for the singing-master immediately in front and beneath the pulpit, all tell us that we are not with the present. Away from that door, and winding amid the tombs, and over the grass and flowers, runs the pathway to the pool for immersion, and many a bright sunny morning, with hymns that sounded sweet and clear in the morning air, has a solemn band issued from that doorway and wound downward to the water, headed by the minister in his dark frock

used for the occasion. Old men, fathers in the church, would be there, and then in white robes, those on whom the rite was about to be practised. In the rear, with slow and solemn step, came the young, every feeling hushed into rest by the time and scene. And then the hymn was sung, and the prayer said, and rite done, and backward to the church wound that simple throng. I have stood under the groined roof of the proud cathedral, and with the pictured wealth of olden times, and whilst the very air was full of music and incense, and the sunlight turned into a thousand tones of color from the many flower-like windows through which it beamed, and then have seen this symbol of the religion of the cross performed, but never have I felt the power and pathos of the story so steal into my soul as by that placid stream, and amid that humble band.

Here too, around the rude table, congregated the members to celebrate another sacred form of their worship—the sacrament. A white cloth spread upon the desk, was all the decoration. No gold and silver glittered in the wondering eyes of the lookers on. Seated in the pews nearest to the table were those to whom the sacrament was to be administered. Old gray headed men, and mothers on whom the snows of three-score winters had descended, sat side by side with the hale and hearty young man, and the blooming maiden. Apart from them were the congregation who remained to witness the scene. Many a mother's prayer went up for the wanderer from the household circle, and many a father's voice pleaded that the maiden's path might be thornless and happy.

In the old church was the thoughtless boy led to hear the words of truth and wisdom, that were to be

a lamp to his feet, in the contest with wrong, that he was going forth to meet in the world. Here was he united to the chosen of his young heart's dreams, and from this door he led her forth who was to be the sunlight of his home, and the angel of his hearth. Here in maturer years he came to pay his vows of devotion and look upon the path to Heaven, and here, life's journey done, was he laid down to rest, under the shadow of the ancient church.

Eleven years more, and who can lift the curtain and tell the changes that may pass over the scene we have been gazing at? Eyes that now read the old tombstones, will be underneath the wild turf; hearts that now swell and throb with emotion will be cold and pulseless; to many life's dream will be forever over. Into that old church-yard will many a weeping train pass. Over a loved one's dust, will many a bitter tear be shed. The marriage vow will be said in the sincerity of young and trusting hearts, beneath that venerable roof, and before the year has past, the eyes that spoke love, and the lips that breathed devotion, will be food for the worms. Ding-dong, ding-dong, sings the old bell, and each peal calls home some of the wanderers. They are coming, some from the quiet and calm of the country; some from the dust and tumult of the crowded mart; some from the trackless ocean; they are coming, all coming home to the old church-yard to rest. Some bring fame and honor, others gold. Some come back bowed down with the weight of many years, and others young, but with the ashes of dead hopes strewn white and hoary upon their raven locks. But one by one they are coming, the young and old, rich and poor, all hastening on this "VISIT HOME."

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.]

FROM the earliest times, the period of the Nativity has been kept, among all Christian nations, as a season of festival. In England, the Witenagemots of our Saxon ancestors were held under the solemn sanction and beneficent influence of the time; and the series of high festivities established by the Anglo-Saxon kings appear to have been continued with yearly increasing splendor and multiplied ceremonies under the monarchs of the Norman race. From the court the spirit of revelry descended, by all its thousand arteries, throughout the universal frame of society, visiting its furthest extremities and most obscure recesses, and everywhere exhibiting its action, as by so many pulses, upon the traditions, and superstitions, and customs which were common to all or peculiar to each. The pomp and ceremonial of the royal observance were imitated in the splendid establishments of the more wealthy nobles, and far more faintly reflected from the diminished state of the petty lord. The revelries of the baronial castle found echoes in the hall of the old manor-house, and these were again repeated in the tapestried chamber of the country magistrate, or from the sanded parlor of the village inn: merriment was everywhere a matter of public concern, and the spirit which assembles men in families now, congregated them by districts then.

In the olden time Christmas was far more hilariously observed than now. The whole wide country was then filled with rejoicing: in the bannered hall the long tables were spread: on the ancient armor and the antlers of the wild deer, holly, and ivy, and mistletoe were placed; the huge yule log went roaring up the wide, old-fashioned chimnies, and cold although it might be without, all was warm and comfortable within. The large wassail-bowl—a load of itself when full—was passed round, and each one before he drank, stirred up the rich spices with a sprig of rosemary. Roast goose and roast beef, minced pies, the famous boar's head, plum porridge, and plum pudding, together with no end of sausages, and drinks of every description, but, chief of all, the “bowl of lamb's wool,” seemed to have formed the staple luxuries of an old Christmas dinner.

Among the customs, in the olden time, and appro-

priate to the season, was that of parties of musicians making the tour of the village on Christmas morning, before day, to visit all the principal houses, but especially the manor-hall. In some parts of England the observance is still kept up, under the appropriate name of “Christmas Waits.” Thomas Millar, the poet, thus describes it:—“Hush! hush! Those are the village waits, not your noisy musicians, whose clamor arouses a whole neighborhood, but those who go from hamlet to hamlet all night long, chanting such carols as our pious forefathers loved to listen to in those good old days when Christmas was not only a holiday, but a holy time. Let us uplift the corner of the white blind gently. Although they hope that all are listening, they would but feel uneasy to know that they were overlooked. We shall be very glad to see them on boxing-day, when they will come round and simply announce themselves as the waits; then we can reward them for the pleasure they have afforded us. A few old-fashioned doors will be opened, where they will be cheered with elder wine, spiced ale, and plum cake; they know the houses. There are those who make a point of sitting up to receive them; cold although the night may be, they will not lack bodily comfort. How sweetly the moonlight sleeps upon the untrodden snow; it kept falling until twelve o'clock; and then the queen of the stars came out adorned with more than her usual brilliancy. It is just such a Christmas morning as a lover of old customs would crave for—cold, frosty, and bright. How the snow will crunch beneath the feet at daylight! But they are gone; you can just hear their voices at intervals, sounding faintly over the snow, when the red cock that crows from the far-off farm is silent, for they are now singing at the lonely grange beside the wood. The old farmer who resides there would never fancy that it was Christmas unless he heard the waits. Rumor, who is a slanderer, does say that when they have left his old-fashioned parlor they never again sing in tune—that bass is heard in place of tenor, and treble gets over his part before the others have well begun—and that, when complaints are made the next morning, the only answer is, Christmas comes but once a year.”

CLARABEL ELBRIDGE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. C. H. ROWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a stately mansion located in the suburbs of a quiet-like village, near the sea-coast of Maine, whose imposing white front, and square portico with its Corinthian pillars, and carved ornaments, bespoke both the wealth and taste of the possessor; while the beautiful lawn, and well arranged gardens, plainly indicated that no expense was spared to adorn the gardens, and add to the beauty of the scenery. Mr. Elbridge, the wealthy proprietor, was an Englishman, and a few years before had brought his beautiful wife and lovely daughter from the halls of his forefathers, to reside in the then almost unbroken wilds of the new-world. Attracted by the picturesque scenery and advantageous site, he had purchased the farm where his present dwelling was located, and in less than two years had the satisfaction of seeing an edifice completed, which, if less magnificent and costly, was by far more elegant and convenient than the one which he had deserted upon the fair shores of sunny England. He had every comfort his heart could desire, and was blessed with the society of one of the most lovely women, whose strong affection for him had been so well tested by her cheerful adoption of the Scriptural language, "whither thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

Mr. Elbridge had passed seven years watching the developments of the physical and mental powers of the sweet Clarabel, who at the commencement of our sketch was just bursting from the confines of girlhood, into the full blaze of beauty and feminine loveliness which so early characterized her mother; an only child, she was cherished with a love which savored of devotion, but at times there would hover around her heart a vague sense of loveliness, and it was joyful tidings to her when the arrival of a cousin from Virginia announced a new member to the family group; and as the young man pressed the lily-white fingers of her dainty little hand within his own, he thought it would be an easy task indeed to love the gentle creature who for years had been his affianced bride; for to him had been confided the purpose of his visit to Maine, while Clarabel, in all the gushing joy of her young heart, little thought that her warm affections had been bartered away unknown to herself; and as she gazed upon the athletic figure and handsome face of John Champe, she felt that his companionship was indeed an acquisition to the unbroken tenor of her life, and in less than six months her heart had trained itself to throb in unison with that of the noble youth who was ever at her side; and her eye would instinctively burn to catch the approving glance of her companion. It was with silent pleasure that her

parents watched the first budding of this love, which had been to them the long-wished for consummation of many hopes.

But war sounded its clarion voice through the land, and the horrid clang of arms were heard calling loudly upon the sons of America to arouse from their lethargy and slumbers, and shake off the shackles which had so long bound them captives to a tyrant's will: and there were aching hearts, and tearful eyes, as wives gazed for, perhaps, the last time upon the faces of their husbands, and bade them go and fight for their firesides and altars; and mothers pressed their sons to their hearts, and prayed God to bless them; and sisters watched the footsteps of their brothers for the last time as they turned from the thresholds of love, to tread amid scenes of carnage and death; and lovers pressed the ashy lips of their betrothed, and with throbbing breasts tore themselves apart. It was a fearful time, and one that tried the iron nerves of that hardy band who showed a cordial response to the trumpet voice of him who proclaimed "liberty or death." Mr. Elbridge watched the conflicting powers with silent interest, and forebore espousing the cause of either; but not so the impulsive heart of his nephew: his spirit waxed exceeding impatient of restraint, and at length he made known to his uncle his design to join the colonists in their struggle for freedom.

"And so you will leave us, John? You will quit our retreat and go and mingle with the hosts that are rushing in mad fury to death?"

"You cannot picture these scenes more vividly than I have fancied them; but my honor—more, my country, calls me to join the brave band in the rescue."

"Go then if duty calls, but remember in your uncle you will always find a protector and friend, God bless you my brave boy—and bring you safe back again."

It was with a saddened heart that the young man sought his cousin; it was only one short week before that he had breathed into her ear the vows of love, and now so soon to tear himself away from all his heart held dear, it was cruel, but the stern voice of his country demanded the sacrifice, and so he made it. He opened the door of the parlor, where he found Clarabel in anxious waiting for his coming. How beautiful she was, with the folds of her muslin robe falling round her like a transparent cloud, and one tiny foot encased in its satin slipper creeping from beneath the broad hem upon the soft carpet! She was dreaming of her cousin, and could hardly realize the depth of her own happiness, that he so good, so brave, should have loved her. For notwithstanding her glorious beauty, love had made her humble, and

exalted the object of her affection far above all other human creatures.

As his well known step sounded upon the stair she sprang forward to meet him, but a sweet timidity held her back, and she stood in the centre of that spacious parlor, blushing in all the witching loveliness of womanhood.

Champe's fine, manly face was flushed with the happiness of meeting, but there was a look of sadness about his eyes, flashing as they were, that caused the maiden's heart to bound against the little hand that pressed it—her cousin led her to a seat upon the crimson covered sofa, and pressed his lips to her brow.

"Dearest, I have sad news for you, you know that the arms of invaders have clashed upon our soil, and that some of America's best blood has been shed for freedom."

"And you!" said the fair girl, clasping the hand which held hers—"are you?"

"Yes, sweet one, I am going to join Washington's army to-morrow morning."

"This is unkind, John! What necessity is there of leaving us now? Surely you are not obliged—"

"Clarabel, indeed I am obliged to go: every true-hearted American is obliged by all that he holds dear to go forth and fight; now is the time for action."

"And you are going to leave me now, when happiness had but just dawned upon us?"

The beautiful creature hid her face upon his shoulder, while her face was bathed in tears. The young man circled her fragile form with his arm, and pressing his hand caressingly on her cheek, drew her face down to his bosom.

"Think, dearest Clara, this is not right, and you will yourself condemn it when you are calm; did I shrink from my duty you would not love me; you are too noble."

"I would sacrifice anything but yourself, dear one, but you rush on to certain death."

"Not so, gentle cousin, the chances of war are I well know perilous, but I may return again, then think, dear girl, of the joy to find you unchanged and true to your vow."

"Do you—can you doubt me? Oh! say not that, anything else."

"No, my own, I do not doubt your truth," and he held her to his heart a moment in silence, his bosom heaved beneath the pressure of her cheek: it was a sore trial for him to bid farewell to the sweet creature who had become so necessary to his very life.

Hour after hour sped away, and the gray light of morning began to glimmer through the muslin curtains, ere John Champe pressed the last burning kiss of love upon the tear-stained cheek of his fair and beautiful cousin, and with impetuous haste he arranged his wardrobe, and ere the bright sun had burst forth he was mounted upon his well tried courser, and wending his way toward Boston. The saddened faces who assembled around the breakfast-table that morning at Elbridge Hall, told full plainly of the fears which rankled in every breast, for the absent one had won the love of all by his noble-heartedness and brave integrity.

CHAPTER II.

MONTANA had rolled away since the young soldier had departed, when one evening a servant brought news that General Arnold, with a large force, was encamping at the village. Mr. Elbridge, with the courtesy belonging to a gentleman, immediately called for his carriage, and drove to the quarters of the officer, and with much sincerity and truth offered him the hospitalities of his home during his stay: which proposal was gratefully received by Arnold. Hitherto Arnold had distinguished himself in the battle-field by his unrivalled bravery, and in resolute courage was unsurpassed by even Washington himself: and the fame of Benedict Arnold had penetrated wherever the voice of freedom had rung: while forcing his march through the wilderness of Maine he had passed through trials and hardships; and the luxurious ease with which his stay at his present quarters was characterized, opened a new era in his life, which was hitherto unknown. Arnold possessed a heart as well as eyes for beauty; and the rare loveliness of Clarabel Elbridge did not fall unheeded upon his view; he had heard of her engagement with Champe, and his soul was not then so blackened with sin, that he could wilfully plan and execute the ruin of that fair flower; but as days and weeks rolled by, and each succeeding hour discovered some new trait of loveliness in the beautiful creature; the tempter took possession of his soul, and he breathed into her heart the first seeds of sorrow; it was with a timid fear that Clara listened to his burning vows of constancy and adoration; so unlike the noble, respectful love of her cousin, but their was a witchery in his glance, a fascination in his words, and so she listened till her heart was won from its allegiance to Champe, and with all the wildness of passionate love she bowed her heart to the shrine of the traitorous officer. Her parents little dreamed that they were nourishing in their household a serpent who should pierce their souls with the bitterest anguish and sorrow.

"He never loved any one before," murmured Clarabel to herself, as she sat at her window in the soft moonlight of a June evening, while the balmy air stole through the leaves of the sweet jessamine that clustered around the casement—"strange that amid all the great and beautiful women with whom he has associated, I alone should be the one to win his affection; I am so happy—so very happy," and she clasped her hands together in the very intensity of her love and affection.

A moment more and Arnold was by her side, and his head was bent toward her. The earnest melody of his voice, the pleading attitude, all—all conspired to captivate the heart.

"Will you not speak to me, Clarabel? Will not the fervor of my passion find some answer in your breast? Such love as mine can live but once in the heart—say then, fair lady, oh, say that you love me—and I shall be blessed."

"I do—I do love as none other can," and the fair girl was pressed to his bosom, while her brow was covered with warm, passionate kisses.

A light footfall was heard upon the carpet, and the

dark, flashing eye of John Champe rested upon the lovers, not in anger, but in deep, deep anguish and grief.

"John, my dear cousin, can you forgive me? I could not help—"

The young soldier made a strong effort to compose himself, and with a grave dignity extended his hand to the fair creature, and drawing her toward him, impressed a kiss upon her burning cheek, and while he stilled the tumultuous beatings of his own heart, he soothed her—"Clarabel, I will be to you a brother, and if no other love than that of a sister is reserved for me, I will be contented."

"Oh, John, it was not that I loved you less, but I loved him more; and with so different an affection; I know it is wrong, but I would not that it were otherwise, my kind and noble cousin."

"Oh! Clara, dearest, can I give you up: yes, I must, and the sacrifice must be made: but since this thing has been revealed to me I feel alone in this world," and his voice sounded mournfully sad as it fell upon the still night air, "I wish to contribute to your happiness, my cousin, and will teach my heart to keep still, but it is a sore, a grievous trial."

"You will forgive me, John?"

"Have I anything else in this world to love but you, Clarabel?" replied the young man, forcing back the choking grief that rose in his throat, and pressing her hand to his heart, "and if, Clarabel, you find that his love should prove a treacherous thing, then remember the honest heart of John Champe still remains true."

"You wrong him, John! Benedict Arnold's love false! Think not so light of him, he is like yourself, brave and true. The thought would tear my heart in twain."

"Banish it then, and God grant you may always find him as your confiding heart now believes, but you see he has long since left us, and shall we not join your father in the library, whither, doubtless, Major Arnold has gone? wipe the tear-drops from your eyes, and forget that you have ever been troubled by this love of mine; I have but an hour or two to tarry, and then hie me back to the camp; to seek in the turmoil and confusion to hide all less important considerations, and now God bless you, sweet one, and make you happy," and drawing her hand within his own, they wended their way to the library, from whence the voice of Arnold was issuing in tones of mirthful glee, while Mr. Elbridge was apparently a gratified listener.

"How very happy we have been here," said the young man, sorrowfully, a low sob was his only response, and he reproached himself for thus giving way to his bitter disappointment.

In a few days Elbridge Hall was deserted by its visitor, and the pale cheek of Clarabel waxed still paler, as week after week passed away and no tidings came from Arnold. He had promised (and oh! how trustingly she relied upon his vow) that she should never be absent from his thoughts, but as weeks rolled into months, and not one kind word of remembrance came, her crushed spirit was bowed to the earth, and in very bitterness of heart she wept, such tears as none but the stricken can shed.

VOL. XVI.—13

CHAPTER III.

"No, I will not believe it, never—never could Benedict Arnold break his faith! it is false," and the once fair girl trembled in every joint as she lay upon the sofa in her apartment. The beautiful, bright autumn flowers shed a rich perfume throughout the chamber, and the scarlet leaves lay scattered upon the carpet, but there was sorrow in the heart of the gentle Clarabel, and as she buried her face in the velvet cushions, a low groan would burst from her lips. "I will see for myself, and if it indeed be true that he is wedded to another save me, my curse shall follow him like a blight through life—all else I will sacrifice to revenge."

That night the gentle, stricken creature left her father's mansion, and accompanied by one faithful servant traversed the wilds of New England, nor stayed her course till the spires of New York burst upon her view, then for the first time did she comprehend fully her situation—but was not *he* there?—and with renewed ardor she pressed on.

Little did Arnold think as he gazed upon the form of his beautiful bride, that other eyes than his were viewing her, and that deep, burning thoughts of vengeance were lit up like an unquenchable fire in the breast of her whom he had so fearfully wronged. An altered woman was Clarabel Elbridge—the light of love was extinguished in her heart, and it was a frightful thing to witness the devastation a few short months had wrought in her.

Late one evening John Champe received a line from the hand of his cousin, requesting an interview the ensuing morning. He knew that the gentle creature was in sorrow, and all the smothered love of his breast burst forth again. Tardily did the time roll by till the appointed hour arrived, and as he paced the confines of his tent, his untamed spirit almost cursed the cruel portion it was the lot of Clarabel to quaff.

"What would you, my cousin?" said the soldier, as he drew her to his side in the plain, unfurnished apartment which she occupied, and seated upon a rude couch, folded her to his heart.

"Revenge! John Champe, revenge, deep as the wrong he has done me, and lasting as his life."

"Clarabel, it cannot be, he is far above us, and we cannot reach him."

"I will reach his heart—Benedict Arnold shall not go unpunished—will you help me?"

"I cannot forfeit my duty to my country, for even the love I once bore to you, anything that I can do consistent with my honor, shall be done. But Arnold is one of the staffs of our army."

"I know it—and I know he is a base, treacherous villain—oh! John, pity me; help me, I will be revenged, or I shall die—by the love you once bore for me—I crave this boon."

"Listen to me; when I last saw you I vowed to crush the love I felt in my heart, and devote my life to my country—anything I can do for you, consistent with my allegiance to her, shall be done."

"But Arnold!" and the whole face of the sorrowing girl grew more ashy as she compressed her lips to choke back the grief which struggled in her heart.

"He must suffer the reproaches of a galling conscience for the present, but, Clarabel, retribution will come; remember there is One who hath said—'vengeance is mine, I will repay'—but I must leave you now, duty calls me away, but, dearest, I will be a brother to you, and guard you with a watchful eye." When left alone, Clarabel sat for sometime motionless, absorbed in a deep reverie, from which she was aroused by a light tap at the door, supposing it to be her servant she bid him enter, and was almost startled by the entrance of a gentleman dressed in black, and whose piercing eyes rested upon her face with a look of peculiar meaning—bowing low.

"Miss Elbridge, I believe."

She replied in the affirmative. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" and she rose from her seat in all the native dignity of her proud youth. Drawing a chair toward her, he seated himself.

"I would speak with you upon a subject of deep interest to us both—may I crave your attention?" Bowing an assent, she resumed her seat—"I was in an adjoining apartment during your interview with the person who just left you, and unwittingly overheard the conversation which passed between you, and lady, believe me, it lies not nearer your heart than it does my own. I once had a sister, fair as yourself, and we were left alone in this earth—all in all to each other; she met Benedict Arnold, and her doom was sealed—she now sleeps in the cold tomb—and I live to avenge her ruin," the deep-set eyes of the stranger kindled with a strange light, and his lip quivered as he proceeded—"I have him now in my power—he knows me not as the brother of Janet Lawson, else he would fear me; but with a little more time he is mine," and Lawson clutched the arm of Clarabel as with the claw of an hungry eagle, and a strange smile played upon his face. A bright flush suffused the cheek of his hearer, and she gazed upon the face of her visitor with deep interest.

"Tell me how—and can I assist you?"

"Perhaps so, lady," and then in a husky voice he told her of the prodigal expenses of Arnold, and how from time to time he had lent him money to maintain his extravagant style of living; and then he told her of his marriage with the beautiful heiress, and how her fortune was squandered away, and then he spoke in a whisper of the trust placed in the hands of Arnold by the government; and I am his confident and friend—yes, I will ruin him, I must have my money; and he must defraud the government in order to obtain it for me; I have infused the poison into his mind, and it is working there slowly but sure; my vengeance is sure: see here, lady—see the amount due to me, all to be paid within one short week."

"What is this?" said Clarabel, as she took up a paper unsealed, but directed to Sir Henry Clinton—"what is this? sure this is not a money affair," and she turned her eye upon the face of her visitor with a penetrating look, as if to read his soul.

"This is the writing of Arnold, and must have come into my possession accidentally. He was arranging some papers when I entered his library, and this must have been mislaid; very strange, what he should have to write to the head of the British army."

"Would it be right to examine? Would it be honorable, Mr. Lawson?"

"He should have nothing to say that a true American may not know, and if otherwise it might be well to understand it—for a man that has so little principle in his breast as has Arnold, would I very much fear never hesitate to prove a traitor to his country."

Opening the paper, he perused it till the big drops of sweat stood upon his forehead, starting from his seat he rushed toward the door, but the quick hand of Miss Elbridge detained him.

"Stay me not—he is entering into a negotiation with Sir Henry Clinton—he will barter his country's peace for gold, I must away to Washington to communicate the news."

"But stop, our revenge is not complete—let him go on, we have a clue by which we can ensnare him; think, were it not better to return this paper and await awhile longer the time for retribution—we can now merely crush him."

"True, lady, and your plan is the wiser; he mistrusts me not, and I can return the paper to him, and by so doing, perhaps, take a stand to come still more into his confidence; but lady we trust this to none other than ourselves, but now I will hasten to the mansion of General Arnold."

CHAPTER IV.

THE fortress of West Point, located upon the Hudson, sixty miles from New York, was one of great importance to the Americans, and also a strong hold greatly coveted by Sir Henry Clinton, who had vainly sought to take possession, this fortress was now in the command of Arnold, who had earnestly solicited the station from Washington, and the letter which so opportunely fell into the hands of Clarabel and Lawson, was the draft of an overture tendered by the traitor commandant to the British officer, offering for a large sum of money, and the office of brigadier general in the king's army, to give up this place, so that by a sudden surprise it might fall into the hands of the enemy. The sagacious mind of Lawson suggested to itself the idea that if Arnold knew the paper were in his possession the plan might be differently arranged, and, therefore, baffle his designs. He, therefore, designed some plausible excuse, and while in the study of the general carefully deposited the paper unobserved, and then returned to his apartment in the hotel. It was with deep anxiety that Clarabel awaited the termination of the week, previous to the liquidation of the debt due to Lawson; and at times there was a relenting of the heart toward him who had once called forth all the gushing tenderness of her heart, but then the wrong was so premeditated—she could not forgive. Champe had called once, and only once during the interval, for his cousin was so sadly changed that he almost shuddered when he gazed upon her wan face; and now he had gone with the regiment under command of Major Lee, to Tappan, a location upon the river Hudson. Thus left alone a strange sympathy drew her toward Lawson; a strange coincidence in their fates, and the destiny of Arnold seemed to bind them together with a strong cord of friendship. When

the creditor had repaired to the abode of his victim, it was with an impatient spirit that Clarabel awaited his return: and when she heard his footfall upon the stair, she rushed eagerly to the door to meet him.

Staggering almost beneath the weight he bore, he entered the apartment, and dashing the bag of gold upon the table, turned with an exulting glance to his companion—

"There is his ruin—there is the chain by which I will drag the villain down to perpetual infamy."

"And has he been so base?—yet I doubt it not—for he seeks to barter his country for gold."

"And now, Miss Elbridge, I must away, no time is to be lost; Washington must learn of this embezzlement, and it must be discovered before the negotiation with Clinton is ended: as regards the letter, to-night is the one appointed for the rendezvous: I cannot be there, much as I might wish it—for this affair of the government funds I must disclose."

"I will go in your stead, with Edward I am safe—he is trusty."

"But will your servant abide our time?"

"Fear him not—but speed you to head-quarters."

That night a light boat glided up the river containing two individuals; the delicate form of one was wrapped in a coarse cloak, while the respectful deference paid by the other showed full plainly that he considered the lady as a superior.

"Edward, how far have we come?"

"Five miles—for yonder is the stone house."

Lightly sprang his companion from the boat, and with quick steps ascended the bank; for the space of two hours her companion awaited her return, when the light tread again reached his ear.

"All right," she whispered, as she took her seat, and after a moment's pause turned to her companion.

"Edward, would you toil all night for the sake of your country?"

"In good faith would I, madam—but what do you mean?"

"Simply this, some villainous traitor is scheming to deliver up his trust to the British, and to-morrow night I must be near West Point."

"I will put you there, madam, if you will only bestow upon me one of your merry smiles, such as used to gladden my heart before Mister Champe went away from home."

"Ah, Edward, I was happy then; a sad heart is now all that I have left."

"Well, well, madam, you know best, but it seems to me you would be far happier at Elbridge Hall than you are skylarking about here; I hope you will not think me out of place."

"No, Edward, no; but I cannot go back yet—a little time longer and I will go home."

The last rays of the setting sun had sank behind the horizon, when a figure, wrapped in a buff overcoat, emerged from the thick brushwood which skirted the margin of the river, and with quick tread gained the covert of a little hut which stood about a quarter of a mile from the beach, passing lightly to the back-side, the form was concealed by the luxuriant vines which crept over the rude logs, and clung with twining tendrils to the very roof: the heavy dew dampened the

bright locks of hair which clustered around the fair temples of the pale face, while a flash of light almost unearthly beamed from beneath the trembling eyelids. Scarce was this favorable position attained when the tramp of horses' feet was heard before the door, and in a moment afterward a light was struck in the inner room, revealing to the view of the trembling listener two men, both wearing the uniform of officers, but while the younger of the twain was arrayed in the regimentals of his majesty's army, the other bespoke an officer of the American camp. As the strong light beamed upon his form, the pale face that was peering through the crevice of the logs grew bright, and the hands of Clarabel Elbridge clasped with a tighter grasp the rough vines to support her frame. Long and fearful was the conference held by those two men, and eagerly did her ear drink in every word that dropped from the lips of each. All personal considerations were swallowed up in the magnitude of the crime developing itself to her. Love was forever fled from her breast, and hatred too, for she felt that Benedict Arnold was beneath all such emotions. She pitied his weakness, his cupidity, but she felt that a great duty was incumbent upon her, and with a free heart and strong resolve she left her retreat ere the gray light of morning broke over the river, and accompanied by the faithful Edward, sought the camp of Washington. The sun was shining brightly before the light boat touched the shore at Tappan. In answer to the challenge of the sentinel, Clarabel demanded to be taken to General Washington. The soldier hesitated for a moment, and then led the way to his tent. Brief was the conference, and the mild brow of the nation's hero was clouded with sorrow as he lent an attentive ear to the deep laid plan of treason, which would, if carried out, most inevitably have wrapped America in gloom, dark and fearful. "God protects us from traitors! but, lady, you are sure you heard aright?"

"Not one syllable fell unheeded from their lips; and General Arnold bartered his truth for gold."

"What were the special terms of the contract—I would be positive?"

"The sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, and the commission of brigadier general in the army."

"Lady, a nation's thanks attend you for this deed, and I will not forget—but what new disturbance, it seems as if legions were in array against us—a British spy—bring him," and the cheek of Clarabel blanched, as in the prisoner she recognized the confederate of Arnold. Habitied in the rude dress of a countryman, and under the assumed name of Anderson, her piercing eye saw the face of Major Andre, and with one whisper to Washington she left the tent. Her course was now for New York, for she little desired to hold communion with any one. New thoughts had sprang up in her breast within a few hours, and she longed for solitude, so absorbed was she that she heeded not the approach of a young soldier until his hand was laid upon her arm—

"Clarabel, what do you here?"

"John, my cousin, oh, my cousin," and the tears rolled from her eyelids, they were the first she had shed for months, and they fell like rain upon the

parched, desert strand. In a few words she told her errand to the commander-in-chief, and turning her eye upon Champe, she said—"am I not now avenged?—the red spot of shame shall burn forever upon his brow—could I wish, or ask for more?"—her cousin bowed a moment—

"Clarabel, were you the instigator of this?—or was it his own voluntary act?"

"John Champe, I have exchanged no words with him for over a year, but I watched him closely; it was his own voluntary act, prompted by the desire of wealth."

"Ay, my sweet cousin, he has defaulted the government to a heavy amount, only two days have elapsed since this was made known to Washington. Heaven forbid anything else."

"Andre is taken prisoner, but Arnold has escaped, I regret deeply this issue, I would rather the guilty were punished; but the treasonable documents will be found concealed about the person of the British prisoner, it were better that they were secured."

CHAPTER V.

Upon the morning of the twenty-third of September, Major Lee was summoned to repair to head-quarters. "I have sent for you," said Washington, "in the expectation that you have some one in your corps who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward will confer great obligations upon me personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost, he must proceed, if possible, to-night. I intend to seize Arnold and save Andre." After a moment's deliberation Champe was sent for by Lee, and the plan proposed. This was for him to desert—to escape to New York—to appear friendly to the enemy—to watch Arnold, and when opportunity should present, with the assistance of some one whom he could trust, to seize him and conduct him to an appointed place upon the river, where boats should be in readiness to bear them away. Champe listened to the plan attentively, but with the spirit of a man of honor and integrity, replied—

"It was not danger that deterred him from instantly accepting the proposal, but the ignominy of desertion, and the hypocrisy of enlisting with the enemy."

To these objections Major Lee replied—"that it was in obedience to the call of the commander, and it would so be understood eventually; and to bring such a man as Arnold to justice, loaded as he was with sin, and to save Andre—so young, so well-beloved, and to achieve so much good in the cause of his country," was sufficient to overrule his objections.

The thought of Clarabel, too, perhaps might have swayed him in the decision, but he accepted the service. At eleven at night he took his cloak, valise, and orderly book, drew his horse from the picket, mounted—and trusted himself to the care of God. His escape was detected ere half an hour had elapsed, and a hot chase ensued. Lee, with deep regret, was obliged to deliver the order for his capture, "bring him alive, if possible, but if not, shoot him down."

Most unfortunately for Champe, a heavy shower of

rain began to fall soon after he started, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse; his shoes being in common with those of the horses of the army, made of a peculiar form, and having a private mark, which left its impress upon the soft mud. The pursuing party started but a few minutes past twelve, so that Champe had but a little more than an half hour's start. During the night the dragoons were obliged frequently to stop to examine the road, but upon the break of day the impression of the horse's shoes were so apparent that they pressed on with more rapidity. Some miles above Bergen, while ascending a hill, Champe was descried but little more than half a mile distant. Fortunately he saw his pursuers the same moment, and plunging his spurs into his horse's flanks, dashed on with a faint hope of escape. Swift was his flight, and swift was the pursuit. The pursuing party were within a few hundred yards, when Champe threw himself from his horse, plunged into the river, and called loudly upon some British galleys at no great distance for help. A boat was instantly despatched to his relief, and a fire commenced upon his pursuers. The overtaken soldier was taken on board, and soon after sent to New York, with a letter from the captain of the galley, stating in full an account of the pursuit, part of which he had witnessed.

The pursuers, having recovered his horse and cloak, returned to the camp the next day. The agony of Major Lee was for a while dreadful, lest the courageous, noble John Champe had fallen, but the truth soon relieved his fears, and he repaired to Washington to communicate to him the success of their plan thus far.

Soon after the arrival of the deserter in New York, he was sent to Sir Henry Clinton, who received him kindly, but detained him more than an hour in asking questions, to answer some of which required all the ingenuity the young soldier could command, in order to avoid giving cause for suspicion. He succeeded, and Sir Henry presented him with a couple of guineas, and recommended him to repair to Arnold, who was wishing to obtain American recruits. He did so, and was courteously received by the traitor. He soon found means to communicate to Lee his adventures, but his plan to take Arnold before the execution of the talented Andre proved fallacious. That unfortunate young man was publicly executed as a spy, and paid the full expiation of his crime by his life. He was deeply lamented by both friend and foe, but by the usages of nations he was justly punished. A letter which he addressed to Washington before his death, so roused his sympathies, that had he been the only party concerned he would have set the noble youth free. But the interests of this country were at stake, and the severity of justice demanded that private and personal feeling should be sacrificed. Champe had enlisted into Arnold's army, and was waiting only a fit time to capture him, and deliver him up to Washington, but several times he was defeated, and so he gave up the project in despair; for Arnold had removed his quarters to another portion of the town, and his soldiers were deposited on board a fleet of transports, from which Champe found no means of escape till they were landed upon the shores of Virginia,

after the junction of the army with that of Lord Cornwallis at Petersburg, he found means to concert an escape, and safely joined the American army after it had passed the Congaree River. His arrival excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased when they saw the cordial reception given him by Lee; but the whole plan was soon disclosed, and the blot of desertion forever wiped from the name of John Champe, who would sooner have died than to have his name bear a stain.

CHAPTER VI. .

DURING the stay of John Champe in New York, he very frequently spent an hour in the society of his cousin, and he found that the affection she once cherished for him was not effaced by the burning passion which had fell like a blight upon her young heart. She could now despise as fervently the man whom she had trusted, and the ordeal she had passed only served to purify her affections from the dross of passion, and each succeeding day tended to render her more dear to the heart of her cousin.

Lawson had left the town soon after the consummation of his revenge, gloating over the ruin he had wrought, and fully satisfied that now his gentle sister was avenged. It was with a feeling of relief that Clarabel saw him depart; for after the foul disgrace was fixed lastingly upon the character of Benedict Arnold, she could not bear to see one who had been so deeply concerned therein.

With her cousin she passed many tranquil hours, and it was with deep, heartfelt joy that she again heard him breathe forth the story of his love.

"Can you take me again to your bosom when you know so well that——"

"Say not a word of the past, Charabel, dearest, but let us live in the present, my own."

"Such as I am I give myself to thee, dear cousin," her head sank upon his breast in the blessed consciousness of unspeakable peace.

"My beautiful, my own," murmured her cousin, as he pressed her still closer to his heart, and impressed a fervent kiss upon her cheek, where the rose again bloomed in beauty.

"John this is so kind to thus bind up the bleeding spirit."

"Forgive and ye shall be forgiven, you know, dearest, is the injunction of One who overrules the armies of earth."

Soon after Champe's departure with Arnold for Virginia, Clarabel returned to Elbridge Hall under the escort of the faithful Edward, who had kept a regular correspondence with her father. It was a cordial reception which greeted her return—and as she pillowed her head upon her mother's knee that evening, she recounted the various vicissitudes through which she had passed, her father would wipe the tears from his eyes, and thank Heaven that his dear one was brought safe home at last. Soon after her lover joined the army, he was summoned to meet Gen. Washington, who most munificently anticipated every desire of the young man, and presented him with a discharge from further service; lest he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the hands of the enemy, when, if recognized, he would surely be put to death for the part he had taken. Borne upon the wings of love, he hastened to Maine, and was soon after irrevocably bound as a protector to his gentle cousin, who cheerfully uttered the vow which united her heart to his forever.

CLONDALKIN ROUND TOWER.

BY P. H. SELTON.

In the picturesque village of Clondalkin, which lies about four miles from Dublin, may be seen one of those ancient round towers so peculiar to Ireland. Half embowered in foliage about its base, it soars over all, like the trunk of some ancient pine, as symmetrical and almost as tall. This relic of ancient times carries the mind back to the very earliest ages of Erin, when a hundred kings reigned within her borders, and learning, extinguished over almost all Europe, formed a refuge among her talented sons. More than a thousand years have elapsed since that tower was reared; and the glory of Ireland has departed; yet still it stands defying storm and time.

The round tower of Clondalkin is based upon a foundation of massive stone work. Its diameter is about fifteen feet, and its height eighty-four; and it is surmounted by a conical cap. The doorway is elevated above the ground about twelve feet, and faces the East, as in all towers of a similar construction. Many apertures, and small windows exist in the building. A flight of steps has, within a few years, been erected to the entrance, as well as ladders to reach the uppermost story, from which a fine prospect of the rich scenery surrounding the village is visible, with Dublin rearing its proud head in the distance.

The origin of the tower of Clondalkin, and of those similar to it in other parts of Ireland, is lost in obscurity; and great diversity of opinion exists among the learned as to the purposes of its erection. The high antiquity of the round tower is proved by the fact that, in the twelfth century, when the British first invaded the island, they were already considered ancient. A writer contemporary with those times circumstantially describes these singular erections, but, as he does not mention for what they were used, the conclusion is irresistible that, even at that period, the purpose for which they had been built was forgotten. They appear to be a peculiarity of Ireland, not being found anywhere else, with the exception of two in Scotland, and there only in that district which, in early ages, was in close connexion with the sister island. Tradition, however, ascribes the construction of these towers to a celebrated architect who flourished in the sixth century, and who was popularly known as Goban the Seer, and Goban the Builder. Of this

individual many curious anecdotes have survived, which, while they portray his character, also reveal the primitive condition of the people; and are, therefore, not without a certain air of truth. We have not space, however, for any of these curious legends here.

Among the various speculations of antiquaries as to the object of erecting these towers, is one which refers them to Pagan times, and connects them with the rites of Pagan worship. These antiquaries consider them as temples of Baal, dedicated to the worship of the sun. The chief support of this theory is derived from the fact that the round towers are always found in the vicinity of some ancient church; and it is well known that the early missionaries to Ireland usually chose the site of some Pagan place of worship for their chapels. But there is no real proof in favor of this idea. Another suggestion is that they were of even earlier date, and were Buddhist in their origin. This theory is sought to be maintained by a comparison between the round towers of Ireland and somewhat similar erections found in Persia; but the resemblance of the two species of erections has never been clearly established, nor was Buddhism ever the religion of Persia. But the theories which refer these towers to Pagan times appear to be losing ground, and the opinion of the best antiquaries coincides with the popular tradition, which attributes the rearing of these curious structures to the early Irish ecclesiastics, who are supposed to have erected them for refuges in periods of invasions, and for belfries in intervals of peace.

This explanation receives great countenance from the name of these towers in Irish, *Cloacach*, or the House of Bells, in contradistinction to *Clogas*, the Belfry, which would have been their title if they had been employed merely as steeples are now. It is very evident that, in the wild and troubled times of early Ireland, they were a sort of castle for the priesthood, where, during war, the treasures of the church could be safe from rapine. The height of the door from the ground, combined with the fact that the entrance is always inaccessible except in a stooping posture, as well as the solidity of the structure, prove that they were constructed as much for defence as for ornament. The windows placed immediately at the

top of the building, affording an observation of the surrounding country, by which to detect the approach of an enemy, also confirm this view. The presence of cross-timbers at the top, united to the name handed down by tradition, lead to the belief that the towers were accommodated with a bell, or bells, which, in times of peace, summoned the people to worship; and, in seasons of war, rallied them to repel the enemy. This latter view is the one taken by Mr. Petrie, to whom the Royal Irish Academy awarded

a prize of fifty pounds, as a testimony of their entire conviction in the soundness of his opinion.

This long vexed question may be regarded, therefore, as conclusively settled. The round tower of Clondalkin, as well as the other towers of a similar construction throughout Ireland, are indisputably ecclesiastical erections—and were built to answer the double purpose of belfries in times of peace, and places of refuge in periods of invasion.

CONNUBIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BY LAURA CLEVELAND.

This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might "brain them with a lady's fan;"
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

Don Jose and his lady quarrelled—*why*
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'T was surely no concern of theirs or mine.

[We do not know who Laura Cleveland, the author of this little sketch, is. But of this we are certain—*she is an incorrigible old maid.* No one else, we are sure, would write so bitterly of "Connubial Felicity." Laura must either have drawn entirely on her imagination, or must possess very ill-tempered acquaintances. Still, there is some truth in the sketch, and for that reason we publish it, though it is the truth of caricature, not of real life. Or if there are really such people as Mr. and Mrs. Jones, we thank the stars they are not of our acquaintance.]

"To-day is the anniversary of our wedding, dear Julia; does it not seem impossible that we have been married two whole years?" said Mr. Jones, to his wife.

"Yes, dear James, it does; and you have been so good and kind, that my life during that time has passed like some bright summer's day, with scarce a cloud to dim, for one moment, its brightness."

"And so has it been with me, dear Julia; while each day has served to bring to light, some new virtue and beauty in my little wife, and call forth more strongly, if possible, my love and admiration for her."

"Hush, hush, dear James, or you will quite turn my poor little head with your flattery. By the way, would not Mr. Sawyer look blank, could he see us now, still so happy, notwithstanding his ill-natured prophesying to the contrary. Do you remember, love, his saying that we might bill and coo like a pair of doves for a month or two, but before the end of a year, we would have quarreled, and that right bitterly? And yet in spite of the old raven, we have lived so happily together, that our home has been like a Paradise; how I wish the cross, crusty——"

"Stop, stop, my dear, not so fast—it was Mr. Brown, and not Mr. Sawyer who made the remark to which you refer."

"Oh no, darling, I'm sure it was Mr. Sawyer who—don't you remember, dearest, it was about a week after our marriage, when, as we were sitting together, Mr. Sawyer came in and made that ugly speech?"

"You are perfectly right, my dear, as to the time and place of the observation, but entirely wrong as to the *individual* who made it."

"Well, perhaps you are right, but just think a while, darling, and I'm certain you'll be convinced that it was Mr. Sawyer."

"No, I'm certain it was Mr. Brown."

"Indeed, Mr. Jones, you are mistaken, it *was* Mr. Sawyer."

"I'm positive it was Mr. Brown."

"But you are wrong, it was——"

"If you please, Mrs. Jones, do not contradict me again—I know perfectly well that it was Mr. Brown."

"I feel certain that it was Mr. Sawyer, and that you are entirely wrong in attributing it to Mr. Brown, but men are so positive."

"I must confess that I never saw a woman with such a contentious, contradictory disposition. I married you, believing that you were amiable; but alas! I have found to my sorrow, now that it is too late, what a trying ungovernable temper you have."

"And I, sir, thought I was marrying a gentleman, but I find I have married a tyrant. You are a wretch—you make my life miserable; but I feel convinced that I shall not have to endure it much longer, for such treatment, I am certain, will kill me before another year."

"No more, madam, you have said enough—I will leave this house, which you have rendered a purgatory, and rid you of my hateful presence, and seek some more pleasant place until you return to reason."

Saying this, Mr. Jones disappeared, slamming the door with violence; while Mrs. Jones threw herself on the sofa in a flood of angry tears, yet through her sobs might be heard—

"I say it was Mr. Sawyer."

As I witnessed this scene, I sighed, "alas for Connubial Felicity," and turned my thoughts with renewed pleasure to my own prospects of old maidenhood, longing for the time when I should possess a garret, with no more quarrelsome companions, than a teapot and parrot.

ELSIE GRAY; OR, THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLARA MORETON.

VERY young was sweet Elsie Gray, when Philip Stewart parted from her in the oak grove which skirted the village of Southton. And Philip—wild Philip, numbered but a few more years than his companion, yet he loved her with a most devoted brotherly affection, and the gentle Elsie repaid it with a love no less deep.

Mr. Gray was the minister of Southton, and Elsie was his only child, a joyous creature—a perfect sunbeam, irradiating the large gloomy rooms of the old parsonage, and causing the father's heart to thrill with pleasure, and the fond mother's to tremble with delight.

Directly across the way from the parsonage, stood the large and airy mansion of Squire Stewart—the great man of the village, living upon the superfluity which his father and his father's father had accumulated for him. Beneath the shade of the fine old elms which waved their long branches in "clasping coolness" about the latticed windows of the parsonage, had Elsie and Philip frolicked for hours, and over the clover meadows, and through the dark pine groves, had they rambled day after day, never dreaming that a future was to come in which their paths should separate.

Ah! beautiful "childhood! loving, trusting childhood! Most blissful period of life, which no after-earnings can ever restore. Wherefore do we pass so hastily the pure fountains and vine-clad temples of youth, trampling upon the perfumed blossoms, as we press eagerly forward over the greenwood of life, to gather its thistles and its thorns?"

Philip was an only son. Mr. Stewart was ambitious, and in this lay the history of their separation, but the heart of the youth beat strongly and bravely within him, and beneath the shade of the old oak he strove to re-assure the weeping Elsie.

"Oh, it does not take so long to go through college, Elsie—four years will soon glide away, and then you will be so proud of me, and I shall be so proud of my little wife, too, for that you are bound to be, are you not, Elsie?" But his companion only blushed, and awkwardly twisted the ribbon of her sash, for she was not quite sure that it was right for two so young to talk about such a serious subject.

"Now don't lose that paper," continued Philip, "for on it is the exact direction which all your little notes must bear, if you want me to receive them."

"No danger of my losing it, Philip," she replied; "but much more danger of your forgetting me when you get to that beautiful city, and you will learn to be ashamed of me, perhaps, and to call our love foolish, I am afraid," and she sighed heavily.

Long and earnestly they talked in the thick shade

of the glossy leaves of the old oak, which was gathered in massive drapery, fold after fold, above them.

The sound of the fretting, moaning steamboat, which wound through the glen, was borne to their ears like the complainings of a troubled spirit, while afar off within the maple grove, beyond the school-house, came ringing sounds of laughter from the merry children frolicking beneath the shade, and Elsie felt how lonely and desolate would these familiar sounds find her on the morrow. Twilight, with its gray banners and shrouded forms, stole over the village and its scattered forests, and Philip and Elsie retraced their steps, the one with a heart beating high with hope and ambition, the other with pulses listless and faint, for from out the future misty visions were looming upon her path, and her young heart throbbed grievously with thoughts of that evening's parting.

The next morning, as Philip was whirled from his father's door, he caught the glance of a tearful face through the parted vines, and the wave of a snowy hand. It was his last glimpse of the child Elsie.

One morning, a few weeks after the departure of Philip, Mr. Stewart crossed the road to the parsonage. In the little porch Mrs. Gray was sitting alone, busy with her needle, and through the open window came the sweet sound of Elsie Gray's voice, as she recited her morning lessons to her father.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gray; this is very fine weather we are having now," he said, as he leaned over the little gate at the end of the graveled walk.

"Very," she answered, gathering her work from off the seat into her lap; "will you not sit down, squire, I will call Mr. Gray directly."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he said, as he drew nearer, "I only came over to speak to you a—about the children—Philly and Elly, you know. They've always been so brother and sister-like, he a—coming over here so much to recite his Latin and Greek, we can't wonder that they think a deal of each other; but I'm most afraid that this writing of letters backwards and forwards, won't be just the thing for Philip's studies, and they're so young, I thought maybe we'd better put a stop to it."

"Well, it's just as you say, squire—if you think it will take Philip's mind from his studies, of course they'd better stop, by all means."

"Yes, yes, that's my opinion, and I'm glad to find you think as I do," answered the squire, eagerly. "I'll just write a word to Phil—he always was a good boy to mind, although he was a little wild, and you can tell Elly what we think about it."

When Squire Stewart left, Mrs. Gray communicated to Elsie his wishes. A quick, fluttering sigh escaped from her bosom as she answered, "very

well, mother—I would 'nt for worlds divert Philip's mind from his studies," but dutiful as she was, she could not overcome the growing dislike which from that morning she felt for Squire Stewart.

Vacation came, and with it a little note for Elsie. She cried with disappointment as she read it. Week after week had she counted the days—the very hours—and now to find that five more months must be numbered before they could meet, was too much to bear patiently.

Poor Elsie! no wonder that she sobbed so grievously. No wonder that she thought him strangely changed to prefer travelling with his father to wandering with her through their favorite wood paths.

But spring flitted onward, and summer came and departed, and beautiful autumn rested upon her forsaken couch. Then beneath the shadows of the same old oak, Philip and Elsie again sat, but how much of change had that one little year wrought. Elsie, delicate form was like the lily bud with snowy petals, just expanding. The auburn hair, which before had hung unconfined in wavy curls, was now of a glossier and a darker hue, and was banded plainly over the forehead, and twisted simply around her small but beautifully shaped head. And Philip, he was changed. A deeper, steadier light burned in the clear depths of his dark eyes, and his proud lips curved with a haughty smile as he recounted the incidents of his year of trial to his listening companion.

"Thank heaven, I am a Freshman no longer," he said, and Elsie thought to herself what a fine thing it must be to be a Sophomore, as Philip had pictured a Sophomore's life so glowingly.

Ah! those happy four weeks, how soon they were numbered with the past, and again Elsie sat lonely and sad over her studies in her father's library, and Philip returned full of hope and happiness, for now he was, indeed, a Sophomore.

When April came, Elsie's heart was too full of anxiety to grieve that Philip has gone to a Southern city to pass his vacation with a classmate.

Anxiety for the life of a father whom she had well nigh worshipped from her infancy, and whose gray hairs were dearer to her than the untold wealth of princes. But when had love the power to save its cherished objects from the grave? Alas! never—and so Elsie stood beside her dying father's couch, and poor Mrs. Gray knelt praying wildly amidst her stifled sobs.

One moment of intense stillness followed by a quick, gasping moan—a low, trembling voice, saying, "God bless you, and be with you, my darlings," and the spirit of the devoted husband, the loving father and the faithful pastor escaped from its fetters of clay.

Ah! there was deep and bitter mourning within those walls that night; but the morning sun shone upon two tranquil and placid brows, for the struggling spirits had been subdued with the first wild gush of grief, and humbly and fervently had they repeated the words of the Saviour, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Days passed, and slowly from the old church tower rang out the funeral knell. They bore his coffin reverently and carefully up the broad aisle, where Sabbath after Sabbath, for well nigh a quarter of a

century, he had passed in the strength of his manhood. They rested it beside the altar, where one short month before he had broken the bread, and consecrated the wine of the communion, and as the villagers pressed around, many a choking sob and moan of sorrow echoed through the aisles. One by one they passed to their seats, and Mrs. Gray and Elsie stood beside, to take their last look. The face of the widow was mournfully sweet, as she bent fondly over the clay, and pressed her parting kiss upon the marble lips of the departed; but Elsie's was as pallid as the form before her, and her compressed lips and glazed eyes told—oh! how plainly—that her crushed spirit was writhing and struggling within her. The voice of prayer went up in faltering tones from their midst, and then again they passed from the church, and wound slowly along the little path that led to the burial-ground. The coffin was lowered in the new-made grave, and old Deacon Walters came forward with tearful eyes, and the widow and the orphan resting upon his arms, stepped to the brink, and glanced downward. Large scalding tears chased each other down the widow's face as she turned away, and a half-stifed groan escaped from her swelling bosom. Elsie was motionless, and almost rigid, and the good deacon was obliged to draw her gently from the spot: but when the earth fell rattlingly upon the lid, she sprang wildly forward—a gasping cry—a terrible shriek, "My father! oh, my father!" and she fell heavily upon the pile of earth.

Long, very long to the anxious mother did poor Elsie remain in this death-like state, and when her eyes opened languidly and slowly, they rested upon the vines which were twined across her chamber window.

"Oh! I am at home," she said; "I had such a horrible dream, dear mother—oh! I am so glad I am with you again," and exhausted with the effort of speaking, she closed her eyes and fell into a gentle sleep, while her mother bent over her, watching every breath anxiously, and murmuring from time to time, in a low voice, a fervent prayer.

It was the middle of June—the month of roses—and softly through the latticed windows of the parsonage stole the sweet breath of the pure jessamine, the clustering seringo, and the wreathing honeysuckle. Elsie was busily employed in fitting a bombazine to her mother's wasting form, for now they had poverty as well as affliction to battle with. The small salary of four hundred dollars, which Mr. Gray had received, had ceased the very moment of his death, and even the last quarterly payment of this had not been made. As economically as they had always lived, Mr. Gray had found it impossible to lay aside any of his salary at the end of the year, for he had entertained all the ministers, missionaries and lecturers, whose business had led them through the village.

"See, mother, how nicely—how beautifully it fits," said Elsie, as she fastened the last hook of the sombre dress.

"It does, indeed, my dear, and how thankful we ought to be that you are able to do it," replied her mother.

"I am thankful, dearest mother, very—very—very thankful; and now I will tell you what I have been thinking about. I am fond of this kind of work, you know, and I think I could so easily earn a support in this way, and yet be always with you; for you know if I was to teach school, we should be separated so much. Don't you think it is a good plan, mother?" said Elsie, anxiously, as she saw her mother bend her head upon her hands. For a moment Mrs. Gray did not answer. Should her daughter—her young, fragile and beautiful daughter, bend day after day over the toil-some needle? Should she bow her fair young head hour after hour over the tedious work, to obtain the scanty pittance with which the seamstress was rewarded? her daughter, whom she had sheltered from the cold and guarded from the heat—whom she had nurtured as delicately as the rarest exotic of the greenhouse—should she toil—and toil—and toil for bread? There was misery in the thought, and raising her hollow eyes, she said, "no, Elsie, no, darling—not yet, not yet. I will see our good Deacon Walters. Your father's parishioners will not surely let his widow and his orphan want for bread."

"But, mother, I am young, you know, and I must do something for a living, and I would so much rather be here with you, and take in the sewing, than to teach school and board around from house to house, as the teachers have to."

"Well, Elsie, I will think about it; you are no doubt right, but it will be hard, very hard, my daughter."

That evening Mrs. Gray slipped from the house, and went down to the dwelling of Deacon Walters. She was closeted but a little while with him, and when she parted from him, he said—

"I will do all I can for you, Mrs. Merwin, but my influence has not been much since the young minister came. Farewell—God be with you," and he grasped her hand warmly.

A week from that evening Deacon Walters called upon Mrs. Gray, at the parsonage.

"We held a meeting at the vestry, last night," he said, "but the—ahem! the parishioners said that—the young minister has a growing family, and that they—they have to increase his salary, and that the church is in debt, and they—they say they are not able to do anything for you; but I've got the promise of the last quarter's payment, and a small sum which we took up by subscription," and Deacon Walters laid twenty-five dollars on the table, without saying that twenty was from his own purse, and the rest made up by sixpences and ninepences from the *generous* congregation.

Good old man—how his heart bled for the delicate wife and fragile daughter of his last minister! how it throbbed with holy indignation for the wrongs which they endured so patiently! Would that their case was an isolated one; but no, scores of delicately reared wives and daughters of ministers are turned out upon the world to seek their sustenance as they may, unaided by those who listened year after year to the preaching of the word of life from the unwearied lips of the husband and father. Shame! shame! a bitter and burning shame to the inhabitants of the

towns and villages who sanction such unchristian, such inhuman conduct. With what agonizing lamentations will they cry in the last day, saying, "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered or athirst, and did not minister unto thee?" and how full of truth will be the answer, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me!"

Elsie commenced enthusiastically her labors, and through the long hot days she flagged not, for her young heart sustained her with the thought that she was earning the bread for her dear mother and for herself, and she was again happy in being useful. Sometimes a blush would flit across her face, as she thought how rapidly the weeks were passing, and how soon Philip—dear Philip, would be with her again, and then she would sigh, for she could not help wondering why he had not written to her in her bereavement, and fancying how surprised he would be to see her so much changed, for Elsie had indeed changed—changed from the pure and snowy bud to the wonderously lovely and almost queenly lily. Her girlish form was fast perfecting in the full and faultless contour of the woman, and her dark mourning fitting so tightly her graceful form, was singularly becoming. Thus a month flitted by, and at her little writing-desk Elsie was counting the earnings of those four busy weeks.

Over and over again she counted—was it possible that she had earned scarce two dollars. Try hard as she could, and she did, indeed, try very hard, she could not make it more, and with a long, sad sigh, she went to her mother's room, and laid the little pile of silver on the bureau.

"It is very little, mother, is it not?" she said, "very little, after sewing so long and so steadily—we shall never be able to live, I am afraid," she sighed.

Poor child! had she been able to die, it would have been better, far better for her, as far as mortal eye could then see, for it would have saved her young heart from many a pang, but the tried gold comes forth pure and unalloyed from the furnace, and through the chastenings and afflictions of earth, the spirit is prepared for its Heavenly home.

That night she went to carry home a little bundle of work, and she strove to walk cheerfully over the grass-grown path, although her spirit was heavy within her. She reached the house, and after receiving the pay she turned to leave, but a name arrested her attention, and she paused long enough in the door-way to hear the speaker add—"and his father's a-going to New Haven first, and then Mr. Phil joins him, and they go from there to Niagara, and then across the lakes." Elsie had heard enough—enough to send the tears rolling thick and fast down her feverishly glowing cheeks, and she turned from the road-side into the wood-path which led down beside the old school-house, and through the glen to the massive oak which had witnessed their first parting. There, upon the moss, she threw herself, crushing the king-cups and the daises, and the long fern leaves which were growing in that wild place side by side, and she wept bitterly over her repeated disappointments, and murmured at the destiny which seemed mocking her brightest hopes.

Meanwhile the rich Squire Stewart had crossed the road to the parsonage, and was now in close conversation with the widow.

"Yes," he said, "she seems to be mighty handy with the needle, but it's such poor pay that women get here in the country. Now, if you could only manage to get to New York or Boston, I haven't any doubt but you could make a nice, comfortable living."

"Oh, how could we live away from Southton—Elsie and me? It would most break our hearts to think of it. No, I had ten thousand times rather struggle along here, in sight of my husband's grave, than to live more comfortably in the busy, noisy city."

"But you ought to think of Elsie," commenced the squire; "she gets such poor pay, you could not live on that any way, and you say yourself you are a getting in debt. Now, I offer you more than the house is worth, and you might invest it in some snug way, and it would yield enough to pay for the rooms you would have to rent, and then Elsie would get so much more for her sewing, you would live nicely. Now, Widow Gray, you'd better think of it."

"I will," sighed the widow, heavily, as he left the house.

There was a very sinister smile in the eyes of Squire Stewart, as he crossed back to his elegant house. Did he congratulate himself upon making a bargain if he should succeed in getting the parsonage at the price he had named? No, it was not that, for he had in reality offered more than it was worth. What caused that strange smile? Was it at the thought of removing Elsie from the neighborhood of his son, that he might better carry out his plans in uniting the broad lands of the Ashleys' to his own, by wedding his son with the sole heiress—the proud Emeline? Why need he to have feared—had not month rolled away after month, and Philip showed no sign of remembrance of the one he used to love so well?

Ah! so thought the mournful, sorrowing Elsie; but Squire Stewart well knew how many—how very many letters he had burned which bore her name upon the envelope. Beware, man of the world! beware of thy own machinations, for many and many an one have so entangled the webs which they were weaving, that the very threads which they have sought to part, they have joined together.

When Elsie came home that evening, her eyes swollen with weeping, and her dress dripping with the night dew, which she had swept from the long grass in the forest, her mother told her of Squire Stewart's proposal, of her own reluctance in accepting it, her dread of leaving the little village, and then waited for an answer.

Elsie's voice was husky as she replied, "there is but one spot in the whole village which I should dread to leave—but one spot, and that is my father's grave. We have no memory of kindness to chain us here, mother, and sooner or later we shall have to go; then let it be now, while we are both well and strong, before we have to beg for bread, or at best sicken and die within the walls of the poor-house." Mrs. Gray looked with astonishment upon the gleaming eyes of the energetic young being before her, and marveled that Elsie could be thus changed.

Another month, and in a neat but small—very small frame tenement in the outskirts of New Haven, the mother and daughter were domesticated. A graceful elm flung its cool shade over the doorway, and a few scattered vines and shrubs adorned the small yard. The little swinging sign suspended by the door, bore the words "Mantua-making and Plain Sewing;" but a week had passed, and no work or encouragement had they received. Beside the little open window they sat, recalling the days so different when they depended upon the one now slumbering in the grave for support as well as for happiness. Dark storm-clouds were gathering over the blue sky, and the red lightning quivered and flashed through the wreathing mist—but afar in the past had their memory wandered, and they heeded it not, until suddenly a terrific peal of thunder seemed to shake the cottage to its foundations. This was followed by a scream of alarm from the roadside, and Elsie hastened to the gate in time to open it for two young girls, just as the thick rain poured down in torrents. Sheltered beneath the roof of the little dwelling, the girls soon forgot their fears, and talked merrily to each other of their mama's anxiety, and wondered if she would send the carriage for them. Mrs. Gray gathered from their conversation that they were rich, and after the shower had passed over, and they began to talk of hastening homeward, she told them that they were strangers, and that they sought employment, and showed them some of the needle-work which Elsie had done, the elegantly stitched bands, and the neatly-hemmed ruffles; and the girls promised to tell mama, and left. The next morning a showy equipage stopped in front of the little cottage, and a splendidly dressed woman beckoned to Elsie to come to the carriage.

"So you are in want of plain sewing, are you, Miss—Miss—what shall I call you?"

"Elsie Gray, if you please."

"And you sew neatly, Miss Gray, my daughter tells me—what are your prices?"

"I have received ninepence," replied Elsie, "for making shirts, and twenty-five cents for cutting and making dresses; but we found we could not live upon that, and I came here in hopes of getting more."

"Ninepence for shirts!" exclaimed the lady, in astonishment; "live upon that? good gracious, I should think not. Here, John," she said, calling to the footman, "take this piece of linen, and these bundles out into the cottage," then looking back to Elsie, she added, "I will give you seventy-five cents for every shirt you make after the pattern which you will find in one of the bundles."

"Oh, it is too much—too much," said Elsie, breathless with pleasure.

"Not any too much, child," replied the lady, "for I am in a great hurry for them; when do you think you can let me have half a dozen?"

"Well, with mother's help, I think I might say the last of next week."

"Very well, I will call for them myself," and the magnanimous lady rode from the cottage, saying to her companion, "there is a clear gain of seventy-five cents upon every shirt, for I have been paying a

dollar and a half for their making." The lady smiled and bowed, but made no answer—the expression of her countenance was, "you have made a very good bargain with an unknown seamstress, and I have a nice bit of scandal to retail about you." One would scarcely think a countenance could express so much, and yet Mrs. Pitwell's did, I can assure you, as she bowed to Mrs. Hamilton's remark. "Was there ever anything so fortunate," Mrs. Hamilton continued; "I mean to keep her entirely to myself, as I have discovered her."

Again Mrs. Pitwell bowed, and this time her face expressed "not altogether to yourself, I fancy." In accordance with this last resolution, Mrs. Pitwell communicated to some half dozen of her acquaintances, in less than a week, that morning's incident, but Mrs. Hamilton was one of the upper ten, and all were too much afraid of offending her to interfere with her new-found seamstress. At length the rumor reached the ears of one who feared nothing so much as sin, and receiving the direction from Mrs. Pitwell's lips, Mrs. Devering went in search of her.

Meanwhile, day after day—evening after evening by the light of the dim candle, poor Elsie stitched and stitched the fine linen—drew the threads of the tiny plaits, and sewed and sewed until her blue veined brow seemed almost bursting. Hour after hour she bent above her work, and still without murmuring, although she had never dreamed that the fine linen would prove so much more tedious than the coarse muslin to which she had been accustomed. The shirts were finished. In a little more than a week, she had earned, with the help of her mother, four dollars and a half. Happy Elsie—happy in earning by unwearied exertions the paltry sum which thousands hourly squander—happier far than any amidst those thousands.

It was now the last of August, and Elsie, after laying aside her work, walked into the secluded grave-yard within sight of their dwelling. A thousand memories stole through her heart as she wandered along beside the grass green graves. She paused near a tablet of stone, and leaning over the iron railing, she read upon it that it was erected to a faithful pastor by his affectionate congregation. Before her rose the mound of emerald turf where her father slept—no stone to mark the place, and dropping upon her knees, she sobbed wildly and passionately.

Time and place were forgotten, all save the memory of her great loss, and she started in surprise when she felt the delicate pressure of a hand upon her shoulder. She looked up through her tears into eyes beautifully mild, but mournful. A bonnet of crape shaded the serene brow, and the long widow's veil drooped from the crown.

"Why do you mourn so bitterly child?" said a voice earnest, but tenderly low.

Elsie's heart was touched by the kind questioning, and she told the inquirer how early she had learned a most grievous sorrow, in tones so pathetic that more than one tear forced its way through Mrs. Devering's lids. She followed Elsie to their neat cottage, and there she told Mrs. Gray that hearing of them

through a lady of their acquaintance she had come in search of them, and stopped on her way in the grave-yard, where she had found Elsie. She interested herself very much in their plans, and forbade Elsie to make any more shirts for the price which Mrs. Hamilton had offered.

"You shall have as many as you can do at a dollar and a half," she added, "and I will bring Laura around, and if you fit her well you shall have this plain sewing, for mantua-making is far less tedious."

Elsie's eyes gleamed with pleasure, and she could scarcely refrain from clasping her arms around the neck of her new-found friend, who had mingled so much sympathy with her proffered kindness.

The next day Laura Devering came with her mother, and, despite the trembling of Elsie's hands, the dress fitted admirably. And so dress followed dress, and customer customer, until Elsie was obliged to employ several young girls to assist her, and all owing, as she said, to "dear, delightful Mrs. Devering." Mrs. Devering was indeed a real angel of goodness—never had a fairy a better mode of making a mortal happy. Wherever she went prayers and blessings followed her, and even the dust of the avenue where her summer residence was situated, was almost sacred to Elsie Gray's enthusiastic temperament. Well might she, and well might many another say, "dear, delighted Mrs. Devering," for the riches with which she was blest were dispensed with a bountiful hand to the deserving.

Years flew by, and in all this time had not Philip and Elsie once met? Before she left her home she had felt neglected, and she was too proud to seek him when he had apparently avoided her, and so all this weary while had passed, and only once had Elsie gazed upon his face, and then when he bore proudly the honors of his class. Little did he dream that amidst that sea of upturned faces was that of the drooping lily bud, whose form he still yearned to clasp to his bosom. Oh, how eagerly did she drink in every undulation of that deep-toned voice—how it thrilled the pulses of her heart, and made the blood leap madly from vein to vein. But even this was now amidst the memories of by-gone days, and she pressed through her toilsome path, cheered by the approving smiles of her faithful friend, and the devoted fondness of her precious mother.

It was now five years since they had left their village home, and not once had Elsie heard from Philip since that commencement morn.

Her face was a little, a very little thinner, but the outlines of her form was still as faultless as those of some beautiful piece of statuary. She still wore the simple mourning dress, and still fresh in her heart lingered the memory of her departed father.

One day Elsie was vainly striving to finish her work. She sat by the open window. Her two pet birds hung in a cage overhead, and now and then she looked up at them; they seemed so happy she almost envied them. Then she would glance at a cluster of flowers growing in a pot, the only relic beside her father's chair and table, of their once happy home. Her head throbbed heavily. A carriage whirled along and stopped in front of the cottage. Mrs. Hamilton

descended the steps and hastened into the work-room, followed by her eldest daughter.

"Miss Gray, I am in a terrible hurry. Helen has to have this dress made by to-morrow evening," and she tossed a bundle of blue tissue on the table. "It is to be made low neck, short sleeves, and three folds, bound with blue silk on the skirt."

"Impossible, Mrs. Hamilton, I could not even make a plain dress I am so much hurried, and besides I am feeling quite ill, and I am afraid I shall have to disappoint some whom I have already promised, which you know is always a very great trial to me."

"But you must do it—you had better disappoint others than to disappoint me, for you know I was the first person who employed you. She must have it, and I'll take no denial."

"But I can't, indeed—indeed I can't. I would do it with pleasure for you if I could, but I am too unwell to take any more work."

"I shall leave it, Miss Gray. I shall insist upon its being done. If you are well enough to sit up, you are able to cut one dress I am sure, and you have Miss Helen's pattern, so it will not be much trouble after all. Come, Helen, we must go."

"It is impossible—utterly impossible for me to do it," said Elsie, gazing up into Mrs. Hamilton's face with so wan and wearied a look that it would have melted any heart less selfish and worldly than Mrs. Hamilton's.

"This comes of patronizing young girls and giving them floods of work, and then see how quickly they turn upon their benefactors and glory in disappointing them. I tell you, Miss Gray, if you do not make that dress it is the last piece of work I will ever give you; and I tell you too that I will publish you all over the city as the most ungrateful creature in the world, and then we'll see how you'll make your living."

So saying, Mrs. Hamilton swept from the room, followed by her promising daughter, who said, "you did not say half enough, mother. I declare I never saw such impudence. I wonder what these sewing people will come too. Its a pretty pass now if they've got so independent that they can afford to refuse their customers' work."

And why were they in such a hurry for Helen's blue tissue? Had she no other dress? Dress after dress was piled over each other in her wardrobes and closets, but blue was very becoming to Helen's wax doll beauty, and she had not a single blue dress that had not been worn once or more.

They had that morning ascertained that an old acquaintance just returned from his European tour, was to be at a musical party which Mrs. Pitwell was to give, and as he was young, accomplished, and more than all wealthy, Mrs. Hamilton was anxious that Helen should make an impression; so the dress must be had even if Elsie Gray, the dress-maker, sat up till midnight over it. And Elsie did sit up, not only till midnight, but until the struggling morning light trembled through the vines. Then for one short—one troubled hour she pressed her head, her aching, throbbing head upon the pillow, striving in vain to woo the sleep that would not come.

She arose and went to her work again. The girls

sewed diligently with her, and the dress was finished. With a long sigh she left her work-table, and rearranging her hair, she put on her simple cottage hat and silk mantilla, and kissing her mother affectionately, went out to take her accustomed evening walk.

Trembling and wearied she at length reached Mrs. Devering's cottage.

"My child! my child! how changed you are," said Mrs. Devering, as she met her in the doorway, "how very miserably you look; your eyes are hollow, and the lids almost black; and your cheeks are so pallid; and your lips so pale and dry—why what is the matter? You shall not work any more—you shall come and live with me, and rest until the warm weather is over," and Mrs. Devering drew her into the wide and matted hall, and seated her upon a Persian lounge, at the same time requesting a servant to bring some wine and cake. Elsie revived after drinking a glass of wine, and told Mrs. Devering of her night's work.

"It was only that, I shall soon be better, but it is so hard to work all day and all night too," she added.

"Shameful! shameful!" exclaimed Mrs. Devering, forgetting her usual prudence.

Mrs. Devering left her youngest daughter with Elsie, while Laura and herself went to their rooms to prepare themselves for the musical soiree.

"You know mamma will set you down as she goes along, so you won't have to walk home," said Emma, "but wouldn't it be grand if we were going to the party, and could see that elegant young man that Helen Hamilton talks so much about. I do indeed believe that Laura thinks a great deal about him although mamma says it is very naughty for me to say so, but I heard Laura telling Bell Townsend that Helen Hamilton was in love with him before he went to Europe, and that she was certain he did not care a fig for her, and how could she be certain of that if she didn't think he thought some of her?"

"Your reasoning is not very logical," smiled Elsie, with such a sweet, sad smile, that it entirely transfixed a young man coming up the gravel-walk which wound through the lawn. He was dressed in deep mourning, and his eyes were sad in their expression, but large and brilliantly beautiful. His features were faultless, and his figure was singularly commanding.

There was something about that smile of Elsie Gray's which made his heart stand still, but as it passed away from her face leaving that wan, wearied expression, he shook his head mournfully, and continued until he reached the verandah. His steps fell upon Elsie's ear, and looking up she saw the stranger. No! no stranger to Elsie Gray's heart, for with a wild cry of joy she sprang forward, and then sank back senseless upon the lounge. As that cry ran through the house, Mrs. Devering hastened downward, and found Philip Stewart calling upon Elsie by every endearing word he could think of to awaken her from her deathly slumber.

"Have I not suffered enough, but that she must die now—die in my arms, my bird! my treasure! my poor, wan, wasted darling! awake for me, Elsie—for my love! Oh, bring me air—bring me water—for Heaven's sake, Mrs. Devering, don't let my Elsie

die," and thus incoherently he called upon her while she lay so pallid, so motionless, that they all trembled fearing the spirit had departed.

Helen Hamilton's blue tissue was made in vain. The courted and admired Philip Stewart was absent from the party, and none could conjecture the unaccountable cause. A week afterward a merry company went up to Southton, and Mrs. Devering was almost as happy as Mrs. Gray and Elsie, and the devoted, self-plighted of her childhood. There they learned of the deceit which Mr. Stewart had practised, leading Philip to suppose that Elsie and her mother had gone to England; and then after his father's death how he had sought her in vain in a far land, and found no clue—how heart sick he had returned and whiled away the days as best he might, until the eventful evening at Mrs. Devering's. Then from the lips of Mrs. Devering and Mrs. Gray, Philip learned of all the untiring devotedness and self-sacrificing love which Elsie had borne her mother—of all the weary days of toil which she had endured, and, clasping her close to his heart, he blessed God

for his angel treasure. Another month, and in the old church, endeared to her by very many associations, Elsie Gray stood in solemn happiness before the altar, and gave herself with all the trustfulness of innocence and truth, to the one who by years of unswerving constancy had proved himself worthy to protect and cherish her with his love.

The parsonage was inhabited, for Mrs. Gray clung to it now that she could again call it hers, and cheered by the almost constant society of Philip and Elsie, her days passed peacefully and happily. Frequent were the visits which they received from their true friend, Mrs. Devering, and when they returned them, there were none but felt proud of entertaining the stylish Mr. Stewart and his beautiful and graceful wife; for even Helen Hamilton had long since ceased to wonder what would become of those sewing people.

In the grave-yard at Southton, a pure monument of statuary marble marks the spot where Elsie's father sleeps, and one not less costly, erected by the same hands, commemorates the virtues of good Deacon Walters.

EMMA DUDLEY'S SECRET.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"Prythee, if thou love, tell me."

"I love thee not."

"Why, then I care not for thee."—KING LEAR.

"I wish you would give your consent, Cecil. If you don't I shall go without it; for I have such a passion for riding on horseback."

"Ah, yes, no doubt you have a passion for riding; for women have passions for everything expensive—you have a *passion* for dancing, and consequently a *passion* for parties, and, therefore, a *passion* for fine dress, but I never hear you say that you have a passion for being a good housekeeper, or a passion for making your husband happy, or in short, a *passion* for anything useful and economical. Now, Emma, in the present state of things I can ill afford extravagancies of any kind; and even if I could, I would never consent to your riding, until I became anxious to have your neck broken."

Emma pouted her beautiful under lip, but maintained a most provoking silence.

Mr. Dudley knew that he had spoken hastily and pettishly, and now in a milder tone of voice, he said,

"Believe me, Emma, I would rather gratify you in almost anything else, but you must give up this whim to please me."

Still Emma made no answer, but rocked to and fro in her little chair, as though her life depended upon a certain number of movements in a moment. Mr. Dudley was a nervous man, and this constant rocking, together with her silence, annoyed him.

"Emma, I wish you would stop rocking," said he, in a short, quick tone.

"I will, Mr. Dudley," she replied, and gathering up her needle-work she attempted to leave the room.

"Now, Emma, don't go off in an ill-humor, but sit down and have a quiet talk with me, and I will convince you that I am right in this matter," said Mr. Dudley, with tender earnestness, as he took hold of his wife's hand.

"You will convince me that you are obstinate, and that is all you will succeed in doing, Mr. Dudley!" replied his wife, in a very chilling tone of voice, at the same time attempting to withdraw the imprisoned hand.

But Mr. Dudley retained firm hold, and closing the door, he drew her gently toward a seat.

"Will you not yield willingly in this one thing to me, Emma?"

Mrs. Dudley pouted, and her face wore a very indignant expression, but she made no answer.

"I want to have you take this kindly, Emma, for you know how much I love you, and how very painful it is to me to refuse any request which you make."

"If you loved me, Cecil, you would not refuse a trifle so pertinaciously. 'Actions speak louder than words,' is an old adage, and a very true one, I believe."

Mr. Dudley leaned back in the velvet chair, drawing a long sigh as his wife continued—

"There is Mrs. Bill Howell—her husband never thinks of refusing anything to her: she told me so herself the other day, and laughed at me when I said that I did not believe you would listen to my going. I am not near as extravagant as she is, and I am sure you are as well off as Bill Howell."

"He is the best judge, Emma, of what extravagancies he is able to indulge in; but don't quote that woman to me, for I never liked her, and have always disapproved of the intimacy between you."

"No, I know you never like any of *my* friends. If I were to do as you wish me to, I should immure myself within these walls, as closely as a nun in a convent, and never look through the lattices without a thick, green veil over my face."

"Now you are unjust, Emma," replied Mr. Dudley, "I do not wish you to go to either extreme, but there is a medium between being in the street constantly, as Mrs. Howell is, and the seclusion you speak of."

"Well, Mr. Howell is the right kind of a man," interrupted Mrs. Dudley, "he insists upon his wife's going out every day, and he takes her to operas and concerts—they go to ten parties where we go to one, and he never spends his evenings away from her, as you do from me, till one and two o'clock in the morning."

"Unkind and unjust again, Emma," sighed Mr. Dudley, "you well know how gladly I would remain at home with you, were it not for my business, but that I cannot neglect even for my own happiness."

"Ah, it does very well to make your business an excuse, but I don't believe that you spend one-third of your evenings at the store; and Mrs. Howell says she doesn't believe you are there at all."

"Confound Mrs. Howell," said Dudley, rising to his feet. "I wish that woman hadn't such a long tongue; you are as easily influenced by her as a vane by the wind, and instead of being the warm-hearted, loving little wife which you used to be, you are as fond of fashion and folly as any heartless woman of the world. It is all owing to your intimacy with her—I predicted it from the first."

"Go on—go on, Mr. Dudley, and abuse me, and my friends as much as you think proper, for I shall only love them all the better for it," replied Mrs. Dudley, in a sneering tone of voice.

Cecil Dudley looked sternly and steadily into his wife's face, and flushed with excitement she returned his gaze boldly and without quailing. With a feeling

of disgust which he had never before experienced to ward his wife, Mr. Dudley turned and left the room.

CHAPTER II.

"Deceit, averments incompatible,
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus-spirits."

"It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumbed and wish to be no more,
But in the after silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life."—BYRON.

THE morning of the following day found Emma Dudley in her luxuriously furnished parlor in earnest conversation with her friend, Mrs. Howell. The velvet *tete-a-tete* upon which they were lounging, was opposite the large mantel mirror, and certainly two more beautiful countenances were never reflected upon its gleaming surface. Through the rich crimson hangings of the lofty windows poured a flood of ruby light, subdued, yet full of warmth and beauty, and the velvet carpet, and costly furniture were bathed with the glowing color.

As they sat side by side, their beauty was of so different a cast, it was difficult to tell which was the most lovely.

Emma Dudley, scarce twenty, with a complexion clear as a lily's, yet radiant as a rose—eyes of darkest hazel, shaded by their long, silken fringe of jet, and raven hair banded over a forehead of brilliant purity, was a being to love passionately, and even so had Cecil Dudley loved her from the moment they had met. Madly and wildly had he devoted every hour of his leisure to the winning of her love; and when in a few short months they were wedded, he gazed with mingled emotions of joy and pride upon her beautiful face, forgetting that her disposition—her tastes—her intellect were all as a sealed book to him. In love with the beautiful casket, he rested not until he called it his. Ah! little dreamed he, that beneath its jeweled lid a serpent lay encoiled, whose fangs should one day pierce his heart.

Emma possessed the elements of a noble nature; but they were all but overgrown with the weeds which pride and vanity had fostered. Had Cecil been less exacting—had he made her character his study, far different would have been the record of this portion of their lives.

This morning a wrapper of garnet cashmere, trimmed with velvet, fitted tightly her graceful form, and frills of the finest lace drooped over the small, blue-veined hands.

Mrs. Howell, with her transparent and pure complexion—her large, blue eyes—arched eye-brows and auburn ringlets, had by far a too innocent expression to have justified Mr. Dudley in his dislike. And Anne Howell's face was an unerring index of her heart. With a joyous disposition, a fondness for mirth and pleasure, were mingled all the high feelings of a noble and sensitive nature. Open and pure as the day, she scorned deceit, and would have been the last person to suspect it in her friend.

Mrs. Howell dressed well, but not extravagantly, and this morning the dark blue velvet bonnet, and cloak of the same, which enveloped her person, were

both graceful and becoming. It was the last month of winter, and at the suggestion of her husband, she was to commence, in a few days, a course of riding lessons. Not wishing to go by herself, she had requested Emma Dudley to accompany her, and Emma had wilfully misrepresented her remarks to her husband, and was now in the same manner misleading her friend.

"There is no use in my saying anything more to him," she continued, after a short pause, "he is as obstinate as he is close—only to think of his objecting to it, because it was so expensive! I hate meanness, and I have half a mind to go without saying a word to him until the bill is sent in."

"Oh, no, Emma, that will not do at all—you ought not to think of such a thing for a moment. I presume he has some other motive for not consenting."

"Yes, you always take his part, but if you knew what he said about you, you would scarcely take the trouble to defend him, I think."

"Oh, I know he doesn't like me, but then we both know it is because that he loves you so well, that he is jealous of your love for me; and so I don't mind what he says."

"Well, you would mind if you knew—we had a regular quarrel about you yesterday, and he went off without his breakfast, leaving me to eat mine by myself."

"Now you have excited my curiosity—pray what could he say?"

"Why, he said that you were like a vane, always perched up where every one could see you, and that he did not want me to take you for a guide in any thing; but I told him that all he could say against you would only make me love you the more, and then he left me, and I have not spoken to him since."

Mrs. Howell's face crimsoned as Emma Dudley repeated the misrepresented remark.

"Why, Emma, I don't see what could make him so unkind toward me—doesn't he know that our physician has ordered exercise in the open air for me every day? Do tell him this, dear Emma, and tell him that Willie insists upon my going whether I feel inclined or not."

"I have told him a thousand times, but there is no use in talking to a man as jealous as a Turk, and twice as selfish—he won't listen to reason about any one, and I have made up my mind to let him take his course, and I'll take mine."

"Don't talk so, Emma, for depend upon it, you will only widen the breach already formed. Do everything in your power to please him. Acquiesce in every wish, and he will become ashamed of his unreasonableness. You will then have your reward in your own happiness, and in finding him more indulgent and less selfish."

"Ah, it's well enough for you to preach, but I am not agoing to practice, it would only make him more whimsical than ever."

Mrs. Howell sighed—she felt more sympathy for her friend than she dared to express, and when she left her last words were—

"Do as I wish you to, Emma, and you will be all the happier for it." She turned to descend the marble

steps, and met Mr. Dudley face to face—he had heard her last remark. He bowed coldly, and she answered it as coolly as she passed on.

"Well, and what does *your friend* wish you to do now, Emma?" said Mr. Dudley, in a pleasant tone of voice, his arm encircling his wife's waist. Emma pushed the arm from her, and replied chillingly—

"I do not know as it is of any consequence to you, Mr. Dudley."

"It is of consequence, Emma—of life-long consequence. If she is persuading you to act contrary to my wishes, and you listen to her persuasions, you will find that it is no light thing to trifle with my happiness; but I know you too well, Emma, to think that you will—do I not, darling?"

For a moment Emma was softened—it was but for a moment, and forcing back the tears which had started to her eyes, she replied—

"I shall follow my wishes, and you are at liberty to follow yours."

"Are you determined to take these lessons in riding?"

"I am."

"Will you wean yourself from me forever, Emma?—think before you answer, I entreat of you."

"If such a little thing as my taking lessons in riding will wean you from me, your love is not worth having."

"Ah, Emma, it is the principle—not the thing itself. You will not wring my heart by persisting—will you, darling? Look at me, and see how full of love are my eyes for you, and tell me you will yield in this one thing for me."

Emma smiled scornfully as she answered—

"If *paying* a bill of twenty-five or thirty dollars will so *wring* your heart, there cannot surely be much love in your eyes, excepting the love of *money*!"

Cecil Dudley's face became of an ashy paleness, for a moment he was speechless, then he said—

"My God, Emma, this is more than I can bear. You have never loved me as I have loved you, but we have found it out too late."

He opened the door, and passed up the staircase to a room used as a library—locked the door, and threw himself upon a sofa.

Twice during that long day Emma Dudley went to the room and listened, but not a sound—not even a breath could she hear. She felt that she had gone too far, but her pride would not allow her to seek a reconciliation, and impatiently she awaited the time when he should come to seek her, and make the first advances. But she waited in vain.

The next morning, Mr. Dudley appeared at the breakfast-table, with a pallid face and blood-shot eyes. He drank his coffee in silence, and pushing the untasted muffin from him, arose and left the room.

Had Emma followed the impulses of her better nature, she would have hastened after him and thrown her arms about his neck, but the pride within her heart held her back.

Weeks of mutual estrangement passed, and Emma began to yearn for the love she had so recklessly thrown from her. She denied herself to all her friends, and in solitude pondered over her errors.

Reflection convinced her of her unworthiness of his love, and she despised herself for the deceit which she had practiced toward him, and her warmest female friend.

The latent good which had so long lain dormant was at length awakened, but the sun of her husband's love was withdrawn, and there was no light or warmth to develop the beauty of the germ.

One evening, at twilight, Emma sat by the open window in her room, fanned by the gentle spring breezes. Oh, how she longed for her husband's presence!

"If he were only here now," she mentally said, "I would tell him all." Suddenly, as if he had divined her wish, he stood before her.

"Emma, you are not happy!" he said.

"No, I am miserable, Cecil," she replied, sobbing.

"Well, I have been making arrangements to travel—my brother will take care of my business, during my absence; but it will be necessary for you to return to your parents, for I am not able to support so much style—you will no doubt be happier there."

Emma was astounded. Not once had she dreamed of a separation, and scarcely had Cecil retreated from the door, when burying her head in the pillow, she sobbed till her brain seemed bursting. Then the strong pride of her nature came to her aid, and haughtily she arose—for one moment leaned her head against the richly carved bed-post, then murmured—

"No! no! I will never go home again! I sent back like a disobedient child to my father's house?—*never*—no! *never* while I have strength to work for a living!"

Fastening her chamber door, she proceeded to take her dresses down one by one from the wardrobe, and hastily folding them placed them in a large travelling trunk. One by one she opened her bureau drawers, and filled another trunk with the contents. Her travelling dress she had left hanging in the wardrobe, and now she placed a coarse, straw bonnet and green veil beside it—a heavy, long shawl, and her gaiters. She drew her watch from her pocket—it was past nine, and enveloping herself in a shawl and hood, she descended the staircase and passed from the hall into the street, leaving the door ajar. A few minutes walk brought her to a hack-stand—here she engaged a driver to take her to the New York boat—the nine o'clock line, on the following morning, and then hastily retraced her steps.

Mr. Dudley had not yet come in, and gathering a few little articles from the parlor, she returned to her room. Her husband's miniature she deposited in her trunk; but from her daguerreotype she removed the glass, and with a towel erased every feature excepting the eyes—then replacing the glass, she laid it on the dressing-bureau.

She heard her husband's steps upon the staircase, through the entry, and her heart throbbed wildly as she listened, to hear if he should pause at her door; but he passed on as had been his wont of late, and she heard the door of the adjoining chamber opened—shut, then fastened.

Heart-sick, she cast herself into a luxurious chair, and with gleaming eyes gazed around her. The

brilliant light of the gas illuminated every corner and niche of the large chamber. Her eyes roved restlessly from the lace embroidered curtains of the windows, to the costly and splendid furniture upon every side of the room.

A magnificent cheval glass reflected her entire figure, but she scarcely knew the countenance that so steadily met her gaze. The dilated pupils of the eyes—the crimsoned cheeks—the banded hair thrown rudely back over the small, round ears—the naturally pouting lips compressed until they seemed but as “a line of coral,” had indeed changed Emma’s face, but the expression so thoughtful—so resolute, was far more beautiful than the unmeaning smile which she had worn in her days of vanity.

It was nearly morning when Emma started from her dreamy reverie, and turning the key of her escutoire, set down, and wrote hastily.

“Cecil, I am going to leave you, but not in anger. I part from you with a heart as full of love as upon our bridal morn, but oh, so mingled with agony that every fibre seems stretched to its utmost tension. Do not hate me—I will yet be worthy of your love if years of toil and privation can make me so. I will not upbraid you in my parting hour, but, Cecil, think how young I was when we were married—how fond of society, and answer to yourself if it was not wrong to keep me so secluded. But I am blaming you when I alone am to blame—forgive me, however, for all I have ever said or done to displease you—I have already suffered enough.

“One more question, and I have done. Have you not been too severe with me of late? Ah, had you been more willing to forgive, this cruel separation would never have been.”

She folded and sealed the letter, which was moist with her fast falling tears—then wrote another, and directed it to her mother.

The morning light now struggled through the lace hangings, and Emma darkened the room and sank back pallid and exhausted in her chair. A step near her door aroused her—she arose, turned the key, and looked out—it was only a servant passing with water to his master’s room.

Disappointed she threw herself upon the couch, and her eyes, heavy with watching and weeping, closed. All her misery was for the time forgotten, for she slept. Again a footstep aroused her. Springing to her feet, she saw through the open door her husband’s form. “Cecil,” she called, but in a voice so feeble, it failed to reach his ear. She followed him down the stairs—she was so near him that the folds of her muslin wrapper touched him as he passed—“stop a moment, Cecil,” she gasped. He turned around, and cast such a withering look upon her that she shuddered, and turning hastily retraced her steps.

That look gave her strength to finish her remaining preparations, and when at eight o’clock she descended to the breakfast room, and found her husband had already gone, she felt a strange relief, and without tasting the food, she gave one farewell look through the suite of rooms, and hastened up the staircase again.

After putting in her purse the money, which for the past few weeks her husband had left from time to time upon her bureau, she locked the trunks, took the keys, and putting on her shawl and bonnet, stole noiselessly to the front door. The hack was not in sight. The servants were all at their breakfast, but she trembled with fear lest some of them should appear before she should have gone. Just then a carriage turned the corner of the street, and stopped as she had directed a few doors below. She beckoned to the man. He came and removed her baggage from the room to the hack, and as yet not a servant had appeared. Tremblingly she closed the door, took her seat in the carriage, and rapidly over the paved streets was whirled along to the river side.

CHAPTER III.

“Now speak to me again!—we loved so well—
We loved—oh! still, I know that still we love!”

MRS. ELMANS.

AFTER Cecil Dudley left the house, the memory of Emma’s look so haunted him he could not rest, and he retraced his steps to his dwelling, trying to stifle the thought that he had been unnecessarily harsh toward her. He went directly to her room, and tapped gently at the door. There was no answer. Claspings the silver knob, he turned it gently. She was not there. The doors of the wardrobe were open, but it was empty. On the dressing-bureau his quick eye espied the letters—he broke the seals, but they gave no clue to her destination. Wild with grief, he threw himself upon her bed, and sobbed like a child. Keen as was his mortification, it was as nothing in comparison with the remorse which that one upbraiding sentence caused him. He had been to blame—he had expected too much of one so young—so petted and admired. Himself sick of the folly and heartlessness of the world, he had expected her to renounce it before a single pleasure had palled. Bitterly did he lament his short-sightedness, for he saw the very course he had taken was calculated to wean her from him and to foster deception, but he had discovered it too late! Then came thoughts of the worlds sneer—he should be pointed out as “*that Mr. Dudley, whose wife had run away from him,*” and perhaps some would even dare to breathe injurious reports regarding her character. Maddened with the thought, he rushed wildly from the house, and hastened to Mr. Ellis, his wife’s father.

Scarcely less great was the agony of the parent, but it came with such a stunning weight that for a time it stupefied him. Mrs. Ellis went immediately around to her daughter’s house, while Mr. Ellis and Mr. Dudley visited all the depots of the different lines, but found nothing which could guide them in determining which she had taken. After a day of ceaseless anxiety and useless toil, Mr. Ellis returned with the nearly heart-broken Cecil, to his desolate dwelling.

Mr. Dudley entered his wife’s chamber. This time he took up the miniature and opened the case. The gleaming eyes looked reproachfully upon him, and with a cry of agony, he sank upon the floor.

Mr. Ellis immediately went for their family physician, leaving his wife with Cecil. When they returned he was bled, but he awoke delirious.

"Those eyes!—those eyes!" he would scream, "take them away, they burn my heart!—they will kill me! take them away!"

Then again he would talk long and earnestly, pleading for forgiveness—telling how devotedly he had loved—how madly he had worshipped, but the one alone whose voice had power to soothe him was far away, suffering even more intensely than himself, for her reason was not dethroned. The excitement which had so buoyed her up the night previous to her departure, forsook her immediately after she left the house. She then felt that all she held dear in life was buried to her. She wondered at her pride, and longed to throw herself at his feet, and plead for forgiveness. But she had gone too far, she could not return.

After she reached New York, she ordered her baggage to be removed onto a North River boat, which lay side by side with the one she was on.

"That doesn't go up the river to-night, Miss; but that one further along goes in a few hours—shall I put your baggage on?" said the porter she had addressed. Mrs. Dudley bowed her head and followed him. She entered the elegant saloon of the Knickerbocker, and taking a berth, laid down and tried to sleep, but there seemed to be no rest for her. Hours she lay motionless, with the damask curtains drawn closely around her, her open eyes fixed upon the one little window, and her head throbbing with intense pain. At supper time she drank the cup of tea which the unusually kind and thoughtful chambermaid had brought her, and this acted as a quietus upon her excited nerves, and she slept.

It was morning when she awoke amidst the bustle and confusion of a stoppage at a city wharf. She had intended to have stopped at some small, country town, and disappointed she turned to the chambermaid—

"Does the boat go no further?" she said.

"No, we have reached Albany; but she goes back to the city to-day."

Mrs. Dudley arose, gave her baggage into the care of the first hackdriver who spoke to her, and followed.

"To what hotel shall I drive, Miss?" he said.

"It is of no consequence—any," she replied.

The carriage at length stopped in front of an ill-looking, dirty, third-rate house, and Mrs. Dudley felt a repugnance to enter it. A stage was directly in front of the door, and she asked where it was going.

"To Springfield, Miss," was the reply.

She ordered her baggage to be put on, and took a seat in the stage, which already held several passengers. She was pale and exhausted, and a matronly looking lady upon the back seat insisted upon her taking a place beside her. Emma leaned back in one corner of the coach. Weary and desolate she did indeed look. The remaining passengers were a gentleman, a young girl about fourteen, and an elder brother of the last. Mrs. Dudley gleaned from the conversation of these two, that they were returning to school, after a vacation of four weeks, and that the elderly lady was the principal female teacher.

Emma's drooping eyes became more expressive as she heard her remark to the young girl whom she called Helen, that she would be disappointed in not finding her old music teacher.

"Why, has Miss Atwood been getting married?" inquired the girl, in a sorrowful tone of voice.

"No, but she is so ill that her physician gives no hopes of her recovery." They talked a long while about her many virtues, and at length Emma interrupted them by timidly asking if they had as yet procured a substitute.

"We have not," the lady answered; "do you know of any one suitable?"

"I was on my way," answered Emma, "to find employment as a teacher in music, and as I am alone I should find much relief in being able to engage myself with you." Her voice was tremulous as she paused, and they noticed her agitation.

"Why this is very fortunate," remarked the lady, in a kindly tone of voice; "have you been accustomed to teaching?—you look very young."

"No, I have never taught," replied Emma, crushing back her tears, and striving to check the convulsive motion which was almost choking her.

"Well, you can at least stop at Glenwood with us, and if you like the place we shall no doubt agree in other matters."

Emma made no reply, but she looked her thanks, and the kind-hearted lady saw that her heart was full—so full that she dared not trust her voice. After a few moments of silence, unbroken save by Emma's half stifled sighs, the lady again spoke.

"I think we should feel better acquainted if we knew each other's names, my dear—mine is Mrs. Easton; and what shall I call you?"

Emma's face was painfully flushed—this was her first temptation to deception since her new resolves, but she struggled with it and obtained the victory.

"Mine is Emma Dudley," she replied, but her answer had been so tardy that Mrs. Easton felt a sudden feeling of distrust creep into her bosom, and she questioned whether it was right for her to engage, or even encourage one she knew nothing about for the pupils whose welfare was so dear to her. But the tearful eyes, and compressed lips of the fair young being plead their way to her heart, and she resolved that she would throw out all distrust until some act should convince her that she was indeed unworthy.

When Emma mentioned her name the gentleman opposite fixed his large, grey eyes upon her.

"Are you from Philadelphia?" he said.

This time Emma answered without the least hesitation.

"I am."

"I once knew a Dudley from Philadelphia—he was a classmate of mine at Yale, and as noble a fellow as ever lived."

"There are many families of that name, I expect," replied Emma, in a faltering tone of voice, but her heart whispered to her that the one the stranger meant must be his whose name she bore. She pressed her hand against her heart to quiet its painful beatings, while the stranger remarked—

"His first name was rather an uncommon one, I

think you would remember if you had heard it—it was Cecil—Cecil Dudley—did you ever hear of such an one?"

Emma's face was as pallid as death, but she answered firmly—

"He is a relative of mine, sir; please say no more about him."

The gentleman looked musingly at her—thinking that Cecil Dudley must have grown strangely cold-hearted and worldly, to allow so young and fair a relative to seek her own living. He leaned back, whilst Emma doubled her veil over her face and tried in vain to suppress her sobbing.

It was late in the afternoon, when the driver stopped at S. Falls, to mend a portion of his harness, which had given way. Gladly the young Helen and her brother bounded from the stage, followed by Mrs. Easton and the stranger, while Emma pleaded her fatigue as an excuse for not joining them. But as she looked from the window of the stage and saw the beautiful view, she resolved upon following. The air was mild and delicious, but as she stepped from rock to rock, over fissures so deep and dark that you could see no bottom, she almost wished that she could slip between them and forget her misery in death. Her companions were already out of sight. She looked around upon the masses of waving green that clad the sloping hills upon every side—then her eyes rested upon the pure sheet of water mirroring every floating cloud, and the far expanse of azure, until suddenly with wild leaps plunging downward, throwing far up the wreathing foam and rainbow spray it gathered in its fearful descent, it lost itself in winding chasms and vaulted passages. Emma leaned over the very topmost crag, and gazed far down into the abyss. She looked upon the mirrored semblance of the tumult within her own bosom. The restless waters whirling and eddying in one continued vortex so far below, lashing and foaming against the rocky barriers upon every side, was indeed a true counterpart of the strugglings of her spirit.

She had too long suffered herself to act from impulses to obtain the victory at once—too long been the victim of her own pride to endure with humility.

To and fro, like the withered leaf upon the surface of the water below, was her heart borne by its struggles—now engulfed by the memory of the love she had lost—now rising strong with resolutions to win it back, and again plunged deeper than ever into the dark abyss by its utter weakness and inability to escape from its loneliness and misery.

The cool air fanned her fevered brow, but it bore no healing on its wings to minister to a sick and struggling heart, which still beat with painful throbbing—still bringing the lost and mis-spent hours of the past before her, and anon, like the changing panorama of a dream, summoning weird forms from the misty future, which beckoned her on to still increasing misery.

Emma had laid a volume which she brought from home with her upon the very summit of the rock—she moved it slightly, very slightly, but down the sloping surface of the rock it slid, and was soon lost to her sight forever.

"Ah! had it been me," she sighed, and a thrill of regret shot through her heart as she thought how speedily would her sorrows have been terminated.

"If I but dared," again she murmured, and she drew herself still closer to the edge from where the slope commenced.

She looked wildly about her—up to the blue sky mocking her in its brightness, and down to the wreathing arms of the waters below wooing her to their embrace, and scarcely conscious of her own terrible resolve, she moaned to herself, "ah, Father, forgive!" and loosening her hold, she felt without terror or dismay that she was slowly, but surely sliding to the gulph below. The last sounds that fell upon her ears were those of mingled screaming, rising far above the roaring of the torrent—a feeling of sudden pain—a dizzy faintness, and all was over.

But the pain had not been occasioned by the jutting crags. It was by the grasp of the strong arm of her preserver, and now he bore her drooping form over the rocks, followed by the little group who with pallid faces had watched the stranger as he cautiously stood near, and grasped her in her moment of peril.

They entered a little, brown cottage, by the road side, and after applying the usual restoratives, Emma opened her eyes upon the tearful faces beside her.

"My poor—*poor* child!" said Mrs. Easton. The warm blood mantled Emma's pure face as the affectionate tones fell upon her ear, and pressing the extended hand, she wept passionately.

Glenwood was but a few miles from the falls, and they continued their journey, reaching the grove embowered village at twilight. A strange calmness stole over Emma's heart as the stage wound through the elm-skirted road, and deposited them at the gate of the beautiful grounds which surrounded their boarding-house.

CHAPTER IV.

"—— and thou, oh! thou,
Dost thou forget me?
'Thou comest not!—through the silent night e'en now,
I that need prayer so much, awake and pray
Still first for thee. Oh! nearest, dearest friend,
How shall I bear this anguish to the end?"

MRS. HEMANS.

The first month of Emma Dudley's engagement as a teacher passed wearily and heavily to her. How calmly she looked back now and reviewed the feverish haste with which she had rejected the then humiliating present for the unknown future.

Ah! deeply did she regret the wretched pride which had kept her from confessing her faults to the husband who had been so lenient and kind to her many errors. How plainly they rose before her—those same errors which had led to her self-banishment! With patience and without murmuring she bore the penance she had inflicted—her life become one of continued effort, but she faltered not in the painful path she had chosen.

"I will become worthy of him," was her constant thought, and this gave her strength to persevere when her delicate frame was wearied, and her spirit faint with the self-reproach which constantly nestling in her bosom, stung her heart to its inmost core.

Daily from its wounded depths arose prayer and

thanksgiving, that in the wildness of her grief, when her mind had been shrouded in darkness and bitterness, and she had sought the quiet of the grave—that in that terrible moment a hand had been outstretched to save her from such a fearful sin.

Twice, by merchants who had left the village to purchase summer goods in New York, she had sent long letters to her mother, telling of her occupation in her village home, but as they were mailed from that city, her parents received no clue to discover her retreat.

Mrs. Easton had proved a most excellent friend. She was fully convinced that there was some secret connected with her protegee's past life, but with a delicacy which Emma appreciated she forbore alluding to the incidents of the day of their meeting, and *Emma's secret* remained untold, and even un conjectured.

Alone in her school-room Emma sat. She taught drawing in the afternoon, and her music lessons were given in the morning. It was nearly sunset, and Emma had remained to finish several drawings for her pupils. She heard from afar the bugle horn of the stage-coach with which the driver always announced his approach to the village.

She leaned her head upon her hands and wept. With the tears came memories of the loved one who had always caressed her more fondly when any light grief had overshadowed her joyous spirit—yearning memories which would not be stifled or subdued.

"Ah, Cecil," she sobbed, "what have I done? how can I live through this separation, my husband? and I!—I alone, am to blame!"

A door opened from an adjoining room, and Mrs. Easton passing through, drew a seat beside Emma's.

"My child, you know me too well to think I have come to you with any motives of curiosity. I heard your violent weeping, and I hesitated in disturbing you, but I overheard what I know you did not intend or wish me to know, and I came to tell you; and to beg of you to make me the confidant of your troubles—will you not tell me, and let me sympathize with you?"

"I cannot—I cannot," sobbed Emma, "they are all my own fault, and I deserve no sympathy—you would only despise me if you knew."

"I have studied your character for a month, Emma, and I am sure you could never have done anything intentionally bad—nothing for which I could despise you. I offer you my warmest sympathy for your sorrows, whatever they are—will you accept them?"

"No, I thank you, dear, kind, good Mrs. Easton, but you do not know."

"No, Emma, I know I do not, neither shall I unless you confide in me," and Mrs. Easton drew her tenderly toward her.

Emma's heart opened at once, and clasping the hand of her friend, she poured out in broken words the history of her married life.

Mrs. Easton was astonished at the recital—astonished that Emma could have so resolutely banished herself from such a home—astonished at the want of knowledge of the world, which she had shown in braving its opinion. Her heart bled as she thought of the undreamt of mortifications which were in store

for her sensitive spirit—the many hours of unavailing regret which her impulsive act would ever cause her.

She saw at a glance the agony of the husband—the keen mortification of the man of the world—and the distorted view which Emma had taken, forgetting in her own wretchedness the misery she was inflicting upon others: but although all this immediately presented itself to her mind, she hesitated in inflicting new pangs in the heart of the already sufficiently suffering Emma.

Suddenly a shadow flitted past them, and raising their eyes they both rested them upon the tall form which darkened the doorway—how pale was the strikingly handsome face! A step further and Emma sprang into the outstretched arms. With wild sobs she clung around his neck; and Cecil, weak from his previous illness, and overcome with the excitement of the meeting, staggered to a seat; where supporting her in his arms, he bent over her with the fond look of other days.

Mrs. Easton left them alone; and it was well, for oh, there was so much to say. In that hour they read more of each others heart than many married couples have read in a life-time. How bitterly Emma chided herself for causing that wan and pallid brow!—how tenderly Cecil folded his wife to his heart, resolving she should never know cause for grief again!—how filled were both their hearts with happiness that their troubles were so soon over!

Again and again she questioned him. He told her of all the agony he endured when he found she had gone—of his severe illness, of the forethought of her parents, who had immediately discharged the servants before they had time even to suspect the absence of their mistress. The physician and an old nurse, who had been for years in their family, had been their only confidants, and so well had everything been managed that not one out of their immediate family suspected her absence.

"But how, Cecil, came you to think of finding me here?"

"Can you not imagine, my dearest?"

"No, I have tried in vain to think."

"During my illness a letter was sent to me, which not having my place of business upon, was advertised before I received it. When I opened it I found it from an old college friend—"

"Ah, Cecil! and you know the whole?" interrupted Emma.

"Yes, darling, I know all—all the wretchedness which my poor little wife must have endured before she could have yielded to such a dreadful temptation; but let us bury the past, and live for the future; for this bitter lesson will not be a useless one. My friend wrote me the particulars of his meeting with you, when, where, &c., and asked if you were a near relative. I, with your father, immediately made arrangements to travel—we left home the next day, and your parents are now awaiting us in New York, where we shall join them, and spend the summer together in travelling. Shall we not be happy, Emma?"

"I do not deserve such happiness," she replied, her dark eyes glittering with tears.

"And I, Emma, feel as though I hardly deserved you for not understanding you better—oh, how much misery would have been saved both had we made each others dispositions our study. But it is too late for regrets, we have at length learned how dear we are to each other, and I am thankful we have learned before it was too late."

They made immediate preparations to leave on the ensuing day.

Mrs. Easton rejoiced in her young friend's happiness, and felt greatly relieved when she found that owing to her parents forethought, she would not have the causes of mortification which she had anticipated. On the ensuing morning they parted, and Emma's secret remained safe with Mrs. Easton.

Her meeting with her parents was extremely touching. They wept over her, chiding her through their tears, but Emma was so changed, so humbled, so penitent for the past, that their words of censure changed to expressions of the deepest and the purest love. They forgot the torturing anxiety of the past four weeks in the blissful meeting.

In conversing with them, Emma realized for the first time the suspicious nature of the step she had taken—how narrowly she had escaped the sneers of a world ever ready to suspect—and she felt renewed thankfulness for the misery she had escaped.

Their summer was spent in journeying through the most beautiful portions of the North, and late in the season they returned to their elegant house in town.

Mrs. Dudley's friends came thronging to see her, among the first Mrs. Howell.

"Well, Emma," she said, "after their salutations were over, "do you not feel repaid for devoting yourself so constantly to your husband during his illness?"

"I was not half as devoted as I ought to have been, Anna," replied Emma, sadly.

"I am sure you could not have been more so—every day I called I received the everlasting reply, 'Mr. Dudley is very ill, and Mrs. Dudley sees no one!'"

"That was all very true; but I cannot bear to think of his illness, we have been so happy since."

"Ah, I know that very well. I saw the Pelhams the other day—they met you at Niagara, and they said they should have taken you for bride and groom, you were so devoted to each other."

Mr. Dudley entered.

"Mrs. Howell I am delighted to see you. Emma has talked a great deal about you during our absence, and I am glad to find she has a friend who gives her such excellent advice—I am sure she profited by it, and perhaps now will be able to give you some lessons in return—is it not so, Emma?"

She smiled her reply, and Mrs. Howell looked equally delighted, for it was the first really cordial greeting she had ever received from Emma's husband.

"Truly he is changed," she thought, as she left them that morning. "I do not know a happier couple in the city, and yet before his illness I thought they would not be able to live together another year."

FLIRTS AND FLIRTING.

BY JEREMY SHORT.

"Alas, what perils do environ
The men that meddles with cold iron."

IN the old times, Oliver, when we were both younger, neither of us would have thought it a compliment to be told that we knew nothing, even theoretically, of flirting. Nineteen is an age when boys believe themselves of more importance than they do when men; and, if I remember aright, we each fancied then that ladies' hearts, at least toward us, were even softer than the down upon our chins. We now think our heads were softest of all; but that, as Toots says, "is of no consequence in the least."

Have you forgot our friend Joe, who used to get us to write verses to his lady-love? We practised sonnetizing on her, as little girls learn nursing with wax-dolls. She thought the poems were her admirer's, and we thought them ours; but I fancy they belonged chiefly to Byron or Tom Moore. Joe is a staid divine now, profoundly versed in the Westminster catechism, and would scarcely thank me for recalling these reminiscences: nor should I have dared to allude to them, but that I know he is too fond of the brown stout of polemics, ever to indulge in the champagne of light literature. "Heaven bless each man's appetite," as Sancho Panza says. I shall always like Joe, especially as he preaches better sermons than he wrote poems. When you and I are still only editors, or at best ticketed in the directory as gentlemen, he will be a Professor at least, or—"d^{arum et venerabile nomen}"—a Doctor of Divinity.

We three formed the trio, as it was called—the wheel within the wheel of our set—for the rest were what stock-brokers would dignify as "outsiders." We all fancied ourselves lady-killers, and you and Joe really were; but as half a score of us courted in a drove—to keep up our courage, I suppose—each appropriated to himself the sly glances shot at you two. That was a sort of communism in flattery, which has made you a conservative ever since. Ah! how we used to ogle the school girls at Mrs. ——'s. God bless the dear creatures—I wonder what has become of them. All married, I dare say. I doubt if we would know them now. Last week I met a lady, and, pon my soul, I thought it Emily B——, till I saw three children following clamorously behind, like young Canada geese after a file leader. I knew then that it could not be she, for the Emily of my memory is still sixteen, and fresh as a moss-rose bud blowing amid dew.

Do you remember Harry Vavasour? He used to say he knew all about flirting: from the first ogle to the last squeeze of the hand, the a and the izzard of love-making. He was a tall, handsome man, and has since become a lawyer of eminence; but at that time he was chiefly known for his accomplishments,

which were as numerous as the Forty-Thieves. He sang; played; painted; wrote poetry; waltzed "divinely," as the girls said; was the best belles-lettres scholar of his set; and could talk German, French, and Italian, or, for all I know, half the languages before the flood. At our symposiums his jokes kept the table in a roar. Among ladies he had the conversation all his own way, that is if he chose to exert himself; for no mere dandy can play the cavalier like a man of sense, after all. Whiskers, stays, and tailors can do much, but not everything. Women, who are not fools themselves, want something more than pomatum in a lover's head.

But, with all his advantages, Harry had one drawback—and that was worse than the seven plagues of Egypt—he was poor. Now, to be poor in this country, is like being a galley slave in France. It is *lese majesté*—the highest crime known to the laws. In Boston a man's talents can do much, and in Philadelphia his birth can do more, but in New York, and throughout the country generally, money is the Aladdin's lamp for us all. A poor man is *no man*—he is a *fillius nullius*, as the law has it—a sort of *lusus nature*, good for nothing under Heaven:—a fellow to be elbowed in the streets, sent to jail for being houseless, and avoided in churches as if he had the plague. A poor man cannot wear a shabby coat lest his creditors should pounce on him as trout on a scarlet bait. A poor man cannot eat enough at a dinner party lest people should think he gets nothing at home. A poor man cannot borrow money without raising a rumor that he is about to break. Men have died howling on the wheel because they were too poor to prove their innocence—others from the same cause have starved in squalid huts, and been cast out like dogs with a few shovelful of earth upon them. Why, for comfort in this world, I would rather be the worst of villains, than a poor man. And, to crown all, the old proverb tells the truth when it says, "a fool for luck and a poor man for children!" Ah! this poverty is no joking matter, and when I see some men reposing on beds of down who have not a cent for the storm-drenched outcast who knocks at their door, I thank God, with the old Irish beggar woman, that there is such a parable as Dives and Lazarus, to warm the hearts of the poor. But I forgot—I began to tell a story.

Harry was twenty-five before he fell in love; for young lawyers have usually enough to do to keep off duns and blue devils, without thinking of matrimony. Meantime, like many a clever fellow in the same category, he took to flirting, not, he said, flirting of a serious kind, but harmless *affaires du cœur*, or rather

friendships, flavored by a little bit of love like punch with lemon peel. But at last he met his fate. She was a glorious creature—was Kate Wentworth—with one of those bright sunshiny faces, that conjure care away as if by magic; a voice like the sound of a fountain by moonlight; and a hand and foot that revealed, better than any pedigree could have done, the high blood of her race. When she walked, she seemed to float as Circe in one of Flaxman's illustrations:—by-the-bye, Flaxman was a greater man than Canova. I must not forget one quality she had, and that was a fortune. Harry, however, had determined to win her if he could, before he knew this, and trust to luck for a maintenance; for all men reason very prettily against love in a cottage, till they lose their hearts, and then invariably act like fools. There was only one thing in his way—Miss Wentworth was a flirt.

There is no use in disguising it, she was a flirt, and a desperate one. But then she could not help it. It was all because her name was Kate. I never knew a girl of that name who was not more or less of a coquette; and I would recommend it to the serious attention of the clergy, whether they ought to baptize children with such a fatal cognomen. But Kate justified her coquetry, by saying the gentlemen were only after her fortune. She had heard of Harry, and what a terrible flirt he was; and had resolved he should fall in love with her, in order that she might reject him, and thus make him a sort of expiatory sacrifice for the sins of his whole sex. Harry, meantime, had come to the same conclusion. But, as Hudibras moralizes—

“Alas! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.”

In a word, it was not long before both Kate and Harry were, to use a homely but good old Saxon phrase, “over head and ears in love.” Yet each believed the other to be only flirting. Kate, resolute to dismiss her admirer before he dismissed her, was held back from doing it as yet by a sort of fascination she felt in his society. As for Harry he knew not what to do. Now he resolved to throw himself at her feet, only he feared she would laugh at him: now he vowed to leave the country, to shut himself up like a hermit, to do anything rather than continue his visits; for happy as he was when with her, and allured to her side in spite of himself as a moth to a candle, he knew his passion “grew by what it fed on,” and that he was only laying up for himself “much store of sorrow.” Had there been such a refuge then as California is now, for poor lawyers and despairing lovers, he would have gone off to make his fortune, and try to forget her; but, as it was, he could only starve on, consoling himself that he did it *secundum artem*—that is in a good coat—according to the usages of civilized society.

Things had proceeded thus for several months, when Kate determined to leave town for her usual summer trip; but, this time, Europe instead of Saratoga was her destination. She did not know it herself, but a secret desire to bring Harry to the point, had not a little to do with her whim of a July jaunt to Paris. She felt convinced that now, if ever, he would

speak. And Harry resolved to do it. But, going two or three times to see her, without finding her *tête-à-tête*, time slipped away, till the last week of her stay came round, and his love was still untold. At this crisis he was called to Boston on imperative business. He hurried back, but the boat was delayed by a fog in the Sound, so that he lost two days; and when he reached home, it was the very evening before Kate was to leave. All this time she had been in suspense. She knew nothing of Harry's absence in New England, and attributed his not calling to design. “He was flirting after all,” she said, angry at herself for having, for a moment, hoped otherwise—“if ever he gives me a chance, I'll have my revenge.” She had scarcely said this, standing in the parlor, when she heard a well known step: and, full of indignant feelings, she stopped the footman in the hall, and told him to deny her. Harry was thunder-struck. “Engaged,” he said, “surely she will see me—take in my name.” Unfortunately Kate overheard all this, and misconstrued the words: they only told his anxiety, but she thought they expressed his assurance; and, more indignant than ever, she repeated her denial. Harry turned away, perplexed and offended; “if she loved me,” he reasoned, “she would have taken care not to be engaged on this last evening.” Half a square off, he looked back, and saw a rival enter the door. And now his doubts changed to certainty, his chagrin to rage. “She has jilted me, by the gods,” he exclaimed, “fool that I was not to foresee it!”

The next day Kate sailed for Europe. Almost as soon as her denial had been repeated, she repented it. That night, she shed bitter tears over her hasty conduct, for her other visitor had casually mentioned Harry's absence, and his return only that day. Once she thought of sending Harry a note, but maiden delicacy forbade this. Never, until now, had she known how much she loved. And Harry—what of him? His affection scorned, his vanity humbled, his bright dream of happiness blasted: he could not, for some days, find any relief for his agitated mind. “That I should not have known all this; that I could believe any woman was sincere,” he bitterly exclaimed. But soon his mood changed. In spite of her scorn he adored Kate still; and often would implore her, as if present, to return his affection. Sometimes he almost persuaded himself that she loved him; for he remembered looks, tones and words that could imply nothing else.

“There must surely have been some mistake,” he argued, “in the denial: she took me for another. But no,” he would add, “she heard my name.” Then pride would regain the ascendancy, and he would register a vow to forget her. Harry had but one resource amid all this; a distant relative died, and left him a competence. But what was wealth to happiness?

It was the fatal year of 1840, when the dykes of credit were broken down, and ruin, like a great flood, came in and overwhelmed the land. Suddenly Kate's trustee, though believed to be a millionaire, failed; and her whole fortune went, like a whiff of smoke blown into the air. In this terrible calamity she acted

courageously. Less than a year after she had gone abroad, she returned, and at once resolved to become a governess, in order to earn her livelihood. "I will not be dependent on any one," she said. In that little twelvemonth, Kate had suffered much, and with suffering came improvement. "I have, perhaps, flung away the richest boon of life," she said, "and by a single hasty message; but I can still find happiness in doing my duty:—I will go through the daily tasks of my hard vocation without a murmur, content to see others blessed though I can never be so myself; and when grown plain and old and my early prosperity is forgotten by the world, none will fancy I ever could have awakened love." But she shed tears, at this thought, in spite of her attempted resignation. Already her reverse of fortune had driven away her acquaintances, for none would visit a governess; and her heart grew sick when she thought of her hopeless and desolate future.

This was the time to prove the purity of Harry's love; and it rang out like true metal. The moment he heard of Kate's misfortune, that moment he forgot everything in sympathy. He pictured her toiling, day after day, in her thankless vocation, tyrannized over by parents, insulted by the children, placed on a par with menials. Or he imagined her, driven to seek a livelihood by the needle, sitting up far into the night, in order to earn the barest necessities of life. "I will seek her again," he said; "but I will not speak of love: I will only offer my sympathy in silence: it would be insult to presume on her poverty with my suit, unless she has an affection for me, and that will soon betray itself." And then, at the possibility of such a thing, what blissful visions possessed his imagination! But, brightest of all, was the reflection that he could restore her to wealth.

Kate sat, one evening, sewing, and entirely alone; but the tears were falling fast on her work. She had, that morning, called on a lady who wished a governess—a lady who, in better days, had vainly striven to get into Kate's set—and the supercilious air with which the *parvenu* had treated her, had convinced Kate that her lot was to be even harder than she had fancied. As no other opportunity presented itself, Kate had resolved to accept the place, though the salary was miserably small, and she knew not how she could make it suffice for her wants. She was low-spirited that evening, and felt utterly deserted—what wonder the tears dropped fast!

Suddenly the door-bell rang, and she heard a well known voice inquiring for her. She had scarcely time to remove the traces of her weeping, when Harry entered, of all persons the one she least expected to see. Her heart beat fast, and she felt the blood flushing to her very forehead. But, through all her embarrassment, she showed her happiness, involuntarily indeed, but in a manner that was unmistakable, and that made Harry's pulse flutter. His hand trembled to hers, as Kate's fingers touched his: and then they sat down on the sofa.

But, in a little while, this mutual embarrassment wore off, though a consciousness remained, at least on Kate's part, that sent the blushes over her cheek continually, like the flushes of the Aurora Borealis.

Harry made no allusion to her change of fortune though there was an increased respect in his tone: a delicacy of conduct which Kate appreciated, almost to tears. They were soon talking as they used to in former times, until each became animated. The conversation turned on the female characters of Shakspeare, and in discussing this fine subject, Harry's face grew eloquent with enthusiasm. Kate listened breathlessly: her eye kindling, her cheek glowing; for it was long since she had met such thorough intellectual sympathy.

"And who do you like best?" she said, at a pause.

"Rosalind!"

"Why not Beatrice?"

"You would say Beatrice was more witty, that is why you ask. Well—perhaps she is—but Rosalind has more delicacy of character, as well as more ingenuousness. One never hears Beatrice speak, without feeling that she wants heart; while Rosalind is all heart. Beatrice is not so sprightly as Rosalind either. In the latter there exists that exquisite compound of intellect, grace, and affection that makes up my *beau idéal* of a true woman. One sees that Beatrice is a flirt, and is proud to find Rosalind could never trifle in that way. One feels that Rosalind would die for one she loved; but one doubts it very much of Beatrice."

"He means me when he speaks of flirting," sighed Kate to herself. But she said aloud, though her voice shook a little.

"Would not any woman, who truly loved, give her life for that of the beloved object?"

"Would they?"

"I think they would," said she, in a low voice, looking down.

"Would *you*?"

Kate's hand lay on her lap, and that of Harry was close to it: as he asked this question, he took the fingers in his, perhaps pressed them; we will not venture to say positively, however; for he never afterward remembered exactly what he did. Few men do.

Kate hesitated, trembled violently, and her cheek was pale and red, red and pale by turns. At last she raised her eyes—those eyes so eloquent of soul—and regarded Harry for an instant. That half reproachful look answered him in the affirmative.

"Kate, dear Kate, only say you could love *me* so," whispered Harry, drawing her gently toward him. "To me you have always been in real life what Rosalind is in poetry."

She burst into tears, while her head fell unresistingly upon his bosom; and he knew that he was beloved.

"And do you think I resemble Rosalind?" said Kate at last, amid crimson blushes, after everything had been explained. "Have you never thought me a flirt like Beatrice?"

"I'm afraid we have both been sad flirts," said Harry, "but we'll be so no longer—will we? No, you are not Beatrice, but Rosalind, *my* Rosalind."

"All intellect, grace, and affection," said Kate, smiling gaily through happy tears: "is not that the phrase? Oh! deceiver—I do believe, after all, it is your flattery which has won me."

Harry and Kate have been married for years, and are as happy a couple as the world can show. By a lucky chance Kate has recovered part of her fortune, so that they have even more than what Joe would call "a sufficiency of this world's goods." They live in a pretty cottage, a short drive from town: any one

familiar with the roads about Philadelphia, knows the place. They attribute their perfect felicity to their mutual sincerity, and say that, even before marriage, truth of manner is safest and wisest for all. Of course they abhor *flirts and flirting*.

And, to tell the truth, so do I too, Oliver.

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IT IS I.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

THE prettiest girl in the whole village, or indeed for miles around, was Nanette La Croix. She had a hundred lovers, all of whom expressed themselves ready to die for her; though she, cruel thing, would not give more than a smile in return. Her heart was free, she said, and hoped it ever would be: she had no notion of making herself a slave for life, by marrying.

So spoke Nanette, just as hundreds have spoken before her; and she really believed for awhile all she said. No foot was lighter at the guinguette than hers; no jest was merrier than that which fell from Nanette; no maiden curled lip more saucily when her name was linked with that of any of the beaux. And yet, all this while she was in love with Pierre Latour, the handsomest, bravest, and blithest of the village lads. She found it out too, but not until he was levied in the conscription, when the certainty of his long absence, and the probability that he might never return, revealed to her the secret.

Poor Pierre loved her as his own life, and now, on the eve of leaving her, uncertain whether she returned his love, he was nearly beside himself with despair. He rallied courage, however, and resolved to tell his tale, for diffidence hitherto had sealed his tongue, though his eyes had long since spoken his adoration in more eloquent language. He found Nanette in tears. It was an unguarded moment for her, and Pierre had no difficulty in winning an acknowledgment that she returned his affection.

"And will you be mine, when I return? Promise me this," he said, "and I will strive to become great: and will win, if bravery can do it, the cross of the legion of honor."

Nanette promised—how could she help it?—and the young soldier departed. The secret was to be kept between them, so the villagers were none the wiser; and as Nanette seemed as gay as ever, no one suspected that her heart was far away in Russia, whither the imperial army had gone.

But this secrecy proved most unfortunate, for the young men, ignorant of her engagement, were as attentive as ever: indeed more so, for she grew prettier daily. Pierre, even before the army reached the frontiers, heard from those who left the village later than himself, that this or that gallant was always with

Nanette, and that the gossips said it would be a match. How could he help being a little jealous! And when, later by six months, and just before the Russian territory was invaded, he met an old acquaintance from the village, and heard that the son of the rich notary was dying for her, is it strange that he began to fear he would yet lose his beautiful Nanette. He had heard so much of woman's inconstancy, especially when a young and wealthy suitor was the rival, that he trembled for her fidelity.

All know the horrors of that campaign in Russia. Of the half million who followed Napoleon into the hostile territory not a tithe came back alive. Of these, however, Latour was one. Yet he almost wished he had perished in the fatal snows, for he had lost an arm, and that too without gaining the cross of the legion of honor. Not that he did not deserve it. But in that awful retreat there was no time for the emperor to think of bestowing favors. Slowly, and almost in rags, like thousands of others, Latour begged his way back to his native village.

It was a bright morning in autumn, more than a year after Latour's departure, when one of the village gossips stopped a minute at the window of the cottage, where Nanette and her mother dwelt.

"Who do you think has come back?" she said. "Latour himself. He arrived yesterday afternoon."

At the announcement of her lover's return Nanette's heart leaped with joy; but when she heard that he had been back so long without coming to see her, her spirits sank. For she had continued to love the absent soldier, in spite of the notary's son and her hundred other admirers.

"He is come back in a sorry plight though," continued the gossip, "lame, a beggar, and with but one arm. He is sick at heart too, and so ashamed that he will not show himself; he says he only cares to die; he is not fit to live with the young and happy."

Poor Nanette! Her heart was full of pity for her lover. She turned aside to conceal her tears. Yet still she wondered why he had not come to see her, and she felt almost angry again when she thought of it.

"He tells me news too, which I never knew before, you are so shy of it, Nanette. He says you are to marry the notary's son. I do believe, from the way

he spoke, he has never got over his old love for you; when he spoke of the notary's son he sighed, looking at his tattered garments, his stump of an arm, and his leg lame with travel."

Nanette heard no more. She understood all now. She left her mother to entertain the gossip, and hurrying up stairs, attired herself in her holiday garments; and then, selecting the choicest fruits from their garden, and filling her apron with flowers, she hurried to the cottage of Pierre's family.

Never had she looked more charming. Her white head-dress, falling low on her shoulders, relieved her dark tresses, and added greater effect to her brilliant black eyes. A handkerchief, worn around her neck, modestly concealed her swelling bust. Her arms, rounded and mellow as antique marble, were bare almost to the shoulder: in a word, always beautiful, her dress and her high spirits now made her perfectly bewitching.

"Who's there?" said a voice, as she knocked.

She knew that the family were all abroad at this hour at their work; and that the voice must be Pierre's; else she would scarcely have recognized it; so discontented and so hopeless was the tone once so happy and bright. But she knew a magic, she believed, to call back all its old sweetness.

"It is I," she answered, disguising her voice, and as she thought of the joyful surprise she had in store for Pierre, she archly smiled.

She heard a muttered growl inside, and some one coming to the door. "Oh! the great, jealous bear," she said to herself, "how he hates to be disturbed—but we shall see."

When the door opened, and the laughing girl stood before him, Pierre staggered back. Surprise contended with gloom in his features, but the smile of

Nanette gradually re-assured him. At last he stammered out—

"You here, Nanette—what does it mean?"

The happy girl read in every look of that haggard face how truly Pierre loved her, and she could no longer contain herself, but speaking amid smiles and tears, while she put down her basket of fruit, and emptied her flowers on the table before him, said—

"It means, dear Pierre, that as you won't come to see me, I have come to see you; and as I heard you were ill and tired, I have brought all these fruits and flowers for your acceptance; yes! and myself too, if you will have me." And she weeping clasped him in her arms.

"What! And you love your poor Pierre still? And you won't have the notary's son?" he murmured in amazement.

"No—I will have no one but you—oh! how could you think I could desert you? Don't you believe, dear Pierre, that we women can be constant, as well as you men?"

"But, Nanette," said Pierre, looking at his stump, "I am maimed now—and—and I have come back without my cross."

"No you have not," said she, touching the mangled shoulder kindly, "here is your cross of the legion of honor, and a nobler one than a piece of mere ribbon. I do believe," she said, bursting into tears, "that I shall love you all the better for having lost your arm."

Happiness soon restored the bloom to Pierre's cheeks, and, on the morning of his marriage, he looked the handsomest man in the whole gay company. Nor was his bride the only one who thought that his honorable scar added to the interest which he inspired; for all the village girls envied Nanette her husband.

KATE SINCLAIR;

OR, TRUSTING CHILDHOOD AND INCONSTANT YOUTH.

"Un printemps suffit à la nature
Pour réparer l'email et la verdure;
La vie entière à peine reproduit
La paix du cœur qu'un seul instant détruit."

In vain we strive to re-call the joyous hours of childhood. They have flown to come no more. Amid the anxieties and distresses of mature years, we look back with a lingering regard upon the happy past, and in a dream of thought seek to dissipate the gloomy present by glimpses of the sunshine of other days. The spell is even now upon us. Once more we are children, roaming hand in hand with cherished companions, through the woodbine shaded paths of our youthful homes—no thought of distrust marring our capacities for love. Again in the cold winter's eve we cluster around the warm fire-side, and hear the entrancing tale or echo the merry laugh. Then too come holier memories of those blessed hours, when with pure and guileless hearts each little one knelt beside his loved mother, and with her gentle hand resting upon his infant brow, breathed to Heaven's high King petitions for mercy—offered in perfect faith. And can we ever forget the whispered lullaby, that untaught music that told so much of love—a mother's love? Oh! these revealings of the past are far more valuable than all the aggrandizements, than all the accumulated wealth of after years.

With this preface, courteous reader, I introduce to your notice the accompanying sketch, or rather groupings of tableaux scenes; endeavoring to illustrate by them the partial progress of character from trusting childhood to inconstant youth.

DESCRIPTIVE TABLEAU.

With a presto!—begone!—I bid the heavy drapery which shrouds the past withdraw its cumbrous folds, and reveal to our gaze the events of by-gone days. As though in obedience to my commands it is lifted aside, and discloses to our view a country scene of surpassing beauty.

On the banks of the far-famed Juniata, once stood a mansion of unpretending elegance: no costly architecture arrested the traveller's gaze, but a neat, yet commodious dwelling of snowy whiteness met the eye, embosomed amid clustering blossoms and clasping vines—whilst the air was redolent of sweets, breathed forth by rare exotics and blushing fruits. On either side, before and behind the mansion, rose with towering dignity majestic mountains, seemingly rent in twain to admit the rippling play of the flowing stream. The inhabitants of this beautiful abode added to it additional charms by their loveliness of character.

But we will merge the past into the present, and glancing in upon them this starry eve, discover in the favorite sitting-room a finely formed man of middle age, reposing in the luxury of complete ease upon a

sofa, holding in his hand an unopened paper; too perfectly contented to add to his enjoyment by the perusal of the City Gazette—an object usually of absorbing interest to dwellers in the country. His countenance discloses true benevolence.

In a downy chair is seated a lady in the prime of life; most dignified, yet graceful in her mien. Methinks time has but lightly laid his hand upon her brow, for her smile is altogether unclouded by care, and not even a wrinkle betrays an acquaintance with sorrow. Two other forms are comprised in this family group, and they are the principal personages in these delineations of character; a boy and girl, both just parting from the sunny days of childhood to enter upon the stern realities of more mature years. We name them Kate Sinclair and Herbert Ashton. They are distantly connected, and by the death of some relatives, and the absence in foreign lands of others, they have been left to the guardianship of the owners of this elegant mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, who are also the uncle and aunt of Kate Sinclair.

The moon comes forth from its hiding-place, and is gliding slowly forward from behind the mountain tops, as though conscious of its surpassing loveliness it forbears to dazzle by an instantaneous display of brilliancy. Its silver light reveals the forms of Kate and Herbert leaning against one of the lofty trees which grace the lawn in front of the mansion. Hear the whispered words!

"I go, my darling Kate, to mount still higher the ladder of science; to make to myself a name among the great and good of earth, and when that name is won, right gladly will I hie me home to lay my honors at your feet. 'Tis true we are young, dear Kate, and some would gladly persuade us that love has no meaning when breathed by youthful lips; but it is not so, and time shall prove our constancy. And now we part: years must pass away ere I shall again become an inmate of this our sylvan home; but ever as I strive for laurels, *your name* shall be my watch-word, and the remembrance of your smile shall light me onward." Tears of deep sorrow coursed down the young girl's cheek, but not a shade of mistrust, not a doubt entered her pure, believing heart. And thus they parted.

NARRATIVE.

Time has sped on, and they who were once children, have now taken their places amid the world's chequered scenes, to act their parts as men and women. Again it is the evening hour, and once more the moon's silver light discloses to our gaze the

figures of Herbert Ashton and Kate Sinclair. They are pacing the velvet lawn, and the same fond words he whispered in days long past are again breathed into the maid's willing ear; but now they wear a deeper import, for years have been added to their young lives, and already they have begun to taste the corroding draught of care. They are wiser in this world's wisdom, yet undoubting in their *faith*. Again he bids her farewell. "'Tis but for one short year," he says, "and then, dearest Kate, I will hasten to claim you for my own." How little did she dream, that trusting maid, of the change in her destiny that would be wrought by that one short year! Untainted by guile, her hand rests lingeringly in his, even on the approach of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, and the ensuing conversation discovers their knowledge of the mutual attachment of their young wards.

Most lovely, both in form and features, was Kate Sinclair; gifted with rich mental excellence; which surely is a gem of far greater value than mere superficial accomplishments, whose lustre soon fades. Perfect purity of thought and feeling was her greatest charm, united with a heart which fully appreciated and sympathized with another's woe.

Herbert Ashton was gifted with exceeding grace and manly beauty, together with the courtly elegance of a finished gentleman. But selfishness and intense admiration of his own person (veiled under a show of modesty) was the great defect of his character. Every feeling was concentrated in the gratification of self, and all else was made to yield to this important point. Was it then strange that the spirit of their early dream should be changed, and time poison life's banquet cup?

The parting hour has once more arrived, and Herbert Ashton speeds away to his scholastic duties. Intense study has precluded his joining, during past courses, in the usual gay pursuits of fellow students; but this his last year being but a review of old studies, he is easily persuaded to join in the routine of visiting and merry-making, for which the village in which he sojourns is famous. At first the remembrance of his early home and associates is undimmed by even a thought. No contrast can deprive them of their charms; but gradually a comparison is allowed to enter his mind between the attractions of Kate Sinclair and those of the belles around him—but still Kate holds her wonted place, for it is but in trifles such as dress, or a certain air of fashion, in which she proves at all inferior. Eventually greater points of difference are discovered. Miss B—discourses eloquent poetry. Kate is *not* a poetess. Miss C—plays exquisitely. Kate is but a poor performer in comparison. Miss M—has a delightful voice, and adds so much expression, so much sentiment to all she sings! In these and a variety of other accomplishments Kate is at fault, and at last he grows weary of the few thoughts which conscience imposes upon him, and to still the stern monitor he strives to gain the ascendancy in the court of beauty, and amid the flattery there so lavishly bestowed upon him self-conceit acquires unlimited sway, and boyhood's truthfulness gives entire place to manhood's inconstancy.

"It may be sport to win a heart,
Then leave that heart to pine and die." WESTMACOTT.

Behold the time-honored precincts of Princeton's classic halls! Yet ere we enter pause and gaze upon the changing scene. Surely a gala day has called forth the numerous groups that wind amid the paths about the college green! Mark the intense anxiety betrayed upon the features of that passing youth! He has a task yet to perform; his maiden speech is yet to be spoken, and he awaits with trembling the moment of its utterance. See those glad young faces, and the blithe forms which come bounding forward! Some dear one, be it brother or friend, has attained the summit of his wishes, and but awaits the seal of academic honor, ere he steps forth upon life's untrammelled scenes. Mothers and fathers with sober, yet proud looks, mingle with the throng; and dignified professors and meek-toned tutors add zest to the changing panorama.

We enter the great hall of the institute, and here bursts upon us beauty in its varied forms, and fashion with its odd conceits. Bright eyes beam forth love and admiration; and sweet voices breathe words of scarce concealed regard. Oration after oration has been delivered, until there remains but one upon the list, and it is the farewell address. Herbert Ashton is the favored orator, and with a graceful bow he stands before the assembly. His pleasing mien and manly air, together with his already acquired position as a favorite, secures him an attentive audience, and his cultivated mind has produced a speech of unwonted attraction. Amid unbounded applause he bids the last adieu, and with self-possessed ease descends from the platform, when he is quickly surrounded by a bevy of admiring friends. Upon one fair face his eye rests lingeringly, and the answering look and eager smile proclaim them to be more than mere acquaintances.

The scene changes. It is the starlit hour of night. Forth issuing from a mansion of elegant proportions came glad voices on the air, and music's rapturous notes. Brilliant lights bursting through the opened windows disclose a crowded throng of gay cavaliers and beauteous maidens. Encircled amid a group of admirers, the satellite of this worldly constellation, stands the heiress, Lizzy Norton, the hostess of this numerous assembly. A coronet of costly gems rests upon the snowy brow, and robed in purest white, she seems a priestess at the shrine of loveliness. Although the object of undivided attention and flattery, she appears listless and careless—evidently searching with her restless eye some expected form which as yet has not met her view. Stay! a flush of gladness passes over the eager face, and the softened features attest the influence of some undefinable feeling! The mystery is soon explained. With quick step and looks of earnest admiration our hero, Herbert Ashton, advances. After a few whispered words he leads the fair one to the dance. That ended, they separate from the noisy crowd, and wend their way to the illuminated grounds. The distant sound of revelry greets the ear, and the floating breezes waft delicious

perfumes. From among choice exotics he culls a few dainty flowers, (Eastern tokens of persuasive import) and then all forgetful of the past, he bends until her sunny tresses wave upon his cheek. With rapturous accents he utters words of talismanic power, for see! the fair girl drops her head until it rests upon his breast, and the unresistingly clasped hand tells he has won her for his own. Love's sunshine reigns undimmed within her heart, and little dreams she his lips have ever spoken to another the honied words of that memorable eve. Dream on fond, believing one, unconscious of deceit!

CONCLUDING TABLEAU, WITH DESCRIPTIVE FRAGMENTS

"—Couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot—
Oh! couldst thou read, upon her pride-veiled brow,
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot—
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,
And pray for strength to wear her victim crown."
Mrs. E. C. EMBURY.

Since last we beheld Kate Sinclair time has sped on with leaden wing, and each day has added care and doubt to the maiden's store of experience; for though a woman retains with strange tenacity her belief in man's perfections, even amid severe trials, yet time must at last force the unwelcome truth upon the mind, that he who was so trusted by deceiving is unworthy of regard. This conviction comes but slowly. And so it was with Kate. Gradually during the past year Herbert's letters had reached her at long, and longer intervals, and a change too had become apparent in the style of his missive; accustomed words of loving import were either forgotten, or dealt out most sparingly, and at length weeks elapsed without a message or epistle. Nor was Kate the only sufferer. Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth too alike perceived the change, and wondered at it; but with woman's true love no word of complaint had passed Kate's lips, and an excuse was ever ready for Herbert's remissness.

"She will not speak the anguish of her breast,
She cannot hide the one she seeks to bless."

Yet amid indefinable sentiments of coming evil she never for one moment thought he would swerve from his allegiance to her for the sake of another. She believed that surrounded by gay company and enticing friends, he might have entered too zealously into the amusements around him, and thus have in a measure lost the recollection of the home circle and the cherished scenes of the past. He might even among bright eyed belles have transiently forgotten the gentle companion of his early days, but then she consoled herself with thoughts of his return, and that then he would soon be won back to his old feelings of love and attachment, and they would be permanently happy.

Once more it is the evening hour, and in the room where first we beheld them, are seated Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth; whilst pacing the lawn with restless step Kate Sinclair meets our eye. It is the day upon which they expect the return of Herbert Ashton. Hour after hour speeds on, and still he comes not. At length the servant, who had driven to meet his young master at the neighboring village, enters, and in answer to anxious inquiries silently hands Mr. Ellsworth

a letter. With blanching cheek and trembling frame Kate awaits its opening, eagerly watching her uncle's countenance for tidings of weal or woe. At first a smile meets her gaze—and the blood courses gaily through her veins; then the smile changes into an expression of anxiety, then to scorn, and at last, with a muttered imprecation and clenched hand, he dashes the missive on the table, and buries his face in his folded arms. With noiseless step Kate has glided to his side, and already reads in the opened letter *her bitter fate!* She is *forsaken, she*, the companion of his childhood, the loved one of his youth, *she is forsaken*, and for a *stranger!* With one heart-rending cry she sinks upon the floor, and for a brief moment loses in unconsciousness her sense of wrecking misery. Such is the effect of man's inconstancy, and of his selfish nature.

When death takes from our embrace the cherished friends of our bosom, we weep and wail in our desolation; but when the hand we have caressed deals the blow and severs all the chords of hope and joy, crushing the heart-strings with relentless hand, oh! *this is agony! the bitterness of woe!* Time and earthly consolations may heal the first bereavement, but the other is beyond the world's touch, and Heaven's balm alone can soothe the grieved spirit. Thanks be to God there is a chrysal fountain opened in the golden courts above, whose droppings descend to earth—and if the weary and heavy laden bathe in those clear waters, they shall find rest to their souls!

A severe spell of illness brought dear Kate to the brink of the grave, but when by the hand of Providence she woke to renewed life, chastened and sorely burdened, she bent submissive to the blow and meekly bore the cross. The struggle to attain serenity, none but those who have passed through a like trial can alone imagine. And when years had mingled with eternity's flow, often

"Through the shadowy past
Like a tomb searcher memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time had cast
O'er buried hopes."

CONCLUSION.

It were useless to tell of the after fate of Herbert Ashton. Suffice it to say, *conscience*—that inward monitor—was ever busy with its piercing darts, and each worldly joy was blighted, each dazzling attainment clouded by that active guest. The wondrous beauty, the golden treasures, and the enchanting accomplishments of his young bride were all eclipsed by sober contrast with the solid judgment, the pure motives, and the undeviating virtues of Kate Sinclair; and in the dead of night, from his unchained tongue, burst forth oft-times the name of his early love.

And she, the victim of inconstancy—her hand was never pledged again, "she breathed no second vow." One image had been graven deep upon the tablet of her heart, nor time, nor direct wrong could entirely efface it from its secret resting-place. She passed through life with the unreal smile upon her lips, and the hollow laugh ringing from her tongue, and some, no doubt, deemed her happy, and cold, and heartless. But little did they know who judged her thus wrongly—of the secrets of her closet where giving way

to her heart's anguish, sighs and groans told the agony of sorrow—the full appreciation of deception and abused faith. No tear coursed down her burning cheek, or laved the spirit's intensity of grief—for the fount of feeling had been drawn upon until it gave forth no more the relieving dew, but parched and exhausted, it murmured a constant dirge of desolation.

“Many a withering thought lies hid and lost
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.”

BYRON.

“So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.”

MOORE.

Search the heart's annals, and my imaginary sketch
will prove to be, in many cases, stern reality. c.

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LOVE AND ANGLING.

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

It was vacation time in W—— College. The lovely little village which had grown up around its classic walls seemed silent and deserted. The merry shout and careless laugh of the sauntering student had died away from the shades of W——, to enliven and cheer the circles and firesides of far distant homes with their joyous melody. A Sabbath-like stillness pervaded the lovely valley—the loveliest in all Berkshire. The lazy clouds slept upon the high summits of Graylock and Prospect Hill, and the low murmur of the blue Hoosic, came with a lulling cadence on the soft winds of May.

Myself and my chum were the only students who remained in the desolate halls of our future Alma Mater. The days dragged heavily away, and dullness was fast settling down upon our naturally vivacious spirits. We were sitting together in our dingy little room, one sweet morning of early May; my chum, Richard Rover, brooding over his own gloomy thoughts, and drawing vehemently upon a villainous country cigar; and myself, endeavoring to become interested in one of the light productions of the French school of novelists, which at that time had a vast run and celebrity—thank Heaven, as ephemeral, as universal. Let me lay aside my book and describe my friend, Richard Rover, to my gentle reader, albeit, just at the present moment he is not in a very presentable condition.

Nature had bestowed upon Rover fine and well chiseled features, combining the best parts of both the Grecian and Roman orders; his forehead being low, yet broad; his eyes dark and expressive, a much latent fire and resolution; a nose which commencing with a delicate and straightly defined descent from his forehead, like that of an Ionian beauty, gradually changed its characteristics till it formed a slightly marked, but very beautiful aquiline; his mouth was perhaps a little too large, yet the expression of good humor was so plainly impressed upon its lines, that one loved to look upon it and hear it talk, it opened with such a pleasant smile, and gave vent to such merry jest. Add to these interesting facial adornments, a manly and well proportioned form, and you will have all that nature has done for Richard Rover. I trust you will have no reason to regret his acquaintance. He is a gentleman and a scholar. Constant intercourse with the refined and polished of both sexes, have given to him a graceful and pleasing demeanor, while an entire freedom from care or misfortune, has left upon his countenance a frank and joyous expression, which seldom fails to attract and win.

Rover at length heaved a long sigh, and for the first time in an hour opened his mouth and spoke—

"Bob! isn't this dull?"

"What?" exclaimed I, looking up from the pages of Eugene Sue.

"Why! this present life of ours, Bob!"

"Yes! Dick, rather a monotonous state of existence to be sure."

"Of course it is," responded Dick, throwing the stump of his cigar out of the window. "Bob! gaze forth upon the world, there is nature arrayed in her fresh mantle of green—the meadows sprinkled with flowers—the trees upon the hill-sides rustling their leaves in the breath of the sportive winds of May, and—and——"

"Well, what?"

"And here *we* are, Bob!"

"Very true."

"You needn't be so cool about it, I tell you. We must do something. Our blood will stagnate from inaction. I wish I had an uncle, or grandfather, or great aunt, or something of the kind, I could go and visit, but I haven't got a relative nearer than a fifteenth cousin this side of the Buckeye state."

"Shall we take a trip to Saratoga?"

"It's out of season, and if it were not, the life there is too insipid, so pleasant, social intercourse—all stiff formality—if you fall in love with a girl in the evening, you're sure to lose it all the next morning when you see her making faces over a tumbler of that confounded spring water. You run against a whiskered foreigner at every turn of the piazza, or come in contact with an aristocratic tailor or cobbler 'from the city,' whenever you enter the drawing-room."

"Are you fond of trout-fishing?"

"Yes! and of unequalled skill in the art."

"That must be proved. Well, there is an out of the way place among the Green Mountains, dignified with the name of a village, though consisting of only one good house, three or four sheds, and two barns, beside an old tavern stand. It is the town of Reads-ville. No less than six trout brooks run through the village, all within an easy walk of the tavern, and filled with the prettiest trout in New England. More than this, there is the loveliest country girl there I ever saw, if one hasty glimpse will allow me to judge. What say you, Dick: shall we go there?"

During my description Rover's countenance gradually grew brighter and brighter, and at the close every feature was redolent with joy and returning good nature.

"That's the idea, Bob! How far is it? When shall we go?"

"Less than twenty miles—this morning."

"Are you flies in the right season?"

"All right: draw out that old trunk from under the bed, and pack in what you wish—leave me a corner for a change of dress."

Dick soon had the trunk filled, and assured me there was no room for any of my articles; he had nothing in but what was absolutely necessary.

"Please give me an inventory of the contents."

"Well, commencing at the top—here are four shirts; one odd volume of Shakspeare—two pair of inexpressibles—a copy of Izaak Walton—my fowling-piece,—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, (for Sunday reading, you know, Bob!) three boots—one overcoat—nine pamphlet novels—hair-brush—tooth-brush—Don Juan—six stockings."

"Hold on, Bob. I'll find room—pitch out all the books except Bunyan and Izaak—you will have no time to read in the day, and at night you will be too tired. Leave your fowling-piece behind also. Old Uncle Jonnison has got a musket which did good service in the days of the Revolution on Bemis Heights, and at Bennington—it will answer your purpose, now. Just throw in this old coat, and these heavy boots, and we are ready."

In another hour, we were on our way to Reads-ville. It was a glorious May morning. The pure air fresh from the dark mountains of New England invigorated our frames, and lent a pleasing exhilaration to our spirits. Following the windings of the lovely little stream which brightens the valley of Northern Berkshire, on its way to mingle with the darker waters of the Hudson, we passed beneath the summit of "Gray Lock," catching hasty glimpses of the "Hopper," the "Belowspire," the "National Bridge," and other singular features of mountain scenery, of local celebrity, emerging at length on the road at the base of the Green Mountains, which rose in one unbroken chain, far toward the North as the vision could follow. Well has this mighty range of hills been called "the back bone of New England."

As we proceeded Northward the scenery became even more wild and rugged—the little river toward whose source we were approaching became narrower, and changed its quiet and musical flow to an impetuous, onward rush, and noisy dash over huge rocks and fallen trunks of trees. The horizon became more and more circumscribed, and as we drew near Reads-ville, Rover asserted that we must have got out of America.

"There's a girl ahead, Bob!" cried Dick, "if she is good looking, she shall ride."

"Certainly."

"And good looking she must be—notice that springing step—her heel scarce touches the ground—what gracefully turned shoulders!—in fact, Bob, what an unusually elegant *tout ensemble*. My pretty girl," continued he, bending over the side of the wagon, and peering under her bonnet—"my pretty girl, will you ride? Thunder and lightning, Bob! drive on—go ahead—say nothing."

I looked back—the girl was black as night, with a huge pair of lips distended to a broad grin.

"Can't you make room for her, Dick?"

"Go on, I tell you?"

"What an elegant *tout ensemble*!"

"Bob! go on."

Dick was silent for the rest of our journey. Not far from noon, crossing a perilous bridge, which tottered

over a musical little brook, we drove up to the door of Uncle Tom Jonnison's antiquated tavern.

"How d'ye do, boys! ha! ha! ha! how *are* yer?" cried a nearly indescribable individual, who stood in the door-way; a short pipe in his mouth, and his arms mostly buried in his breeches pockets. He was apparently about sixty years of age; possessed of a very rubicund countenance, in which the nose shone like a Burgundy rose among flowers of paler crimson. Good humor sparkled in the twinkle of his small, gray eye, and sportive mirth was enthroned in the veins around his wrinkled mouth. He was nearly as broad as he was long, resembling, more nearly than anything else I can think of, a barrel of cider, standing on a saw buck, crowned with a pumpkin. His hair was gray, but not with care—a healthy hoariness which many happy, yet untroubled years had scattered there. His voice was clear and loud, though somewhat harsh in intonation; and his nose, to whose color I have before alluded, bore in shape no slight resemblance to what is well known among farmers by the name of a "long John potato."

"That's Uncle Tom, Dick!" said I, to my companion, nudging his elbow.

"A queer looking covey, isn't he?"

"Jump out, boys!" said the old man, "here, Obadiah, let the horse loose into the meadow—you are just in time for a good trout dinner."

We complied with his wish, and entered his bar-room, which we found filled with a motley group of characters, some of whom may be more particularly noticed in the progress of our history.

"Try a glass of New England, boys."

"No, thank you."

"T'will give yer an appetite for yer dinner."

"But we both belong to the tee-total society."

"What's that?"

"A society that agrees—by each member pledging himself not to drink any New England, or other similar liquors—to do all it can to stop intemperance, and save people's lives, &c."

"When—save people's lives—you don't mean to say New England—*my* New England hurts folks, do yer?—why, hain't I been drinking it for these fifty years! Pshaw! these new fangled notions will be your ruin. You'll both die early—see if you don't—but come, dinner's ready—tless the total society forbids your eating trout."

"Not a bit of it, Uncle Tom."

The old man really vexed, led the way to his dining-room.

A repast such as the back towns of New England alone afford, awaited our attention.

An immense dish of small trout, surrounded by plates of brown bread, and potatoes that would have enchanted an Irishman's heart—various kinds of pies on tin platters—and pewter mugs filled with cider, enabled us to make a hearty meal.

"A buxom looking country lass that," whispered Dick, as Uncle Tom's youngest daughter passed through the room with two pails full of water, "is that the beauty you told me of before we started?"

"Oh, no, Dick! this is a far different kind of girl; I advise you to be careful how you meddle with her."

"She isn't bad looking though!—her cheeks and lips are painted by nature. We know one or two girls that have taken the brush from nature's hands, don't we? What a round, full form she has; weighs two hundred, I'll bet. I must introduce myself."

"Be careful, Dick! I give you fair warning."

"Never fear for me, Bob! I think we shall be acquainted with each other before the world is a day older."

Uncle Tom, having inspected our flies, which he pronounced very pretty, though he said he could make better in five minutes of his old hen's tail feathers, only it was difficult to catch her, she being already nearly denuded by former visits, and having shown a strong disinclination to the practice.

"Here are two poles, boys, beauties, ain't they? pine, with an arle switch—just the right length for our brooks—sixteen feet precisely—there, let your line out about two feet longer than the pole; now if you know how to cast a fly, you'll take the fish with that fixing."

Dick handled his fishing-tackle so awkwardly, entangling his legs with the line, and catching the hook in his garments, that I began to doubt his vaunted skill; and Uncle Tom, in a tone of commiseration, advised him to shorten his line, as it would be much more easily managed, but my worthy chum declined following his advice, saying in a whisper to me—

"The old covey thinks I can't kill a trout, but I'll show you how to take them—just as if there wasn't any trout brooks in Ohio."

"Good luck to yer, boys," cried Uncle Tom, as we started for the brook, "I'll go down with you myself to-morrow, and give you a little teaching in the business. There are some things ain't larned at college, and catching trout is one on 'em."

"Self-conceited old costumer: isn't he, Bob?"

"Pshaw! he is a master of the art of angling. Izaak Walton himself was not more skilful; Uncle Tom and he would have been worthy comrades, had the fates placed them upon earth together. Izaak, to be sure, had more gentility, and doubtless was fuller of the milk of human kindness, but they both alike would have enjoyed their pleasant art, and the quiet companionship of brook and field; the green forest, and the wild flowers of the meadows."

"I should like to bet that I can beat him in any given time; his very appearance would frighten away any respectable trout."

"Well, here we are by the brook; you can now prove your vaunted address."

It was a most lovely stream. Sweeping on through a green and flower-sprinkled meadow in many circlings, as if it loved the beautiful lawn and regretted to leave it, the little brook glided before us. For nearly a mile, until it entered a wild and rocky ravine, its banks were free from bushes, and no impediment was offered to a clear cast of the angler's line. It behooved the fisherman, however, to use great care and address in approaching the shore, or the coy denizens of the brook would dart away to some deep retreat, and the cast would be made in vain.

"I've got one," shouted my noisy companion, as the glancing side of a noble trout appeared by his

fly. "Isn't he a buster?" continued he, giving a fiery twitch.

"Yes! but you haven't got him: he has not even bit at your fly—you don't pull right, Dick!"

"I tell you I know how to take a trout as well as any live man."

"Well, Dick! throw your fly just at the edge of that little eddy—over that rock—I'll warrant you a jump: so, be careful."

Rover threw his fly, but it struck the water clumsily, and with a splash like the plunge of a frog. For a moment the fly lay unassailed, but just as the current was bearing it away, a noble trout darted at it—Rover pulled, but the fish fell off, and vanished like a sun-beam.

"Confound it, Bob! my hook is dull."

"Come, Dick, own up. Did you ever fish for trout with anything but an earth worm?"

Rover's color heightened; an angry reply rose to his lips; but suddenly like one who has come to a unanimous conclusion, he straightened himself—shook his shoulders, and exclaimed—

"No, Bob! to tell the truth, I never did."

"Watch me a few minutes, Dick! and you will improve. Though I am a mere novice in comparison with Uncle Tom, I can teach you something of the art. Now notice. You must not twitch directly out from the stream; there is a certain scientific jerk that you must attain, which fastens the hook in the trout's mouth—a slight motion of the elbow will do it—then you can pull the fish out at your leisure. There, just beyond that snag, I'll have a jump."

"St. George! you've got him—a beauty."

"Poor fellow, his spots are fast growing dull; see, Dick, they brighten again like the sparkle of a taper as it goes out—throw him into the basket."

Dick tried in vain to attain the peculiar jerk well known to all accomplished trout fishermen, and after various failures threw down his rod and line by the brook, and told me to go ahead. I wandered along alone till I reached the rocky ravine, when I seated myself beside a deep pool, where I was confident I should take several large trout.

I had hardly seated myself when Rover rejoined me, exclaiming—

"Bob, did you see her?"

"Who?"

"How should I know? but there is a petticoat just ahead. I caught a glimpse of it through the underbrush—see, she is fishing, by the Heavens—don't you see that trout on the top of the water—there, through the rocks. Keep easy, Bob, let me make an investigation."

Rover stole quietly along the rocks with the cautious step of an Indian spy. He had reached the top of a high bluff, when after a long look over it he turned toward me, and threw up his arms as if in surprise and passionate admiration. But alas! for the romance of the occasion, as he turned toward me his foot slipped, and rolling down the cliff he fell into the brook directly before the object of his pursuit. I heard a wild shriek of surprise and fear, not from Rover, but most indubitably from a female voice, and letting go my own rod and line, I rushed forward

as rapidly as the rough fishing would allow. The scene which presented itself was worthy of the painter's canvass. On a gently shelving rock stood a maiden, lovelier than the fair Ellen of Lorn. Her little sun-bonnet had fallen back from her forehead, around which clustered the richest and darkest treasure of ringlets which ever adorned a woman's brow. Her beautiful black eyes were opened wildly and fearfully, and through her rich, red lips the bright, small teeth gleamed like the purest ivory. Her form slightly bent forward, was of full, round, yet not indelicate proportions. She looked like the guardian fairy of the wild brook which dashed by at her feet. Her rod, held lightly in her right hand, was of the slightest proportions, tipped with whalebone, and her long line, relieved of the weight of the trout which had escaped when Rover fell into the brook, swayed gracefully with the circlings of the eddies.

My unfortunate companion had just emerged from the bottom of the brook, and was clinging to an old branch of a decayed tree, while the swift waters bore his legs downward, preventing him from getting a foothold.

"Bob," cried he, "I'm in for it."

"Yes."

"Confounded cold, this water: help me out."

I reached forward and seized my friend's arm, pulling him out from the brook. Rover shook himself, and turned to address the girl, but she had disappeared. We were sure, however, that we heard a clear, ringing laugh among the trees, and that we saw her light form gliding hastily away. I never saw Rover so completely disconsolate.

"Heavens!" he cried, "how unlucky—but isn't she the loveliest girl you ever saw? How cold these mountain brooks are; let's go up to Uncle Tom's—but say nothing, Bob!"

"Not a word, Dick!"

We started for the tavern, which we reached just as the keepers of the upper deep were showing the fires of their light-houses, or for fear the reader may not know what I mean, just as the stars were coming forth.

Uncle Tom opened our trout basket, and said—

"Very well, boys—very well—there are bigger trout than those in the brook though. Come, you must be hungry."

"Yes," said Rover, "hungry, but not very *dry*!"

"Ha! ha! been in the brook, have yer? You've got a new way of catching trout, perhaps."

Rover soon changed his dress, and we did ample justice to the bountiful supper spread before us. It would not have been popular at all in that democratic community to have called for a private room, consequently we returned to the bar-room. Reposing ourselves on an old oak bench which formed the sofa of the apartment, we were not at all disposed to quarrel with our situation.

"Variety is the spice of life," said Rover, lighting a cigar.

"That air's a fact," responded an individual, who sat in a corner of the fire-place. "I am," continued he, rising, "gentlemen, I am the tallest democrat in the state of Vermont—six feet seven inches in my

stockings—my name is Square Barlington, Justice of the Peace for the town of Readsville. Last winter I taught school, and now I am engaged in making shingles; *perhaps* you've heard on me before?" asked he, concluding with an energetic slap of the hand upon his lank leg.

"Of course," replied Rover, "your name, Square Barlington, is familiar as a household word."

"Give us yer clipper; there ain't no minister in these diggings, and I doose all the marryin'." I like to get in a scrape once. I married a couple who had run away, and the old man hove in sight just as the knot was tied. Wa'n't he mad! He said as how he'd sue me—but I showed my commission, and he hauled in his horns."

This village "Square" was decidedly a singular character. His stature was doubtless the same he had claimed, but he looked even more longitudinal. He was excessively lean; his head was large, and seemed to weigh over his neck and shoulders. His breast was sunken, as if he had starved himself as near to nothingness as possible. His crane-like legs were encased in pantaloons evidently originally constructed for a much smaller man, as they reached only to the tops of a pair of dark blue stockings, while his whole frame was supported by huge feet clad in shoes, not unlike in form and dimensions to a pair of snow shoes. His shape as he usually stood, from the summit of his cranium to his toes, very exactly described a semi-circle. Altogether, as Rover remarked to me, "an eccentric looking character."

"Pinch me, Bob! or I shall laugh in his face."

"Are you a trout fisher, Square?" inquired I.

"I guess so—nobody but Uncle Tom can beat me with a fly, and *he* can't."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Uncle Tom.

"Well can you now?"

"Ho! ho! ho!"

"I caught a four pounder yesterday on 'Mud Pond.' He broke my pole; pulled me into the drink; bit off my line, and got away. When Gen. Jackson was going through the states of New England, and Vermont, a few years ago, I called on him, or he on me, I forget which. Says I to him, says I, 'general, I'm the tallest democrat in the state of Vermont.' 'I should think so,' said he; that's what he said."

"Rather rambling in his remarks," whispered Rover.

Uncle Tom, whose ire had been somewhat aroused by the assumed superiority of the "Square," in his turn assailed him, and listening to the sharp contest of these two antipodes, I did not notice Rover's exit from the room. The combatants were in the height of their argument when my comrade again stole in, with one hand pressed against the side of his head.

"What is the matter, Dick?" asked I.

"Blast that girl!"

"What is it?"

"Her fist is harder than a junk of lead."

"Did she strike you?"

"Strike! you'd think a horse had kicked you! if you had been in my place you'd wish you had been dipped in the styx, like Achilles."

"Come, tell me, Dick."

"Why," answered Rover, "I went into the kitchen, Uncle Tom's daughter was washing the dishes; says I, 'Susan! will you give me a glass of water?' She brought me the water, I drank it, and when I set the mug down, why I gave her a smack on her lips, and the way she smacked me with her great red fist, was a caution to all lovers of rustic beauty."

At this moment an antiquated individual came up to Dick, and whinnying like a horse, by way of introduction, asked him if he had the toothache.

"I'm a horse doctor," said he, holding up a pair of huge pincers. "Can cure you in five minutes."

Rover shuddered, and made no reply.

"Set down, Moab," said Uncle Tom. "Keep still, or I'll put you out!"

A very staid, intelligent looking farmer, at this time dropped into the bar-room, and with the freedom of manner which always characterizes the inhabitants of small country villages, soon opened a conversation with us. He was treated with marked respect by all the loungers around the fire, and after a short time occupied in general remarks, extended to us an invitation "to come up and see his farm, before we left."

"That's Mr. Turner," said Uncle Tom, as he retired, "he's a man well to do in the world, and has got a purty darter."

"Ah! I reckon she is the girl, my friend Rover introduced himself to, to-day."

"Bob! be still!"

"You've seen her then, have yer? Well, she's a nice 'un. There's Bill Stokes, sitting there whittling a shingle; he thinks he'll get her; but I guess he can't shine."

A tall, sturdy looking young fellow, rose from the shadow of the fire-place, and scowling revengefully at Uncle Tom, left the room, uttering something strongly resembling an oath.

A general laugh followed his exit.

"Poor feller," said the Square, "he's been a courtin' Mary Turner this two year, and if she hadn't gone off to school, he might ha got her, but now, he don't stand no chance at all."

"Verily!" remarked my classical friend, Rover, "it would be like the marriage of Venus with Vulcan."

We amused ourselves a little longer, by watching the various characters that had assembled in the little bar-room—answered the many questions which were propounded by the curious rustics, till Rover wished to retire.

"Wake us early! Uncle Tom!"

"Sartin."

"What a glorious night!" exclaimed Rover, throwing open the window of our room. "Confound Uncle Tom's youngest daughter, how my head aches! Bob! see the moonlight on the bare top of that mountain, and in the little brook! isn't it great?"

"Come to bed, Dick!"

"How strangely beautiful those driving clouds, and what curious shadows are moving over the meadows! Bob! I feel poetical. I think I could write a long poem to the maid of the forest, or the queen of the trout brook, or the nymph of the glen, or whatever you choose to call the lovely girl, that caused me to fall into the stream to-day."

"Dick! I don't clearly understand how you can have your affections occupied at the same time by her, and by Susan."

"Oh! I have a most capacious heart! but Susan! don't mention her! You've seen this Square Barlington as they call him, before to-day, have you?"

"Yes! often! he has at times been my companion in former trouting excursion."

"What a comical looking handiwork of the Great Architect he is!—gaunt—lawk—shrivelled—lantern jawed—"

"Well! well! Dick, he is *the* great man of Reads-ville, but just oblige me by quitting your rambling rhapsodies and going to sleep."

The night passed away, and we were aroused at an early hour by a wild looking boy, sent by Uncle Tom to waken us. It was yet dark and raining severely. The big drops pattered against the window panes, with a chilling cadence, while the harsh wind shook the old habitation till it tottered on its time-worn foundations.

We descended to the lower regions of the tavern, and much to our surprise were assured by Uncle Tom, that it would be the best fishing day of the season.

"Come," said he, "down with your breakfast, and let's be off—trout bite best in the morning."

At the breakfast table, Rover eyed the buxom Susan with doubtful looks askance. A most winning smile, however, visited her rosy lips, as she presented him with a cup of coffee, and my unfortunate friend was again ensnared.

"Bob!" said he, "I have come to the conclusion not to go out trouting to-day."

"Why not?"

"I don't feel first rate," replied he, glancing toward Susan.

"Ah! Dick, I understand; but you had better go. The evening—when the dew laden moonlight is shedding its voluptuous radiance over earth, is the time for love. This evening, Dick! if you wish, you can try another *smack*."

"Don't mention it! I'll go."

The green meadow, wet with rain, glistened in the morning light like a field of pearls, as duly armed and equipped, and escorted by the jolly Uncle Tom, we took our way toward the brook. The air was musical with the melody of morning songsters, and the breezing and exhilarating breeze nerved our frames, and roused our spirits almost to rapture, and enthusiasm.

"Hist!" said Uncle Tom, "boys, do you hear that splashing in the water just over that log?"

"Yes."

"What do you think it is?"

"A muskrat!"

"A bull frog!"

"No! no! that is a trout, and a large one—don't stir! I'll show him to you in a minute."

The old man's eyes lighted with a joyous interest, that would have rejoiced the heart of Izaak Walton, could he have beheld his honest countenance, as with a skilful throw, he cast the fly gently and lightly on the water directly beyond the log. Instantly the line straightened—the pole bent—

"Hurrah!" shouted Uncle Tom, as he landed a

splendid fish directly between Rover's feet. My volatile chum began to jump as if in sympathy with the trout, reminding me of the evolutions of a country dance.

"A two pounder, boys! We don't often get larger trout, short of Mud Pond."

"No," exclaimed I, "he is one of the patriarchs of the brook."

"The Methusaleh himself," shouted Dick.

Fixing our own tackle, we accompanied Uncle Tom down the brook, but though the fish were jumping in every part of the stream, the largest seemed unavoidably attracted to the old man's fly, and such was his skill that he never missed catching the trout that sprang at his hook. Rover, evidently improved in the "gentyl art," and had succeeded in landing several, when catching his hook in a snag, he broke his pole. He insisted that it was a large trout which had carried off his tackle, and that if he had caught it, it would have been the biggest one of the day.

With our baskets full of splendid fish we went up to dinner, to which we were summoned by the reverberations of a tin horn, whose echoes sounded from hill to hill, till

"Jura answered through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps which called to her aloud."

The pure air of the mountains had given us a glorious appetite, and we did full honor to the plentiful feast before us.

I lost sight of Rover soon after dinner, but not feeling very melancholy over his absence, I stretched myself out for a quiet repose. When I awoke, Rover's face was beaming upon me, lighted with a very complacent smile.

"Bob! Susan is not so homely a girl after all."

"Ah!"

"Bob! I *did* get another smack of Susan's lips, this identical afternoon."

"Did they retain the flavor of bread and butter, you noticed last night?"

"Be quiet, Bob! they were as sweet as new mown hay! fragrant as the wild honeysuckle of June!"

"Did you also receive the returning smack she bestowed so generously upon the former occasion?"

"No! she gave me a hearty kiss that almost blistered my lips, and then laughing till her voice rang like her father's old dinner horn, she vanished into the pantry, and was not again visible. But I say, Bob! we are going up to-night to see my fair maid of the forest."

"Is it time?"

"Yes, it is near sunset, and early calls are fashionable in country society."

A short time after, we were entering the neat front yard of Mr. Turner's farm house. The worthy farmer met us with outstretched hand at his door, and welcomed us heartily. He introduced us to his wife, and to his lovely daughter, whose conscious blushes betrayed her remembrance of the preceding day's adventure. We partook of the bounties of the supper table, and after the hospitable board was cleared, the old farmer and myself entered into an agricultural conversation, while my handsome friend made himself agreeable to the ladies. Mrs. Turner was matronly and intelligent looking, and Mary was, if possible,

more beautiful this evening than she had seemed the day before.

The evening passed away without any event worth narrating, except that twice in the course of our visit, I was confident I saw the dark and scowling visage of Bill Stokes pressed against the outer window of the little room, glaring frightfully upon Rover and the lovely Mary, whose merry countenances formed a strong contrast to his own passion distorted face.

"Bob!" said Rover, as we were retiring for the night; "I once had a heart, but it is gone forever, I only hope I can get another in its place."

"In love, ah! Dick! Went fishing, and got caught yourself."

"That's a true statement of the case, Bob! there is no denying the position."

"With Susan, I suppose you mean that your heart now is."

"If thou lovest me, no more o' that. I've done with Susan forever; but Mary—oh! Mary—thou flower amid the desert! thou sunbeam on the cloud! thou, thou—anything that's beautiful! Bob! why shouldn't I get married? I'm old enough—nineteen, next summer—got to the years of discretion! I'm rich enough!—don't know how much I'm worth! but any quantity of wild land in Ohio!—great state you know, and constantly increasing—expect to be rich as Cræsus by-and-bye, unless emigration ceases, or there is another flood. I'll pop the question to-morrow—know she likes me; saw it in her eye! Bob! she's going fishing to-morrow! I'll meet her by the glen, where I first saw her, you know; talk to her with tears in my eyes; tell her—I don't know what: marry her—quit college—what do I want of a diploma? settle down in Ohio, and——"

"Got through, Dick!"

"Not half—yes, I have though—you are laughing at me—never was more in earnest in my life!"

"But Bill Stokes——"

"Blast Bill Stokes, I can whip him to death in five minutes—took a hundred lessons in boxing till I gave my tutor two black eyes, and a broken nose, upon which he declared me an accomplished pugilist, and I discharged him."

"Dick, I'm going to sleep."

"So am I, to dream of Mary."

Rover was prepared early the next morning, for our fishing excursion. He hurried to the little glen, and would go no farther. I left him to his own resources, and wandered down the brook. After nearly filling my basket, I turned up the stream throwing my fly into deep pools, where I remembered having lost a trout on my way down. At length my attention was attracted by a slight rustling in the bushes over my head. Gazing up, I caught sight of the form of Bill Stokes, creeping stealthily along the ledge of rocks. He evidently had not seen me, but there was something in his attitude and manner, which at once determined me to wind up my line hastily, and follow him. Presently he stopped. I saw the blood rush over his face and neck, and my eyes followed the direction of his.

Truly, Rover had made rapid progress. Seated by the side of Mary under the shadow of a flower-covered

rock, with one of her little hands clasped in his; his head bent forward till his long curls almost blended with her own still darker ringlets, he seemed pouring his tale of love and devotion into most willing ears. The fair girl's eyes were cast downward, and I thought in the uncertain light that I could see tears trembling upon their richly fringed lids. Rover in the ardor of his pleading, ventured at length to press a kiss upon her lips. The girl started slightly, and Bill Stokes sprang like lightning from his hiding place. I had only time to give a loud warning cry to Rover, before Bill was at his side. With his teeth fiercely clenched, and his swarthy brow throbbing with intense passion, he stopped not to speak, but levelled a blow at Rover which seemingly would have felled a much larger animal than his slightly built friend. Rover with the most admirable coolness, parried the blow, and then proceeded with the most scientific adroitness to punish his rustic rival. The contest was short. A few well directed blows from Rover disabled his antagonist, who crawled away muttering vengeance, as I reached the side of the combatants.

Mary had not fainted away, as perhaps my fair readers will think would have been both appropriate and lady-like, but a deep expression of sorrow and dismay had settled upon her sweet countenance, and she seemed more beautiful than ever through her rapidly falling tears.

We attended her to her father's gate, and walked on to Uncle Tom's in silence. When we were again alone, Rover sat for a while in deep thought. At length a merry smile stole over his features, and he exclaimed—

"Bob, I reckon Stokes will want more satisfaction still. What do you think?"

"I would keep an eye on him; there is a good deal of revenge in his composition, and a jealous lover is the deadliest foe in the world."

For several days longer, we amused ourselves after our own inclinations. Rover with the confidence of his manly nature, gave me each night a minute detail of his progress in the affections of the mountain maid.

"Oh! she is an angel," he said. "How lovely she was to-night! In the soft light of the May moon, we sat in the little garden bower, and I fancied we were in Paradise. She told me to-night that she loved me, and hung her own sweet miniature around my neck, see it rests just over my heart. Methinks I see in futurity my happy Western home, on the shores of Erie. My own fair Mary, the light of my heart, and home!"

"Suppose we go to sleep, Dick."

"Oh! insensible clod!—sleep *thou*, while I talk to the moon, and whisper my love to the stars."

The next morning at an early hour we started for "Mud Pond," a most beautiful lake, with a most unromantic name, on the very summit of one of the Green Mountain ranges.

It was a toilsome ascent of four miles, but even one view of it well repaid the exertion. It is a wild romantic place, where now and then, a solitary deer gazes at his antlers in the mountain mirror, and a roving bear still growls a dirge in memory of his departed progenitors. It is surrounded on all sides by

large pine and hemlock trees, which cast their sombre shadows far down into the dim depths of the wild lake, trembling fanciful with every light wind that sweeps through their sighing boughs. We cast loose the little boat, and rowed gently out to the centre of the pond. We found it filled with noble trout, and the day passed rapidly away. It was late in the afternoon. I was sitting in the bow of the boat, while Rover was guardedly pulling in a large trout. My eye wandered carelessly over the dark shores, and was at length arrested by a moving form, under the shadow of a huge pine.

"Dick," I cried, "there is a Green Mountain bear."

"Ah!" said he, "well, this is a Green Mountain trout; a five pound fish I think, Bob," and he disengaged it from the hook, and threw it into the stern of the boat. "Now," continued he, "where's your bear?"

Rover straightened himself, and gazed earnestly in the direction toward which I pointed.

At that moment, the loud clear, report of a rifle rang through the woods—startling the shrill echoes of the high lands with fearful distinctness.

Rover uttered a low cry, and fell heavily into the lake. I heard a shout of exultation on the shore, and the dark spot vanished from under the pine. Even in the unnatural echoes of that fiendish shout, I recognized the voice of Bill Stokes.

As Rover rose to the surface of the water, I seized him by the arm, and drew him carefully into the boat. He was insensible, and breathed heavily, and I saw no signs of blood any where about his person. I rowed to the shore as rapidly as possible, and proceeded to examine the condition of Rover. I opened his vest, and loosened his neckcloth, during which process, he revived sufficiently to unclothe his eyes, ask where he was, and again relapse into insensibility, with the remark,

"Curious bear, that, Bob."

He speedily came to again, and upon examination we found the rifle ball was deeply buried in the little miniature of Mary, which she had so lately presented to him. Strangely enough, not a feature of the portrait was injured, but, above the flattened bullet, beamed forth the same sweet face, which had won the heart of Rover, for its own.

"Blessed angel!" he cried, "now thou art doubly mine."

Rover had escaped with a severe bruise only, which rendered his walk down the mountain painful and tedious.

We had no hesitation in relating the occurrence in presence of Uncle Tom, and the loungers of his bar-room.

"Wal, now!" said Square Barlington, "that ar, I guess, accounts for what old John Stokes told me just now. The old man felt bad, I tell yer. 'Look a here,' says he to me, 'see this ere note.' I took it and it read, 'good-bye, dad! I'm off on a whaling voyage.' Now, I guess, we can put this, and that together, and come pretty near to the identical rascal that shot at that young fellow, and that ar's Bill Stokes."

The Squire was evidently delighted with his acuteness in putting things together. He drew up his

semi-circular form almost to erectness, and gave a peculiar slap of the hand upon his thigh, which proclaimed his self-satisfaction. He was not, moreover, without a shrewd suspicion of the reason why Bill Stokes shot at Rover, for he whispered to me—

"The boy is sure on her *now*, any way."

Richard Rover's character was that manly straight forward nature which always led him to adopt the most open and direct course in all his acts. Before we left Readsville, he had made proposals both to father and daughter. The lovely Mary had but one word to say, and it may be remarked by the reader, that throughout all this long and eventful history this is the only one she has uttered that the author has chosen to give to the public ear. Perchance my friend Rover could tell you of a hundred sweet sayings that had fallen from her rosy lips, like the pearls from the lips of the fair Oriental fable, but as for me, I do love a lady that says only a few words, and those very pleasant ones.

The word the gentle Mary gently whispered in the ear of Rover was "*yes*."

The reply of Mr. Turner was characteristic not only of himself, but of the American nature.

"My young friend," said he calmly, "I will not hesitate to say that I like you much. You are somewhat wild, and I guess rather slighty, but you are a good honest boy, and one of that kind that always makes good man in the end. Now, Mary is my only child, and she is as good a one as any father need ask, but if you only answer one question right, you shall have her. Mr. Rover, *what are your politics?*"

Poor Rover! he had no politics. It was the last thing he had ever thought of bestowing attention upon. Politics! he despised them—hated them. Had he been asked his opinions in religion, science, art, poetry, general literature, or even mathematics, he might have found a ready answer. But something must be done.

"Ahem! Mr. Turner, yes, sir, politics! yes, sir—well, sir! my father is a whig, but my mother's

family are all democratic. I've got two uncles who are whigs, and one who is a democratic member of Congress, and four aunts who aint anything particular except old maids. Both my grandfathers were Revolutionary soldiers, and voted for George Washington, and—and——"

"Never mind, Mr. Rover, what are your own politics?"

"Mine, yes, sir," and Rover anxiously watched the countenance of Mr. Turner, for some light upon that gentleman's politics, but in vain: not a muscle of that calm countenance moved.

"My politics, sir? why I'm not twenty-one yet."

Mr. Turner laughed, and said, "very well, Mr. Rover, I have made up my mind, that Mary, if she marries any body, must marry a good, sound ——."

"What?" said Rover, jumping to his feet, "I'm one of 'em any way—in fact, Mr. Turner, my politics are undecided; but, but, I 'am open to conviction.'"

It would be unnecessary to state that Mr. Turner soon joined his consent to that of his daughter, for in addition to making Rover his son-in-law, he had the almost equal pleasure of also making him a good, sound ——, and from thenceforth Rover was an eager and violent politician, having adopted his position from the highest motives of principle and patriotism.

Rover could not obtain Mr. Turner's assent to their immediate marriage, or he would gladly have given Squire Barlington a little business to do "in the way o' marryin'," but he was compelled to return to college, where he had yet two long years of study to pass, before he would be entitled to the honors of graduation. In little more than a year, however, Rover had so far won upon the old man's heart, that he permitted the marriage, on condition that Rover should notwithstanding finish his collegiate course.

Years afterward I saw Rover and his wife, in their pleasant home on the shores of Erie. He had not changed his politics, nor his love for the maid of the forest. He was happy—shall we not leave him thus?

LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

"What though the world has whispered thee 'Beware!'
Thou dost not dream of change." ROBERT MORRIS.

"WHERE are you bound, Lillian? To the Springs?"

"Springs, indeed! No such good news, Mabelle! but back, back into the woods—to rusticate till next October. Papa is inexorable—and I in despair. Not a soul but pa and ma, Alfred and Helen, who are worse than nobody! Quiet, contented and happy! completely wrapped up in contemplation of that blissful period when she shall become the wife of the Hon. James R——. Horrid creature he is, by the way—I do wonder what Nell can see to like in him!"

"Poor Lilly! you are in a sad way, to be sure—and no wonder, dissipating so through the winter. Your cheeks are pale, your spirits low, your figure entirely too slender for health or beauty; and I join with your father in thinking a quiet sojourn in the shady groves of Ashly the very best thing for you. It will do you a world of good—restore life and health, and give you a renewed relish for society. Why, when you come back in the fall, it will be a new thing again."

"But only think, Cousin Mary, how lonesome I shall be! not a soul to talk to—nobody to play or sing for, or to walk or ride with—dismal!" and Lillian raised her dark eyes tragically.

"Beware, *Enfant!*" rejoined Cousin Mary; "really I would not own that I had so few inward resources for making time pass agreeably."

Lillian blushed at the rebuke, yet seemed half inclined to resent it; for a half-uttered *but* lingered on her lips.

"But——"

But the truth was, Lillian was a "spoiled child of fortune," (that is the phrase, I believe,) who had stepped from the school-room into *belledom* undisputed; and it *was* rather hard to leave the gay circle who professed to be dying for her smiles, for a quiet retreat in the country, and mope, (as the girl expressed it,) the bright summer months away.

Let me describe Lillian at Ashly—not as she appeared when she stepped wearily from the carriage, after a long day's journey, but the next morning, when she rose early, and putting aside the snowy curtains from her chamber window, looked out on the lawn—fresh, dewy, brimming with music and fragrance—and listened to the fall of waters, and the pleasant bubbling of streams. Joyous in spite of herself, she threw up the sash, and leaned far out, drinking in eagerly the morning freshness, till a bright color peeped through her wan cheek, and her long, raven tresses, damp and heavy, curled more closely around her high, white brow.

"Lilly, dear, do come down—it is so delightful," called Helen, from the lawn, looking up with rosy

cheeks and beaming eyes. "Oh! *do* come—it will do you a world of good"—and Lillian withdrew from the window to make a hasty toilette, wondering the while at the marvellous power which had converted her love-lorn sister into the gay little chatterbox, whose tongue was still going merrily on the lawn below.

"I do believe every one in the house is up, from pa to Alfred, the sleepy little imp, whom you must shake for an hour in town to get him out of his nest;" and seizing her sun-bonnet, Lillian ran out of the room, slamming the door in her haste with a violence which brought papa to the stairs, to find out the cause of the riot.

"Good morning, *l'azy* one!" and he lifted the girl in his arms, and regardless of her cries at his new mode of treatment, marched out of the house, nor stopped till he had deposited her, far on the lawn, where the grass was high and wet, and no means of getting back but by travelling through it.

"Oh, papa," and Lillian's dark eyes glistened, "what shall I do? I shall get wet through! my feet!" and the *pauvre Enfant*, as Cousin Mary had called her, lifted first one dainty foot and then the other, in dismay.

"French slippers!" exclaimed papa. "Oh, command me to a city-bred maiden!"

"Why, what can I wear, pa? Gaiters are so tiresome to put on."

"Why boots, to be sure—high, double-soled boots! and then we shall see you inhaling this healthful air without wet feet, or all those tears," he added, rather sarcastically, finishing with a smile, however, as poor Lillian fairly sobbed aloud. "Come, my best child, let me deliver you;" and tenderly he bore back the petted maiden, who, once more on *terra firma*, wiped her eyes, and ended the morning's performance by a hysterical fit of laughing.

An hour afterward, while the girls were still lingering in the breakfast-room, Mr. Ashly entered hastily, equipped for a journey.

"Give me one of your slippers, Lillian—I am going to the village, and shall see that you are provided with something more substantial than those papery things."

Lillian handed over the tiny shoe somewhat reluctantly.

"Now, papa, please don't bring me a great, clumsy pair—for if they do not fit, I am sure I shall not disfigure myself with wearing them!"

"Never mind looks here, darling. You shall wear them, if they are as long as mine," he added, laughingly extending his foot.

Poor Lillian! she fairly left the room in a huff.

"Such notions! I declare it is too bad—I wish was far away!"

But papa brought home such a darling little pair of morocco boots; that even Lillian was quite satisfied with them; delighted to see how the perfect contour of her instep was thereby displayed; and almost regretting that only pa, and ma, and Helen could have the benefit of its beauty.

So, what with the boots, and riding, and walking, and boating, time passed quite tolerably for two weeks, despite the absence of the "lords of creation." Lillian's appetite, too, was—shocking! Papa said she might be taken for a ploughboy—and the girl, blushing, determined to put herself upon allowance immediately.

"Well, Lilly, dear," said Mr. Ashly, entering the parlor one evening with a letter in his hand, "if you still want company, your desires are about to be gratified. Gerald Levis is coming from West Point, to spend a month here. I wrote for him when I first came, but as there was some uncertainty about leave of absence, I thought I would not mention it till we were quite sure. But what is the matter, now?" for Lillian had risen with a sudden motion, which partook greatly of the nature of a flounce; and her red lip was put up with a decided pout.

"Papa! Gerald Levis! a mere boy—oh, dear, *such* company!"

"Have you seen Gerald Levis lately, Miss?" exclaimed Mr. Ashly, more vexed than he cared to conceal.

"Why, not very lately, papa," faltered Lillian—"but I know he is young, and of course he will expect to be entertained, and—oh, I do *wish* he would not come!" she exclaimed again, forgetful of her father's anger as her fears returned.

"Nonsense, Lillian! Why he is full twenty, and gay as a lark—and very handsome—all you have got to do is to be civil. I won't call on you to entertain him, but if he does not find more amusement for you than you have had for a twelvemonth, why, I'll send him back again. As to his age, that is all a humbug. Pray, how old are you, Lady Lill? Eighteen next October, if I recollect rightly; and so you see, your gentleman is not so far behind you as you imagine."

"But, papa, a man, to be agreeable, should be ten years older than a woman, at least."

"Indeed? Pray, where learned you that profound logic?"

"From experience."

"Experience! Ah, ha! I like the experience of a girl of seventeen, who has had one winter in general society. Experience!" and papa laughed—his own peculiar, sarcastic laugh—which invariably finished the conversation. A laugh like that was a ticklish thing, when repeated

CHAPTER II.

"He comes—the conquering hero comes!"

How high and light was the heart of Gerald Levis, when he sprang from the stage at B—, and leaving his luggage in charge of an obliging countryman, bent his steps toward Ashly, the beautiful country-seat of the family.

"Ashly—Ashly!" he said to himself—"Lillian Helen! I remember them both—such frolicsome girls—and I was not much better. I wonder if they are changed. I am—not much, though, after all!" and his forefinger wandered to his upper lip, and smoothing the budding mustache there, with much satisfaction, he resumed his meditations.

"Lillian, Lillian—" his thoughts rather seemed to wander that way. Very foolish in the boy! yet one should not chide. It is a natural propensity we have, to single out and create for ourselves those dreams which prove but dreams. So the young cadet walked on with a quick, elastic step, whose rapidity still fell far behind his thoughts; his large blue eyes brimming with hope and joy, and the sunshiny future.

"Lillian, Gerald is come!" exclaimed Helen Ashly, bounding into her room. "He passed the carriage on the way. Was'nt it foolish not to wait for it? Mamma says, come down."

"Pshaw!"

Lillian was dreaming; seated on a low ottoman, with her hands crossed upon her knees, and her dark hair falling over her beautiful face.

Nobody likes, or *liked* to be interrupted in the fancies of dreamy seventeen; hence the girl's vexed exclamation—hence, perhaps, her cold, almost haughty salutation to the ardent Gerald, as she entered the room with the stately grace befitting her style.

Bowing slightly to the astonished cadet, with scarce the semblance of a smile, she passed from the circle, and seated herself on the broad, low window-seat—her head concealed by the drapery, her small fingers diligently employed in ravelling the fringes thereof. Now and then, when the breeze swept through the room, and stirred the curtains, her exquisitely chiseled mouth was disclosed, with the full, round lips; and one snowy shoulder half veiled by the rich curls of her raven hair. But that was all—through the long afternoon she sat there silent; maybe listening, maybe pursuing the dream from which Helen's voice had aroused her.

Mr. Ashly was too well acquainted with Lillian's "whims and oddities" to interfere where he knew he should make bad worse; and so matters remained in *statu quo* till the bell for tea disturbed the rather sleepy circle, and with a feeling of relief, Gerald rose to follow the ladies from the room.

Still Lillian moved not. Gerald sprang to the window.

"Will you allow me?" he said, proffering his arm with winning confidence; and raising her eyes in surprise, almost without a thought, Lillian found herself following in the wake of the rest, with her hand within his arm.

Papa smiled mischievously—placed Gerald directly opposite to her, and the proud maiden withdrew within herself again, nor glanced round the table till the meal was almost finished, and then it was to find that though talking playfully with Helen, Gerald's large eyes were fixed on herself, in unequivocal admiration. With a blush in which as much anger as embarrassment was mingled, Lillian returned his gaze almost with an air of defiance. Poor child! it was waste of power; for the saucy stripling moved

not his eyes, and something which bore no small resemblance to a smile parted his finely-cut lips. That "capped the climax." Lillian rose suddenly—pushed back her chair in a passion, and flung herself out of the room. Placid Mrs. Ashly raised her eyes in amazement; and there were various exclamations of wonder and surprise: Papa alone smiled ironically, and gave attendance to that low, sarcastic laugh, which reaching Lillian's ears, her cup brimmed, and throwing herself on the bed, she wept bitterly; and with that bitterness mingled a wish for revenge against Gerald, the innocent author of all.

"Boy! bold!—audacious!" she cried, contemptuously—and yet as she uttered her thoughts aloud, some softer feeling whispered, "but he is *very* beautiful!" and a memory of those winning, tender, almost womanly eyes, and that broad, unstained brow, with its curls of gold, came up before her, and she wondered why she had to chide her wayward heart so often, and murmur, "be true—be true to thyself!"

Poor Lillian! We have not presented a very amiable heroine to you, dear reader, but all are not perfect—to give utterance to an *original* idea, and the fair girl, after all, had a "good heart;" and her faults were rather those of circumstance than nature. That this was the case was proved by the overweening love which all bore her who became in any way connected with her. Even papa, though sparing not her faults himself, illy brooked the interference of others, and Alfred, her little brother, was bound up in her; and he alone shared her confidence. Share, it is true, for the girl was not of a temper to intrust others with the keys to her heart; but Alfred guarded proudly and with miserly care what from circumstances became his.

He stood now without her chamber door and plead for entrance. And when Lillian rose and admitted him, she hid not her swollen face and disordered dress from his loving eyes, but bending her head upon his shoulder, gave free course to her grief.

He was silent for a long time—then he whispered, putting back tenderly as he spoke the dangled hair from her fevered cheek.

"Dear Lillian, you mustn't cry so—what has happened? Who has hurt you? Has papa been——"

"Papa? no—not him! but—oh, Alfred, *don't* you wish that hateful Gerald Levis had never come here?"

"Why, I thought he was *nice*, Lilly! but—but if you don't like him—why, I don't," replied the boy, quickly, eager to prove his devotion.

"*Don't* like him, Alf! that's a dear boy. I hate him. He laughed at me—creature!"

"Laughed at you, Lilly?" (the boy's eyes were as bright now with anger as even his sister could wish.) At you?" and he muttered a few schoolboy phrases, expressive of his passion and intentions of revenge.

"Hush, hush, Alfred! don't use those bad words, dear, don't!" putting her little hand over his mouth.

"But he laughed at you!" repeated the boy, than which no crime could be greater, and his eyes sparkled again.

"You must not look so, Alfred. See, I do not like him more than you—but I do not look so fierce and

passionate. I hide that, you see—and shall only let him *guess* my feelings by my manner. I shall be polite because he is a *guest*, you know—a man, too, and I am a woman—understand? I want you to do as you see me do—do not go to saying bad words, and making rude speeches, but treat him proudly—like a man! Why you are almost as much of a one now as he!" and the boy left the room with a stately dignity which might have commanded admiration in maturity, revolving as he went the various ways by which he should make the young cadet sensible of his scorn.

Poor Gerald! things were going wrong all round; and fate seemed wickedly conspiring to strew his path with thorns, and make his visit the reverse of the glowing picture, which had beguiled his solitary walk from the village to Ashly.

Two or three days passed away very pleasantly, notwithstanding the absence of Lillian, who was invisible, except at meals, and then cold and reserved to a degree that effectually checked all advances Gerald made toward acquaintance.

"Does not your sister go with us?" he inquired one morning of little Alfred, sauntering away from the carriage, which was drawn up before the house, and seeming to forget that there were ladies waiting his assistance.

"No—she don't!" replied the boy, surlily.

"Why not? Why does she seclude herself so? I am dying to see her," he added, with boyish frankness.

"That's more than she is!" cried Alfred, surprised out of his reserve.

"What?" said Gerald, turning on his heel suddenly, and ceasing to strip the long willow saplings of their leaves. "What did she say?"

"Nothing," replied the child, moodily, quailing—but for a moment beneath the searching gaze of his companion.

"Nothing? But you did say something! what was it? Say it again!" and Gerald placed his hand on the child's shoulder, and wheeled him round toward him.

The boy flung off the rude grasp angrily, and looked up boldly.

"Sister hates you! She despises you! and she bid me do the same! and I do! And she says I am as much of a man now as you. Do you want to know more, now?"

For a moment only the bright face of Gerald was overshadowed, and the storm-cloud trembled on the surface of his clear, glad eyes; then it sank to their fathomless depths, and with a light, mocking smile, and a prolonged contemptuous whistle, he turned on his heel, and left the boy to seek his sister, and relate what had happened.

Lillian was piqued. She did not say so—she did not look so—but what else could have brought the young lady down stairs that evening, attired so carefully, so becoming? And when the riding party returned toward dusk, tired and heated, Lillian, like a "spirit of coolness," was there to greet them. A much more gracious bow than her wont did she give the young cadet; but he returned it with a polite

indifference, that brought the angry blood to her temples—the more that she marked the roguish curl of his lip, which he seemed at no pains to conceal.

The cadet's visit was likely to afford excitement, if nothing else.

They retired to bathe and dress. Gerald was the first to leave the room, the last to return; and then he flew, rather than walked toward the window where Helen was seated. She laughed gaily, gave him a skein of silk to hold, and chatted with him with that freedom peculiar to an engaged or married woman, who aware and secure of her position, fears no misconstructions.

Gerald led her out to tea—placed himself at her feet on their return—seemingly unaware that a fairer and a younger sister was present.

Papa and mamma had sauntered out for a walk. Lillian was glad that they were not present to witness her humiliation, for such she felt it. She took her customary seat in the window and watched, though she seemed to be reading, the proceedings near her.

"Will you not play for me?" said Gerald. Helen took her seat at the piano, and Gerald bent over her, and selected passionate songs, and talked in a low, subdued tone, just inaudible to Lillian, who beat impatiently the rich carpet beneath her tiny foot.

It was very like a flirtation; and when Helen had resumed her seat, she said,—

"Did you not say, Gerald," (*how familiar!* thought Lillian,) "that you sung to the guitar?"

"I did."

"Then sing for me."

Gerald threw the broad, blue ribbon over his shoulder, and seating himself at the lady's feet, poured forth a flood of melody which brought the tears to Helen's calm eyes, fixing the while his passionate gaze upon her face, till the betrothed playfully laid her small white hand on the transparent lids, and pressed them down chidingly. To Lillian, who saw but the action, it seemed an acknowledgment of his power; and as she had sat sighing through the sweet strain, now her slender frame was convulsed with passion, and her small fingers locked till it seemed as if they would never unclose again. Footsteps and voices were near—she could not brook interruption now, and she rose to leave the room; but her light footfall was tottering and unsteady, and her sister looked up, and started to her feet.

"Lillian is ill, Gerald! do you not see?" and she clung to one arm, and Lillian felt him grasp the other, and lift her in his, and place her on the sofa, and then withdraw, giving place to her parents; and then she knew no more till she woke, and found herself lying upon her own snowy bed, with mamma and Helen beside her.

Ah! he might be but a boy in years—Gerald Levis, but his heart was that of a wily, practised man! Whether taught thus early by passion or not, he had that *heart-love* which only experience is supposed to give; and when alone, from the depths of his strange eyes, there gleamed out his strong purpose and thoughts of triumph.

Up and down the moonlit balcony he paced one

night, when all had retired, and gave free utterance to his anger.

"To be shunned by that proud girl! But she will not do it always! there *is* a way to her heart! who shall say I have not found it—who, indeed?" and his dark eye glittered defiance.

Presently he broke out again, with curling lip—

"She *will* love me—she cannot help it—it is the first time she has seen another preferred, and it maddened her—and through her madness I lead her at pleasure. Hate me, forsooth? Boy, am I? Ah, ha!"

In those last few words Gerald comprised all his annoyance and his purpose; and hours, and days, and weeks went on, and every hour, and day, and week Gerald clapped his hands joyously, and gazing at the unconscious girl through his long lashes, murmured, "victory—victory!"

But, take care, Gerald Levis! hearts are dangerous playthings! thou mayest wrap pride about thee as a garment, yet find in years to come a worm at the root of thine *own* happiness.

CHAPTER III.

With life, young life, in its rich, full flush,
When the warming blood doth quickly rush—
The sun brightly shines all the livelong day,
The zephyrs of fortune sportively play;
But the sun will fade, and clouds draw nigh;
The light playing zephyrs mournfully sigh;
Gay youth will float with hope down the stream,
And our springtime moments pass as a dream.

The following winter Helen Ashly became a wife. "Through faith," her husband said playfully: "if I had believed all the reports of your desperate flirtation with Gerald Levis, I should have delivered you over to his tender mercies. But I knew you too well, sweet lady, mine—faith was my shield."

"But," replied the fair bride, with quiet archness, "I assure you I did flirt desperately, disbelief to the contrary; and had the precocious gentleman on his knees more than once, as Lilly can testify. But then, my liege, it was only benevolence toward the youth; for Lillian took such a mortal dislike to him that she would have naught to do with him; and he had like to have been devoured with envy, but for me. Come, now, give me credit for rare good-nature! I fancy he came out from his lesson a more dangerous subject than ever. Ah, he is destined to break more hearts than one in this bright world—is he not, Lillian?"

"Why do you ask Lillian, who professes to despise him?"

"Because I wanted you to see what a superb way Lilly has of curling her lip. But I don't believe she heard me—did you, Lilly? for you look so pale and indifferent to everything. Isn't the world bright enough for thee, sweet sis? Then wait, till we get to New York, and then it will not be my fault if you regain not your roses."

And so amidst light and joyous conversation, the bridal party embarked for the great city—where was the husband's residence.

"I have only one relative to introduce to you, my wife," said Mr. Raymond, "an orphan niece from the South. She is my pet, and will be yours, next to Lillian; for she is so young, and lovely, and innocent!"

and entering life, needs protection. You will love her, will you not?"

And Helen not only promised for herself, but enlisted the interest of her romantic sister; and Mr. Raymond, with a heart full of love and pride, introduced his fair relation to his bride.

Lushee Raymond was not to be called beautiful—but there was that in her large, shy, fawn-like eyes, which went straight to the hearts of those who came near her; and those eyes, and her full, rounded, yet fragile figure never failed to win attention, which ended in admiration, or a species of fascination.

Singularly accomplished and strangely graceful, Lillian might have feared rivalry, but that vanity slept in the girl's sick heart.

Coming as the bride of a distinguished man, bright and gay was the circle thrown open to the gentle Helen, and her beautiful wards commanded no mean degree of homage.

"Come, Lillian—are you not ready?" said Helen, going into her sister's room one evening, "goodness, child, I have sent James off with Lushee, wondering what under Heaven kept you so long—and here you are sitting as though it were seven, instead of near ten. Lillian, you do try me beyond everything!"

Helen stopped—for tears were trickling through Lillian's slender fingers, and a low, choking sob smote her ear.

"My sister—my dear sister, forgive me! I did not know that aught ailed you—tell me, what is it! can I do nothing for you?"

The girl shook her head, dashed away the quickcoming tears, and said—

"Only let me stay at home to-night—I am low-spirited, and wish so much for quiet."

"I hardly know, Lilly, dear, how that will do. Mrs. Gordon made such a point of your being there. And you know the young lieutenant?" she added, attempting playfulness. "To think of that boy, Gerald, obtaining promotion so soon! he is no ordinary person. Better set your cap for him, Lilly—it may not be too late yet."

It was a bitter curl that ruffled Lillian's proud lip; and she answered petulantly—

"Oh, no—I'll leave that for Lushee"—and then she continued, more calmly, "did Lushee look pretty to-night? How was she dressed?"

"Exquisitely! I never saw her look so well! with that beautiful dress—"

"Never mind, Nelly. I will go, I believe, if it is not too late?"

"Oh, no—not if you are expeditious. Let me do your hair; the simpler the better."

"In that case I am the best hand," replied Lillian; and she gathered her superb hair in one large woeft at the back of her small head, drawing it down simply over the marble brow and "pearl round ear," entwining a few bright fuschias in the rich mass.

"There—that will do charmingly! now dress quickly," said Helen, and in ten minutes more the snowy laco robe was floating like a cloud around Lillian's perfect form, and they were whirling toward the scene of the night's gay revel.

How proudly she sat that evening, the centre of an

admiring crowd—beauteous Lillian! with her dark and haughty eyes, and her pale, cold brow—with the smile, and the jest, and the song on her red lip, and her sparkling laugh ringing out the tale of her heart's lightness—beautiful Lillian!

To and fro paced the crowd around her—stopping here and there—laughing, flirting and sauntering, and beyond whistled merrily the dancers in wild circles; and beyond—beyond—in the still, pale moonlight, where the spicy breath of orange trees kissed the calm air—paced to and fro a pair of lovers—she with her gazelle eyes drooping to the ground—he with his large blue orbs hovering over hers, and his lips parted, and breathing to her heart a new, clear life. She, resting her small, white hand upon his arm timidly, listening to and joying in "love's young dream."

And Lillian, between the smile, and the jest, and the laugh, watching the flowing sweep of a white dress through the shrubbery, murmured, "oh, Lushee!" and marking the gleam of a bright epaulette, sighed, "lost Gerald!"

"How slowly the carriage moves!" said Lillian, when they were returning home.

"Why, Lilly, you are dreaming! we are fairly flying—and so we should be, at this time in the morning—too bad!"

And Lushee Raymond sunk back among the cushions in one corner, murmuring to herself, "I'm sure we are going very, very fast"—for the carriage was bearing her away from love and happiness. She stepped dreamily from the vehicle, and sought her apartment to desert it the next moment, and throw herself, weeping for joy, upon Lillian's bosom.

"Oh, Lillian—Lillian!"

"What, Lushee?" Lillian strove hardly for composure—her voice trembled very slightly, and she bent calmly over the fair girl, who lay with her arms twined round her waist, so lovingly.

"I am so happy! for—"

"I know it, Lushee; I can guess all."

"No, darling, not all; unless you—" and she raised her bright eyes, and looked full in the pale, proud face above her.

"Unless what?"

"You also have loved, and been beloved."

"Nay, then, I will confess my inability to sympathise, but I will try to," she added, hurriedly, as though afraid that Lushee would say more.

But the girl's thoughts were off on another track, and she burst forth about Gerald, and of course his perfections, till Lillian, smiling over a breaking heart, gently unclasped the round, dimpled arms from about her, and bade her go to rest.

"To rest, Lilly? That very sentence shows how ignorant you are of such happiness as mine," cried the girl, reproachfully—kissing her passionately, however, and gliding away to watch, and wait for morning and love again.

CHAPTER IV.

SUMMER had come again, and Ashley was once more tenanted. The old walls rung with many voices,

and up and down, and to and fro glided the young and gay; for a large party had assembled to spend the last summer of her maiden life with Lushee Raymond—sweet Lushee, who was to be married in September.

The bridegroom, too, was there. He was a high, proud being, half man, half boy. Over his glad, blue eyes had come a change not to be described, only felt. And the power and the will to rule was enshrined on his brow and lip—with a shade of sadness, perhaps, that was dashed away the next moment, leaving you in doubt as to its reality.

And Lillian Ashly—she met him always with a light, mocking, defiant air, that seemed to laugh at his power—and then she would glance around scornfully, as if to proclaim her victory over her unworthy heart, forgetting that none knew her secret.

But one night, when all the company was gay and happy—it was the night before the party was to break up—Lillian could bear it no longer, but stole silently out, and bent her burning gaze—not on the Heavens, where God and peace looked down, but on the calm, quiet earth, where her idol was—where her hopes were gathered up—gathered up, did I say? Alas! where they were rent—oh, so ruthlessly! and scattered so hopelessly!

Alone—alone! only the blue Heaven's starry eyes smiling on her misery—only the moon folding her chill, pale garment over her!

"Lillian!"

"I am coming—coming. Who called me? Yes, coming to you, mother in Heaven! oh, why leave me the dark vale to tread alone?"

"Lillian!"

Does the night wind whisper that way? So thrillingly—yet so coldly—yet so passionately?

"Oh, mother, mother, come to me! for I cannot find you—here, oh, my mother!" and with raised voice Lillian sobbed, and stretched out her feeble arms.

A step—and the flash of an epaulette—and *he*, (she knew him *very* well,) sat down on the damp earth beside her.

She should, perhaps, have smiled—have laughed—have congratulated—but she was mute, waiting for the last bitter drop. She essayed to rise; how his strong grasp re-seated her! His hand was on her ebbing pulse, his breath on her pale lips.

"Lillian!" he said, "a year ago—think—a year ago you spurned me. But do you spurn me now? Speak, Lillian! You must know? Do not struggle from me."

She ceased to struggle, but looked up in his face.

"Taunts, Gerald Levis? Ah, do not speak so bitterly. Are you not content? There has been no joy for me—and you know it! and yet I have suffered quietly—have died a thousand deaths, yet 'made no sign!' why seek me out to triumph?"

"Triumph! aye, that is it, Lillian." He laughed bitterly. "Said I not that you should one day rue your pride?"

She was still again; but the bright beams of a full moon fell on her marble face—so rigid in its tearless agony—and on the white hands pressed convulsively upon her breaking heart.

He gazed upon her, and all sternness passed. He seized her hand passionately.

"Oh, Lillian, Lillian!" he cried, "what have you done? How *could* you work all this misery? Break two fond hearts so lightly? Yes, two!" (for she made a movement of dissent) "yours and mine! I know you love me, Lillian—I knew it long ago, but it was too late. Nay, Lillian, do not shrink and tremble, now. I act the scornful part no more—forgive me; those taunts were cruel and ungenerous; but the serpent, Lillian! did you ever feel its sting?"

She was weeping, now—upon her knees—and striving for those words which she knew must be said.

He wound his arms around her, and strove to draw her toward him. Oh, Lillian, make one last effort, brave heart.

She did. She put him back, and rose. Slowly, firmly, the words passed her lips.

"Gerald, God in Heaven has parted our lot in life. You are plighted—it would break Lushee's heart if she knew this. Oh, Gerald, rouse thee to duty; remember the vows you have vowed. Go, go—we must meet no more. Dost thou not see that?" and Lillian, raising her streaming eyes to the quiet Heavens, where God and peace looked down, prayed to forget her idol.

"I am going, Lillian." He was calm, now, but the weight of years had rolled over his brow. "You have cast me from you—nay, Lillian, look not so reproachfully; I blame you not—I respect—revere you. Will you forgive me? I only was to blame at the last."

She laid her hand in his, frankly, confidently; for through his clear eyes looked forth his better angel.

"But one word, Gerald. Lushee—dear Lushee—she has not sinned. She must not suffer; oh, remember her purity, her truth."

Her hand was dropped, and he stood back—struggling, wrestling with himself. Oh, good angel, desert him not—keep near.

"You will never let her suspect you do not love her, Gerald?"

"I will not, God helping me. Be at peace, Lillian."

"I will pray for you, Gerald."

"Ah, Lillian, the cup which is passing from you, to me is just offered."

"Think not of the past. This I entreat—this I bid you—but forward—and watch and pray. Tell me once more that you will."

"I will."

"God bless you. Then farewell—farewell."
He was gone.

CHAPTER V

"She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."
ALDRICH.

HUSH! tread softly, for a soul is passing into eternity.

It is Lushee Raymond. A year had elapsed since we last saw her, during all which she had been slowly perishing by consumption. At first the wedding had

been put off for a month, then for three, and then for an indefinite period. She is now dying, but she is not unhappy; for Gerald, who has been sent for, sits beside her, holding her hand in his, and weeping; he has been true to his promise to Lillian, and never, not for one moment, has Lushee suspected that he loves another.

Lillian, too, is there, moving about the chamber like a ministering angel. She has seen little of Gerald since their parting a year before; and this meeting has been something of a trial for her; but she has learned to lean less on her own pride of heart, and more on a higher source, and has triumphed. At Lushee's dying request she has come to be with her. She met Gerald with composed mein, thanks to the efficacy of prayer.

It is a calm, summer evening, and the sweet, fragrant air—for it is the country—steals in through the casement, and fans the hot cheek of the sufferer.

"Raise me up," said Lushee, faintly.

Gerald softly supported her in his arms, while Lillian arranged the pillows under her. Lushee smiled on both, oh, how kindly.

The rustle of the trees, the murmur of running waters, the birds chirping in the hedges, and other sweet, rural sounds flooded in, until the room was full of holy music. Just then a distant church bell tolled for the evening service. The low, musical sound seemed to her a call from Heaven.

"When another day comes round," said Lushee, "and you hear that vesper bell again, I shall be no more among you. But I die happy. It is only at parting from you, Gerald, that I grieve. Yet it is all for the best.

She stopped, for her breath grew shorter and shorter, and she had to pause to recover herself. Soon she resumed—

"Don't weep, Gerald," she said, "nor you, Lillian. I am not fit for a world like this, and it is better I should go hence. We shall all meet in Heaven."

"Dear Lushee," sobbed Lillian: she could not say more.

Gerald turned his face away, and sobbed audibly.

"I have something to ask of you, Gerald," said Lushee, after awhile, and when all were more composed. "It has been on my mind ever since I have been lying here. It is about your marrying again. I wish that you and Lillian could love each other. I often wondered you never did. I am sure you would make each other happy."

She stopped, and looked from one to another.

Tears were raining down the cheeks of Lillian, but she did not look at Gerald; her eyes were fixed on her dying friend. Gerald, too, regarded only Lushee.

"You are both here," said the dying angel, "and can answer me? Lillian, I know, loves no one; and you, Gerald, will you not obey me?" and she looked from one to the other.

For an instant the eyes of Gerald and Lillian met, and a thrill, a strange thrill, awfully solemn, yet not bitter, went to the hearts of each. Then their gaze rested on Lushee. She had seen their mutual glance, she had, indeed, directed it: and now a happy smile broke over her countenance as she joined their hands.

"May you be happy, dear Lillian," she said. "And, Gerald, be true to her—she is a jewel worth the keeping. God bless you both!"

She smiled again, more sweetly than ever, turning from the face of one to that of the other. Gradually her hold on the hands of either relaxed—slowly, slowly. The vesper bell still tolled—but fainter and fainter, with departing cadence. When its last tremulous note vibrated over hill and dale, she murmured the names of Gerald and Lillian, and her spirit passed away, wafted upward to Heaven, it is no dream to think, by good angels who had waited at the threshold.

A moment before, and there had been three in that room, now Gerald and Lillian, looking instinctively at each other, felt there were but two. And, oh, how solemn was that conviction. Gerald tenderly laid the body of the departed on the bed, and then he and Lillian sank on their knees side by side.

They were different beings, were Gerald and Lillian, after that trial. Sorrow had chastened their hearts, and the memory of the dead thereafter was their talisman.

A year had passed since the decease of Lushee, when Gerald came to claim his bride. Ashly was once more decked in summer bloom. It was just two years from that night when Lillian had made him promise to keep his troth to Lushee; and, though to surrender him then had almost broke her heart, she rejoiced now at it. She felt that, from her home in Heaven, Lushee saw and blessed her for what she had done.

"Oh, dear Lillian," said Gerald to his bride, "how terrible a thing is pride. It came near shipwrecking me—but you, thank Heaven, was my better angel."

Lillian laid her head on her husband's shoulder, and there sobbed, for her heart was full.

LUCY DALE.

BY JANE GAY.

"A voice from the spirit-land,
A voice from the silent tomb."

AYE, there thou art shining on me again, bright morning star, soft and beautiful as a spirit-eye from the home of the departed! Long in the coming dawn have I watched for thee, bright orb, as a fondly cherished link betwixt my cold, earth-bound heart and Heaven; for the memory of one deeply enshrined on my youth's warm tablets, but early passed away, is associated with thee, until another heart too has grown cold, and the light of another eye has gone out forever.

I am thinking of my childhood, and of thee, sweet Lucy Dale, for they were linked together in the closest companionship! I am thinking of the village school-house among the rocks, and the bright red columbines overhanging the cliffs—and of the dear old butter-nut tree, under the shade of which we had our rustic table through the long summer months spread with the leaf-cups and paper-napkins! And I am thinking too of the hand so readily proffered whenever thy frail companion faltered in the rough ascent to our favorite nooning-place, and am wondering much why the frail and sickly should survive the blooming and beautiful.

Years have gone by, and others gather the flowers to deck our rock-table of old—for thou art gone from me, and I am no longer a child. A bright sun was darkened in the blue sky of my youth when thou wert removed, and I could weep even now, but yon pure star, thine own associating symbol is looking softly upon me, and whispering, "the light shall again be restored," and my faith grows stronger and holier when I think of the morning dawn upon the grave.

A warm, gushing, happy heart was Lucy Dale's—a heart that gladdened all around like the blessed sunshine of Heaven. There was ever a smile playing round her pretty dimpled mouth, and a sparkling in her jet black eye that told of an overflowing fountain of joy within. How well I loved that beautiful girl! She was but a few months my senior, and we were constant and untiring playmates through the long and happy years of childhood. Stronger and more vigorous by far than myself, I clung to her for support until we had grown together like two young plants, whose tendrils are interwoven so firmly that strong hands alone can sever them. We were scarcely apart for a single day—we roamed the hills and meadows for flowers, gathered berries, and picked up nuts, and every season had its charm, and every day its pleasures! Our patch-work quilts were the same star-pattern—our samplers wrought in the same colors, and we were a constant source of annoyance to our teacher, lest she should forget to write the same copy in our copy-book.

Our first separation was when I went away to school, when Lucy was sixteen, and I nearly of the same age. But the year that elapsed before my first vacation, soon slipped away; and I found myself one day returning home. The sun was just setting as the old stage-coach drove merrily through the streets of my native village, and I was soon in my parents' arms. After the first happy half hour had passed, my thoughts turned to my old schoolmates, but especially to my bosom-friend. "Where is Lucy Dale?" I asked. "Coming," said my little sister, who was standing at the window. I sprang to the door, and we were locked in each other's arms, mingling our tears together.

A long time did we lie awake that night weeping over the changes which one brief year had wrought, and revealing to one another every event, however trifling in our own personal history. Lucy, weeping, informed me of the health of her father. She told me of the long hours of watching by his bedside in the first attack of his illness, and how fondly she had hoped and trusted in his perfect restoration when that fearful fever was over; of the pleasant days they had spent during his convalescence, journeying from place to place, until the chill breezes of autumn warned him back to his chamber; and then they dreamed of no more than a temporary confinement, until his lungs should have gained sufficient strength to cope with the rigor of the season. "But you know," she added, "consumption ever takes its victims by stealth, and he went from us just at the season when we had looked forward to see him again going forth to enjoy the warm sunshine of the world."

I could hear the half stifled sobs of the poor girl, long after she had ceased speaking of her father, and seeking to divert her thoughts from so sad a theme, began to inquire after all our old school-friends. "And where is Edward Clare, Lucy?" inquired I. "Does he still maintain his early preference? I was afraid he would steal you all away from me, in my absence. Tell me true now, Lucy, for I am exceedingly jealous."

"You need not fear that any one will supplant you, dear Jane, for our love is tried and true; but I have longed to reveal to you a secret, and have only waited for an interview—for I could not write it. To-night our meeting was so sad I have felt no heart to speak of it, but since you have introduced the subject, I will speak frankly as ever." Then followed in low whispered tones the story of her first, pure, ardent love, and engagement to Edward Clare. "And you will like Edward better now than you used to—for my sake will you not, dear Jenny?" said the loving girl,

after she had revealed her whole heart's history. "I have always wondered why you and he should think so little of each other, and I so much of you both! But you will like one another better now, I know."

"Yes, *I will try, Lucy*," said I, "but you and Edward are so unlike, I never could account for the interest you have manifested in each other, but with much sincerity I wish you nothing but joy."

Edward Clare was the youngest son of a respectable, but highly ambitious family, whose pride somewhat over-reached their income. He was a young man of fine talents, and rather prepossessing in his looks and manners—but there was in his disposition a kind of cold-hearted selfishness that had ever rendered him repulsive to me. I had long observed his boyish predilection for Lucy, and it was of him I had bantered her at our last visit at the old "nooning place," in the grove near the school-house, the day before my departure to school. He had now gone from home to enter upon studies preparatory to a profession: and Lucy told me it was at their last interview that he had asked and obtained her father's permission to their engagement; and that her parent, in his dying hours, had expressed the satisfaction it gave him to feel that he left Lucy not wholly uncared for and alone.

Colonel Dale's property was left in an unsettled state—his illness for so long a period having caused a serious interruption in his business matters, and he was looking forward to more favorable health when he should settle and arrange everything, at the time when he was so unexpectedly removed. It was a mere pittance that was left for his widow and child when the "law had taken its course," and I looked on Lucy and wondered at her continued cheerfulness when I learned that her beautiful home was to pass into the hands of strangers—but never a shadow was on her brow, save when the image of her father came over her mind, and then the warm tears fell fast to a memory so deeply and devotedly cherished. As my vacation was drawing to a close, I began to feel the deepest solicitude to know what her plans were for the coming year, but shrank from inquiries, lest I might jar some tender chord in the bosom of my friend. At length as we were sitting one evening discoursing of my return to school, she spoke freely of the change in her prospects, and unfolded to me her determinations for the future.

"It will probably be some time before Edward can complete his studies, and gain a competence for our support," said she, "and I am determined accordingly to apprentice myself to a milliner for a year. I can then return here, and not only make myself useful to my friends, but also gain an independent livelihood, and be far happier than to live as a dependant on the bounty of any one. And now, dear Jenny, what do you think of my resolution?" said the heroic girl, after calmly explaining her plan. "I am afraid you are not pleased, you look so grave—but I am determined to do something for myself. My stepmother will return to her own friends: they have generously offered me a home, but I cannot be dependant on those who have never loved me. You alone know the unkindness I have received, for I would not

reveal it even to my father, though it was evident from his gentleness and constant care for me, that he knew I had no mother."

"And how does Edward like the idea of your *learning a trade, Lucy*?" I asked. "You have probably consulted him since you are engaged?"

"At first he would not consent, wishing me to return to school, and make my home, at vacations, with his family. His sister has been urging me to comply, and said she would go with us too—but I feel a year at school now would not only consume the mere trifle my father left me, but also unfit me in a measure for the personal exertion I may be required to make. To-day I have received a letter from Edward, giving his free consent for me to act as I deem best, and, therefore, I now confide to you my plans: but you have not told me yet how you regard them!"

"They are not as I would have them, Lucy—if it were in my power to better them—but since we must be separated, I can think of none that would please me better than your's. If you go to B—we shall still be near, and, whenever you have leisure, you can come and share our little room with me again, for I found it lonely enough after you left it last year."

I returned to my school, and in a few weeks Lucy arrived, and began her self-denying labors as shop-girl. We did not meet as often as I had anticipated, for the poor girl's hours of leisure were now fewer than my own; and I was allowed to go out but once in a week. Sometimes, however, she would come after the fatigues of the week were over, and share my pillow for a Saturday night; and I soon found she had many cares and perplexities unlooked for in her new situation. Many who had known and courted the society of the beautiful and only daughter of Col. Dale, would turn a cold glance upon his young orphan, for no other reason than "she was a milliner's girl." But for this the heroic girl thought little, and cared less: yet when the rude stare of strangers was directed toward her, or she heard the murmured "*pity—she must have seen better days*," then her young cheek crimsoned with a deeper glow, and her heart throbbed heavier with a sense of its own sorrow.

I could perceive that the months which were passing so fleetly and happily with me, with her wore heavily away, although her brow still had its accustomed sunshine—and she never complained. "Edward is coming to-morrow!" said she, one evening, "and I am going home with him for a few days! Oh! I shall breathe free once more, and shall be so happy—so happy!"

He came, and I could scarce recognize an acquaintance in the fine, noble-looking young gentleman whom Lucy presented as our old school friend, Edward Clare! Nearly two years had passed since we had met, and the late youth had put on the form and features, yea, and the beauty too, of manhood. I could not forbear whispering to Lucy, "how handsome he has grown," and she cast on him such a look of pride and affection as I shall never forget. They urged me to accompany them home for a few days—but as my term was drawing to its close, I declined. As they drove away, I exclaimed, "*Lucy will be happy!*"

The next spring found me at home again: my school days over, and Lucy too had hired her own chamber, and hung out a little sign of "Millinery," beside the same window over which she had trained the woodbine and rose before a shadow had dimmed her pathway. We were now much together again, though Lucy was indefatigable in her labors, and seldom went abroad; yet nearly every afternoon found me, with my book or work, treading the old familiar path to "Lucy's." I read to her while she worked, and strove by every method in my power to beguile her from loneliness, and make her forget the changes of the past in the bright hopes of the future. Expecting friends to spend the warm weeks of summer with me, I entreated her to leave her work and enjoy the time with us in seeking health and recreation.

"My customers have been very kind," said she: "I must not disappoint them. There can be no gain, Jenny, without some self-denial. Your friendship has made me forgetful of confinement, this summer; and judging from our present appearances you have been the greater sufferer, for I am strong and vigorous, while you are pale and drooping. I hope a little rambling in green fields, with gay company, may add bloom to your cheeks; not the deep red of mine, Jenny, for you know I am not partial to red roses; but like better the delicate blush, or the pure white."

This was said with an affectation of gaiety: and it was in vain I urged her, even for a few days, from her new and weary labors. My friends came, and the day before their return to the city, it was agreed we should have a pic-nic down the river on the Hemlock Bank. After much urging, Lucy had consented to accompany us; and who should arrive in the village the evening previous but Edward Clare. Nothing could have been more fortunate: and among the whole happy group that thronged the grove that day—the gayest, the happiest of all, seemed Lucy Dale! Every eye was directed toward her and her lover, for his attentions to her could not be mistaken; and every voice save one pronounced her the queen of the day, and that one I afterward heard reply to a stranger who inquired her out, "*she is only our village milliner!*" We tied a crown of wild flowers around her head in token of our preference, and most gracefully did she wear the rustic honor amid whispers of admiration!

The next evening I was alone. My friends had left me, and at an early hour I saw Edward and Lucy approaching. It is useless to detail the well-remembered words of that evening! They are registered on my heart, and will ever remain there as a mournful memorial of a false one's perfidy! It is enough that he told they would be married as soon as he had fixed upon a locality—having already completed the studies of his profession. I could not but rejoice with them, so perfect seemed their felicity—so cloudless their anticipations! Alas, how little thought I then man's love was so like the winter's sunshine—fitful, thought often so dazzling—the offspring of circumstance—a thing that changes! The lesson was soon to be learned—but let me not anticipate!

Clare remained in the village but a few days, then repaired to a large sea-port town in an adjoining

state and commenced the practice of law, and every week brought tidings of success, to one heart at least, on which it fell like sunshine. Customers began to be neglected, and those not *specially informed* soon were whispering, "we were on the point of losing our young milliner."

As I was to leave home to spend a portion of the winter, the arrangements for a wedding on Lucy's next birth-day were all made and disclosed to me as bridesmaid elect, lest I should prolong my visit too late for "the preparation days." I was absent until spring, and latterly, to my surprise, heard nothing from Lucy.

To one of my first inquiries on returning home, I was told "nothing had occurred." Lucy was still at her own hired room, but probably much engaged. I was not satisfied, and tying on my hat and shawl again, in a moment was standing at the door of her chamber, and striving to lift the accustomed latch, but in vain—it was locked. I listened, and heard a slight rustling, and then said aloud, "Lucy, it is no one but me!" In a moment the latch was lifted and the door was opened, but instead of the confusion of preparation I had expected, nothing but an open writing-desk was visible on the table, from which she had apparently just risen. The welcome seemed even more affectionate than usual; but I had never seen her so pale before, and traces of tears were on her cheeks.

"Oh! Lucy! What has happened to make you forget me so long?" said I, after the first salutation was over; but I checked myself, observing a troubled expression gathering over her sweet face!

She drew a low stool by my side, and clasping my hand in her's, said—"I will tell you truly, Jane; I have been waiting to hear from Edward. It is a long time since I have had a letter, and yet I know not as I ought to blame him much he is so busy! In his last letter he complained of want of leisure: and because he wrote little, I sometimes fancy he is changed and cold—yet I know it cannot be. He is noble and generous, but must struggle with circumstances, and would not acquaint me with every trial in his professional pathway. But see," said she, extending her hand to the table, "I have written him a long letter of comfort and encouragement. I would not be behind him in devotion or self-sacrifice; and as the day fixed for our union is near at hand, I have urged him to postpone it for a season, if it be likely to add another care to his burden. Stern necessity alone will make him yield to the proposition, for it was his own chosen time, this birth-day: but we shall soon hear from him now."

"And are your preparations nearly completed?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, almost entirely! I have beguiled the hours of these long winter evenings, so they have really seemed short, until these last few weeks which have been so lonely; but now you are come, I shall banish all the gloomy thoughts that have haunted me, and robbed me of rest." And as she spoke, her cheek was lit up with a glow as bright as when we parted. She laid one and another specimen of her labors before me, and when all were examined and

re-placed, she took a bundle from her drawer, and laying it in my hand, added, "this only remains to be done; I have waited for you." I opened it—a dress-pattern of the purest blonde, and the bridal veil were its contents.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Have you been to the city, Lucy?"

"Oh! no! Edward sent them soon after you left. I have scarce looked on them until you should come, and now, perhaps, I shall not need them," added she, and the color grew faint on her cheek again: and she put them away with a mournful expression. I strove to cheer her—and it needed but a word, her own pure, trusting spirit having stronger confidence in the fidelity of Edward Clare than mine, for I had felt—I know not why, from the first expression of his neglect, strange misgivings—though for the world I would not have told her.

"I believe Edward intends to give us a surprise," said Lucy, next morning, after calling in vain at the office for a letter. "He will certainly be here now very soon and everything will be explained. I should not wonder if he came this very day, in the evening stage!"

"Perhaps so!" I added—for how could I express my real sentiments to the fondly, confiding girl—but my spirit was boiling with resentment, and I could scarce repress the outbursting of my indignation. The wedding dresses served to occupy our attention in a measure for the ensuing week; and my little sister was sent regularly to the office every mail to see if there were letters for Lucy or me—but day after day passed, and the one *most eagerly expected came not*; and I observed sometimes in the first moment of disappointment a tear trembling in her dark eye, but it seemed a momentary sorrow, for at other times she was happy and cheerful.

A beautiful spring morning was that birth-day morning of Lucy Dale's! Buds were bursting in rich profusion, loading the air with incense; green leaves were springing from every deserted bough, gladdening the lonely forest, and the wild violet looked humbly up again from its home by the wayside. No clouds were on the blue Heavens above us, but darkness and gloom were resting upon our hearts—for never a message—not a word had been heard from Edward Clare. Fortunately few knew of the anticipated event on that day: none indeed save the family of Clare and ourselves. Lucy was thus spared the trying inquisitiveness of friends, and suffered to bear alone and in peace the deep and mysterious trial.

Few were the words spoken by us through the long hours of that day, for well I knew it was too late to seek to beguile her from fancies which had ripened into dark realities! My tears fell like rain-drops, but no stone was ever calmer than she. "We shall know the worst," said she, at length; "I will try to wait with patience!" She took her guitar from its old hiding-place and attempted to play; her fingers ran tremblingly over the strings, but a chord was broken, and she cast it aside with a deep sigh. "Thou art like me, poor harp," said she, "neglected and broken—go back to thy resting-place."

Toward evening, the sister of Clare came in with an open letter in her hand, and a look indicating the sorest agitation.

"Is Edward sick?" said Lucy, starting up with sudden energy. "Tell me quick!" She made no reply, but placing the letter in my hand, exclaimed, "Cruel, wicked Edward!" and burst into tears.

I thought I was prepared for any event, but when I read in his own hand-writing the intelligence of his marriage to a wealthy heiress, and his weak, cowardly apology for his treatment of Lucy, I could restrain my feelings no longer—and crushing the letter under my feet, exclaimed, "sordid villain," what else in my wrath I cannot tell. Lucy arose, took up the ill-fated letter, and with more spirit than I had ever seen her manifest before, said in rather a severe tone—

"Speak not those words again, Jane—they are false!" and then seated herself calmly to its perusal. I watched her closely, but not a muscle moved as she read and re-read the death of her fondest hopes.

"Blame him not," said she, at length, "for I will not blame him! It is a bitter struggle he has already encountered—it is enough! We were both poor—he thought not, perhaps, how much a faithful heart might accomplish. May the one he has chosen love him as I have loved him, and he will be happy. He has asked my forgiveness—I will write it to-night; yes, on this very birth-day night, which he himself chose for our bridal, will I tell him that Lucy Dale, for the love she has borne him, will forgive him all!"

"Nay, nay, it cannot be," interrupted his sister. "You have been too deeply wronged, Lucy, to submit thus. My father says *he* will never forgive him—that *you* shall henceforth be as one of us, and Edward shall be an outcast, for he has brought sorrow and shame upon us."

"Mary, Mary, it shall never be that evil or sorrow shall come to Edward Clare, for the sake of one who has worshipped him with the strongest of human idolatry! Mine be the suffering—for I too have been guilty."

We felt that remonstrance would be useless, for well we knew though gentle as the most gentle creature on earth, Lucy was not one to swerve from her purpose—and we gazed on her pale but tearless face as she sat calmly down to her holy task, with the awe we would gaze on a martyr pressing triumphantly on toward the fatal stake. Ye who measure strength by endurance *call not woman weak*: but look to the heart that writeth *forgiveness for all its wrongs*, and tell me if there be any strength that equals it!

Not long after, in the holy quiet of the Sabbath, Lucy Dale was kneeling before the consecrating altar, and none who witnessed the peaceful and Heavenly expression of her countenance at that time, could doubt that the lonely orphan laid thereon an acceptable offering. A holier flame than *carily love* had been illumined on the heart's sacred altar-stone: and there, far down in the spirit's secret depths, was light and peace. I felt she was fast ripening for an angel, and wept though I scarce knew why.

The summer wore away as usual: Lucy labored unweariedly, always cheerful, and few suspected that

a worm was at the root sapping the fountain of life: though her voice was softer and fainter than usual, and her footsteps fell lighter amid the flowers. But as autumn approached the flush on her cheek grew brighter, and the low, hollow cough fell sadly on our ears like the death-knell of the beautiful, and warned us that her days were fast numbering, though I dreamed not then she would fall with the earliest leaf. Many a kind friend now offered a home to Lucy; and the mother too came back to the child, and was freely forgiven for every neglect—but all could not win our loved one back from the "gate of the grave." The freed spirit seeketh not its chain!

Little more remains to be told. Those who have watched the progress of consumption know well how many and deceptive its aspects—how life sometimes lingers on like a lamp when the oil is wasted, burning feeble and more feeble until with a sudden brightness it expires—and at others it dissolves suddenly like the extinguishing of a taper with a breath—none can tell from whence!

It was a sweet moonlight evening in early autumn, and Lucy and myself were seated side by side again in her little chamber. Her easy-chair had been drawn to the window that she might watch the sunset, and we had lingered there until the stars were all in their places, and the full moon was shedding its silvery rays upon the dark elm leaves, which as yet wore no mark of decay. We spoke of every event of our lives from earliest childhood, when we were accustomed to linger out on such an evening as this, to count the stars as fast as they peeped from their hiding-places, that we might tell how many there were to the darker events of later years, and among them we were able to number many which had resulted as unsatisfactory as our first project of numbering the stars.

After a time Lucy's mother, who had now the entire charge of her, came in to prepare her for rest, and I arose to depart, but Lucy whispered, "stay with me to-night, Jenny. I feel so well, and it seems like old times!"

I consented on condition I might be allowed to perform the office of nurse, which was readily acceded, and after giving some slight directions for the night, her mother left us to ourselves.

"It looks a little more like a sick room now," said Lucy, after I had dropped the curtains and lit up the nurse-lamp, "although I scarce feel like its occupant to-night. I have many things to say, and know not when we shall have another such opportunity as the present, for I am quite sure my life is fast wasting away, though I suffer so little except from restlessness."

I begged her to cast away such gloomy thoughts, for I was sure she was better, her appearance that evening having inspired me with fresh hopes. "Do not be deceived, Jane," added she, cheerfully. "It is not a gloomy thought to me that I am on the verge of another being—for I *know* we shall live again! Far down through the dim chambers of death I see a light, and it beckons me onward—that beacon of immortality!"

Many a joyful word of hope came from her lips

that night, though mournful seemed they then from one so young and lovely. At last she proceeded—"I have one more request to make of you, dear Jenny, and will do it to-night. You have often told me you could never forgive Edward Clare—never feel as a friend toward him—but will you not *for my sake*, if not for his own, treat him kindly should you ever meet him again? Will you not speak to him as a sister, and tell him once more from me I forgave him all, and hope to meet him again? Tell him I die happy! Can you—*will* you do all this *for my sake*, Jane? Promise me!"

"*Anything for your sake*, dear Lucy. I will even be a friend to Edward Clare, if possible, though my heart rises in rebellion."

"Thank you—thank you," added she, pressing my hand which she was holding to her lips. "It is the last request I make, save to be buried beside my father! Good night! Now I can sleep."

She sank into a peaceful slumber soft as an infant's, but her words had affected me too deeply for repose. For a long time I lay stifling my sobs lest I might disturb her, then crept cautiously from the couch and gazed out in the still midnight hour, that my heart too might grow calm as the night. I returned and seated myself by her bedside, and until day-dawn watched her slumbering features with an intensity that stamped them indelibly upon my memory.

Oh! how beautiful she looked as she lay there still a dweller of earth, though the immortal spirit was beaming brightly through its mortal veil, and lighting up those snowy features with the ideal beauty which the artist loves to cast on the pictured brow of angels!

She awoke at length, and seeing me by her side, said—"is it morning? I have had such a pleasant night—no cough. But why are you not sleeping—it is yet dark?"

"I would give you some nourishment," added I, evasively, "but you slept so sweetly I ventured to wait."

"Thank you," replied she, taking the beverage—"but is it near day-break?" I lifted the curtain that she might look out on the Eastern horizon glowing with the first tinge of red.

"It is beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Raise me up that I may watch another day break! Oh! Jenny, do you remembered one morning, years ago, when you used the prophetic words—'that mournful shadows were resting on our homes.' The result proved they were all on *mine*—but they have passed away now. Look—there comes up my talisman again, but I never saw it so bright and beautiful before! You will remember me when you see it, and think that I too faded in the morning like my *chosen star*."

As she ceased speaking, her pallid cheek brightened for a moment, and her clear, dark eyes kindled with an unwonted lustre as she fixed them again on the silvery planet! Long was that gaze—long, long, alas, too long—too fixed and earnest. I spoke to her, but she seemed wholly absorbed, and turned not her eyes from that morning star! An indefinite fear stole over me, I knew not why, and, taking her hand in

mine, I spoke her name again again in tremulous accents. Still she heeded me not, and the hand was icy cold which I clasped shuddering in mine. I ran to the door of an adjoining room and called hastily for her mother, and in a moment more we were standing side by side *in the presence of the dead!*

Nearly five years had passed, and I had never seen Edward Clare, consequently never violated or fulfilled the promise made to my dying friend. Yesterday seeing a carriage stop in front of our house and a gentleman alight, I looked, and in a moment recognized the features of the man, for whom of all on earth, I still felt the greatest abhorrence. My first impulse was to avoid seeing him, but that last request rang still in my ears, and, gathering new resolution, I went steadily to the door to meet him. It was a pale, haggard looking man that stood before me, wearing the lineaments of Clare, but so changed I could scarce deem it possible! He took the hand so unexpectedly extended to him with an earnestness that almost startled me, and I led him to the same seat he had occupied on that last evening he had spent there with Lucy. Some minutes elapsed before either of us spoke, and when at length I gathered strength to ask him of his wanderings and fortune since he had left us—he bowed his head upon his hand, and his pale cheek grew paler, and he wept with convulsive earnestness. After a little silence he spoke.

"A fearful change is on me, Jane; I am a man no longer! From the moment they told me Lucy Dale was an angel in Heaven, all the projects which an overmastering ambition had framed—all the lofty aspirations of my young and comparatively sinless years vanished forever. And when they told me her dying love and saint-like forgiveness, my haughty spirit was crushed. Like Cain, I felt that the Almighty had branded me murderer! Vainly did my innocent wife strive to arouse me from the gloomy spell that was on me by the most endearing caresses, and the fondest devotion. It would not do. Stung with remorse as

I was, her very presence grew loathsome to me, and I longed to be free. My guilty spirit shrunk beneath the calm and holy glance of affection, for I fancied it was reading the secret of my degradation, and words of reproach at length fell like leaden drops, wounding too deeply another spirit that loved me. My health was evidently deranged, and change of scene was recommended as an antidote for too close confinement. Gladly did I avail myself of this plea to become a wanderer.

"Months and years have passed. I have roamed through lands that the ardent imagination of youth has often clad in rainbow romance—but the reality had no charm, and wherever I went I carried with me a restless yearning of heart—an unceasing desire to visit once more my native village and the grave of Lucy Dale. It is for this I have re-crossed the ocean and come hither, otherwise I would have made my grave in a strange land, and none have learned my destiny!"

He then conversed awhile calmly, inquiring every particular of the last hours of Lucy: and the sun was lowering in the West when he rose to take leave. Pity had supplanted indignation within my heart, and I urged him to remain until morning, that his exhausted frame might take repose, but he steadfastly refused, saying he had a watch to keep. He departed, and from my chamber window I saw him enter the grave-yard. There in the evening twilight a lonely figure might have been seen bending mournfully over a marble tablet: and there too in the still hush of midnight, that same form was kneeling on the sod, and mingling his tears with the dews of night!

I too have spent the night in lone and sorrowing vigils—but in the dim, gray twilight a light has arisen whispering, "peace." Now mayest thou do thy worst, oh, death! Lay thy cold, skeleton hands upon us, and cover us with the shadows of the dark valley—we know that our morning star has arisen, and will never again go down in night!

MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

SARAH MATILDA ELLEN JONES was very desirous to make a favorable impression on the mind of a certain young Doctor Jackson, who had recently moved into the village of Flowerdale, and of whom report said many fine things; as, that he was a man of elegant appearance, finished education, single, connected with a highly respectable family, and, moreover, worth something handsome.

The girls of Flowerdale were as a matter of course all by the ears—we don't mean quarrelling—about Doctor Jackson. Fanny Tiller, Jane Herbert, and Florence Wilber, particular friends of Sarah Matilda's, had already been introduced to the young physician, and their report was of a decided character. Fanny said he was the most agreeable man she had ever met; Jane was in raptures with his person—such splendid eyes, and teeth—such a figure—such a carriage—and Florence laughingly declared him to be a perfect beau ideal in everything.

Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was the daughter of Jeremiah Jones, a very excellent man, whose "profession," as Sarah called it, was that of saddle and harness maker. He was not rich; neither was he poor. By industry he had been able to accumulate enough to buy himself a comfortable dwelling, and also to build half a dozen small houses, the annual income from which did not fall very far short of a thousand dollars. His business, to which he devoted himself with commendable industry, yielded him a few hundred dollars above his expenses every year. Mr. Jones, was, therefore, in very comfortable circumstances, and getting better off every day. He was a sensible man, and his wife a sensible woman in most of the affairs of life. They gave their daughter, Sarah Matilda, a good education, and had her accomplished in matters of music, dancing, drawing, etc., as far as this could be done during a year's sojourn at a boarding-school located near the capital of the state.

From this boarding-school the young lady had returned with a few notions on the subjects of love and gentility in advance of those ordinarily held in Flowerdale. All useful employments she considered vulgar. In this view we may be sure that she found little sympathy at home; where, in spite of her new and improved ideas, she was compelled to take her part in the doings of what had to be done, and darn stockings, mend the jackets and trousers of her brothers, and even peel potatoes and turnips, or string the beans and shell the peas, just as things turned up. All this was a serious grief to Sarah Matilda, and a humiliation of her feelings; but Mr. and Mrs. Jones were people of the old school, and it was no use for the modern young lady to make a stand against them. She understood this very well, and did not commit so great a folly as to waste her feelings in the attempt.

In regard to love matters, it happened that Sarah Matilda made the discovery, while in the finishing school to which she had been sent, that young ladies who expected to get good husbands must make themselves particularly attractive to the young men. The precise manner of doing this had not been laid down; but, in a general way, it was understood that tasteful dressing, agreeable conversation, and the exhibition of varied accomplishments, were among the principle means to be employed in winning hearts. Sarah Matilda felt conscious of her power, and only waited a good opportunity for its display. None had been presented until the arrival of Doctor Jackson; for, among the ordinary village beaux, there was not one worth, in her estimation, the trouble of winning, and, therefore, she wasted no attractions upon them.

Doctor Jackson's appearance in the village, however, awakened the young heart of Sarah Matilda from its partial torpor, and she determined, from the first, to make such an impression upon him when they did meet as would place her, in his estimation, far in advance of any other young lady in Flowerdale.

Through rather provoking and importune circumstances, several weeks elapsed from the time Doctor Jackson opened his office, before an opportunity of meeting him occurred. The occasion which at length presented itself, was that of a party at the house of a friend.

To prepare for this party, was the business of a week. Sarah Matilda thought of little else through the day, and dreamed of nothing else through the night. The great question with her was, how she should dress, so as to make the good impression she desired. The first step was to consult immediately Peterson's fashion plates, and see what was the latest style. Here she found evening-dresses, walking-dresses, ball-dresses, and all sorts of dresses. The difficulty was to choose from among so many styles presented, something unique, striking and appropriate. To aid in the decision one of the village dress-makers was called in to Sarah Matilda's council.

"I want something very elegant," said the young lady. "In fact I must be the belle of the evening, for I'm going to set my cap for Mr. Somebody, and wish to make a good impression."

The mantua-maker suggested first one thing and then another; but "no"—"no"—"not attractive enough"—"too plain," and such like objections met every proposal. Perceiving, now, the young lady's views in the matter, the dress-maker fell in with them, and between the two, something really very striking, though not costly (for plain Mr. Jones had something to say in that matter) was got up. A showy head-dress, with rosettes almost as large as cabbages, was next selected, and a few more flowers and bows added to give it the right attraction.

The night of the party at length came. Among the first who arrived was Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones, fully prepared to take the young doctor's heart by storm. She wore a flashy muslin dress, looped up at the sides and in front with red flowers and rosettes. Her arms were bare, and each wrist was ornamented with a bracelet; one of which she had borrowed from a young friend; said young friend appearing in simple white, and without an ornament, except a few rose-buds half hidden among her jetty tresses. From this friend, Sarah Matilda also borrowed a large cameo pin; and a pair of heavy ear-rings; both of which she now displayed. From some other source she had been able to get a showy necklace, that had not before glittered in the light of a gay party for years. As to her head-dress, we will not venture a description. Language would fail to present it to the mind's eye.

All ready to make a decided and lasting impression, Sarah Matilda came to the party. Her modest friend, a portion of whose jewelry she was now exhibiting, appeared, as has been said, in simple white! Her name was Florence Wilber. Sarah felt a little sorry for her, when she saw the plainness of her attire, and felt some touches of compunction at having robbed her, as she mentally termed it. Florence sat down by Sarah's side; and nothing could have been in stronger contrast than the appearance they made.

As guest after guest arrived, Sarah Matilda marked them with quick eyes; and her gratification was extreme, on finding, after the rooms were nearly filled, that she was indeed the belle of the evening, and the observed of all observers. Compared with her every other girl was a mere drab—so she thought—and not dressed well enough to go to church, much less appear at a party.

"I haven't seen the doctor yet!" Sarah Matilda whispered to Florence, who still sat by her side. "I wonder if he isn't coming?"

"There he is," replied Florence, glancing toward the farther end of the room.

"Where?" eagerly inquired Sarah.

"He is talking with Mr. Wayland."

"Indeed! Is that him? Oh! what an elegant young man!" And she fixed her eyes languishingly upon the doctor, who was looking steadily at her. In a few minutes he came across the room and spoke to Florence, who introduced him to Sarah Matilda. The latter blushed, simpered, looked interesting—or tried to—and then made a regular attack upon the young doctor's heart, by a display of her remarkable educational superiority over all the other girls in the village. For a time, Florence was thrown completely in the shade. But, that did not trouble her any, for she had not sought the light; and was happy with her own sweet thoughts.

Sarah Matilda felt that she had made a conquest. That Doctor Jackson had surrendered at once. And she did not wonder that such should have been the case, all things taken into the account. Attractions such as she presented, were not to be met with every day.

For half an hour she held the doctor by the very force of her conversational ability, and then let him go, feeling that love's silken cords were around him.

It was not very long afterward that, while sitting near the folding door of the parlors, she heard a voice, the sound of which her ear well remembered, say—

"For Heaven's sake, Williams, tell me who that lady is with the head-dress and necklace? I don't see her just now. But you know who I mean?"

"The milliner's show figure?"

"Yes. The girl dressed like an opera dancer; who talks like a book, though a shocking bad one!"

"That lady is the fascinating Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones. *The belle of Flowerdale.* Is it possible you haven't met her before?"

"Never had that pleasure."

"She's a character."

"So I find; though, I must say, not one particularly suited to my fancy. But there is one here who pleases me wonderfully well."

"Ah. Who is she?"

"That modest flower drooping over the book on the centre-table."

"Florence Wilber."

"Yes."

"Florence is a charming girl. Though rather retiring I have sometimes thought. If she ever win a heart, it will not be through design. She is innocent of that."

"I can well believe you. Though I would hardly like to say as much for the fascinating Sarah Matilda Ellen, what do you call her?"

Sarah Matilda heard no more, for the conversation between the two young men ceased at that point.

Cotillions were formed soon after; but Sarah Matilda was not to be found when the sets were made up. She had retired in confusion, and, at the moment when the dancers formed themselves on the floor, she was in her chamber at home, with her finery scattered in disorder around her, and herself drowned in tears.

Nothing could have more astounded her than the words of the young men. The sneering remarks of the elegant doctor seemed, for a few moments, as if they would drive her mad. How she got out of the brilliantly lighted parlors; or how she found her way home, she could scarcely tell. But, Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was an altered girl from that time. Scales had fallen from her eyes; and she saw every object around her in a new light. She had sought to make an impression, and had succeeded; but it was a shocking bad impression; and of this she was too fully sensible to permit a feeling of vanity or even self-complacency to take possession of her mind. She did not meet the doctor again for about two months; and then, so changed was she in her whole exterior and manner, that he did not know her. In the meantime, he had commenced paying marked attention to Florence, but a hint from a friend that she was engaged, and the wedding day already appointed, caused him to abandon all designs in that quarter. On his second meeting with Sarah Matilda, he found her really an interesting and rather intelligent girl; and, ere he guessed who she really was, permitted himself to feel an interest in her favor.

"Who is that young lady with whom I have been chatting?" he inquired of a friend.

"That is Miss Jones."

"What Miss Jones?"

"The daughter of old Jeremiah Jones, the saddle and harness maker. Have you forgotten the gay belle of the party?"

"What! Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones?"

"The same."

"It can't be possible!"

"The young lady herself; though, from some cause, wonderfully changed for the better."

"So much changed that I didn't know her. Why, as she shows herself now, she is quite a clever girl."

"Her father and mother are sensible people, and she ought, therefore, to have a groundwork of good sense in her character. They spoiled her by sending her off to a fashionable boarding-school."

"A great many girls are spoiled in that way."

"You may well say that. But I am glad this young damsel has seen her folly—if such be really the case."

In spite of the half contempt Doctor Jackson had felt for Miss Sarah Matilda, he now found himself really interested in her; and as Sarah Matilda had received a hint in regard to his views and feelings

not soon to be forgotten, she permitted herself to act out herself naturally, and did not go a jot beyond this. The consequence was, that, after meeting her a few times in company, the doctor made bold to call, on which occasion he was more than ever pleased with her, and also pleased with the plain, sensible old gentleman, her father.

The more Sarah Matilda saw of Doctor Jackson, the more fully did she comprehend her mistake at the party. He was a clear-seeing, common sense kind of a man, who read character at a glance, and no more wanted a fine, artificial lady for a wife, than he did a fiery young colt to carry him about on his professional visits.

In acting out just what she was, and letting her true character be seen, Sarah Matilda made another kind of an impression altogether from the one at first produced on the doctor's mind. As her real self she had power to win him; and she did win him. Long ago they were married; and since that happy day, have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the recollection of the first meeting at the party.

MARRYING FOR MONEY vs. LOVE.

THERE was luxury in that noble library. The light fell with a mellowed radiance through the crimson hangings, on long rows of richly bound volumes; the glowing carpet yielded like moss to the lightest tread; lounges, sofas and rocking-chairs, with their soft cushions and quaint carvings invited to dreamy repose; the brilliant chandelier hung over a table strewn with rare prints and costly magazines; marble busts and pure vases shed an elegance and beauty over all; while the breath of summer flowers floated in through the large windows that opened to the floor on the Ionic portico. But it was the human hearts beating beneath the fretted ceiling; the human voices, mingling together in the air of that summer eve, which gave to the apartment its living interest.

"It is useless to talk of it, father," said Henry Stafford, at length. "It would be but solemn mockery for me to swear in God's name to love and cherish Florence Herbert, when I do not love her and never can!"

"Love—fie! I ask for a *reason*, young man, why you will not marry the lady I recommend?"

"I *have* said she is a cold, heartless, unprincipled woman of fashion, and more, a —"

"—, witty, accomplished, graceful, beautiful heiress! I wonder what your highness expects in a wife."

Henry saw that his reasons would weigh nothing with such a judge, and he only replied—"I expect in myself honesty. The marriage vow breathed to Miss Herbert would be a wilful, deliberate lie; and, father, I will not lie!"

"Oh, Harry," retorted the colonel, in a low, bland tone, shrugging his shoulders slightly as he spoke—"don't say lie! it's decidedly vulgar; and beside, none but footmen and chambermaids ever lie! But what fine-spun principles and inconvenient, Heavenly morals you have been cultivating. All romance, Harry, I shouldn't wonder if you'd tell me next that your angel mother was whispering in your ear."

Young Stafford started involuntarily to his feet, his hands clenched till the nails sunk into the smooth palm, while his dark eye flashed, and the hot blood mounted to his brow in the quick gush of passion. His mother had been the one object of his worship from infancy, and he could not hear her name trifled with.

The colonel laughed, a low, sneering laugh, while he drew his dressing-gown around him, and slid his foot into the slipper that had fallen beneath the embroidered footstool. "Now be cool, my dear boy," he continued, "there's nothing in the world like self-possession, and how often I've told you it's not polite to get in a passion, do try and remember! So you won't marry Miss Herbert; you'll think better of it in an hour."

There was a soft, gliding step, a smooth opening of the door—"you must make up your mind before you leave this room, Harry," said the colonel, looking back, "either to marry Miss Herbert, aye, her money if you choose, or leave the house forever. When you have decided, please let me know; I may have something unpleasant to tell you." The door closed smoothly as it had opened, and Henry, glad to be alone again, sunk back on the sofa, and shading out the light with his cold hand, lay motionless as a statue and thought and felt. The door opened again, and a servant entered, bearing a note on a small, silver waiter. He tore it open impatiently and read—

"Noble, generous Stafford, what shall I say? I feel grateful, deeply grateful, that you think me worthy of such sacrifice, but I love you too well to permit it. You shall not be homeless and penniless for my sake. There are many more worthy of your love than I who would cherish it with pride; seek them and be happy. You have my prayers for your happiness, and my *friendship* until death. Before you shall receive this I shall have left home on a journey, and it will be useless to seek me. We shall never meet again. Forever, farewell my friend. AGNES ELDERTON."

Pale and gasping with emotion—"oh, Agnes, Agnes!" he groaned, "this blow from you. Cold, cold, as an iceberg! You know I will not sell my soul for money, and I did not talk of *sacrifice*. Oh, God! is there no truthfulness on earth?"

Another hour rolled by, while the sun went down, and the whip-poor-will's note came sadly through the twilight. At length he started up, and with a haughty curl of his lip tore the note into a hundred fragments. "True, I shall not be Col. Stafford's heir," he exclaimed, proudly, "but I am a man—why should I be homeless and penniless?" and with a step which rang out even on that mossy carpet, he passed from the room, leaving there no living presence but the

slanting moonbeam falling in a long stream of silver light over the path his foot had pressed.

He went at once to his father's apartment, and announced his determination. The colonel heard him without apparent surprise; quietly laid down his book, tapped his gold snuff-box for a moment, and, then bowing, gracefully expressed his regrets with the same blandness of tone and manner with which he always spoke. "I am afraid I shall miss you, Harry, most sadly; but I will not interfere with your arrangements," he said.

"Thank you, sir," said the young man, with an effort at composure, "but you spoke, I believe, of something unpleasant which you had to say to me. I am ready to listen if you please."

"Why yes! If you had decided to stay I should have been spared the disagreeable task; but as it is shall have to give the reasons why I expected such unconditional obedience;" and he went on in his low, silvery tone, unheeding that his listener grew paler and paler as if the life-blood were congealing at his heart.

"Not your son!" exclaimed the young man, in tone of energy and despair; "whose am I then?—and what is my name?"

"Well, your name is De Guyon; your father was a Frenchman, descended, I believe, from an old family; and your mother; his wife was—"

"Thank God—she *was* his wife then!"

"Was an Italian," continued the colonel, unheeding the interruption, "and you were so pretty and sprightly, a forlorn, timid, little orphan, that Mrs. Stafford insisted on fetching you home from Italy and adopting you as our son; and as it was our bridal tour of course I could not object. She claimed you rather as hers, or I might have made a man of you; for you come of a good, gentle stock—French and Italian."

"And she was not my mother then!" said the youth, sadly, but with a half feeling of joy swelling up from his heart-depths on finding that not a drop of Colonel Stafford's blood flowed in his veins. He had always felt with regret that instinctive antipathy toward his supposed father, which open, generous natures cherish toward hypocrisy and selfishness; while the colonel, considering the son's impulsive warmth and frankness of disposition as insufferably vulgar, and perhaps feeling his upright integrity and stern truthfulness rather a silent reproach, had gradually cherished a coolness toward him which greatly diminished natural regret at the proposed separation.

With punctilious honor he returned to young De Guyon the double miniature of his parents, and a small locket containing their hair, with a slender gold chain attached; his mother's wedding ring and a purse containing several hundred louis d'ors in gold. The young man stood for a moment with a throbbing heart and a request trembling on his lips; he would fain have craved Mrs. Stafford's miniature also, but he knew that request would be a vain one, and bowing, he withdrew in silence.

Four years afterward, on the anniversary of that memorable day, De Guyon sat alone in his elegant studio in Paris. The setting sun bathed the Madonna on his easel in a flood of glory, but he heeded it not;

for, resting his head on his hand, he was thinking of the past. Almost the whole of the last four years he had spent in Italy, perfecting himself in the profession he had chosen, and during that time he had discovered his mother's family in a noble Italian house; and that of his father in the proprietors of a fine, old estate in the south of France; but his mother had been cast off by her relatives after her clandestine marriage, and he would not present himself to either as a nameless adventurer, dependant on their bounty. He would first acquire fame and fortune, and then—then, how often there would come visions of loving hearts, welcoming the lonely orphan to a home. He did not despair either, for he was rapidly acquiring both fortune and fame, and so was happy. But this summer evening his thoughts were with the far-away past—had he been missed in the circle where he had been so courted as the son of the rich, aristocratic widower? Miss Herbert, so young and beautiful, and yet, as he had thought, so heartless and cold; had she been aware of his father's desire, and his own positive refusal to comply with it? Her haughty spirit would ill brook such an indignity. She could never have known his reasons at least; for the colonel was too politic to reveal them, and he had mentioned them to no other, but one—ah, where was she? Had he wronged her—Agnes?

There was a knock at the door, and a tall, haughty-looking young man bowing politely, with a winning smile, apologized for his intrusion during hours not allotted to visitants; but he was compelled to leave town soon, and was anxious to have a portrait taken before he left, from the miniature which he held. Could Monsieur De Guyon oblige him? De Guyon opened the gold case, and started as if stung by a serpent. The stranger bent a searching glance on him for a moment, while a half smile played around his mouth, and then, after a few more inquiries, departed.

The door had scarcely closed, when the artist bent again with a sudden impulse over the miniature, showering burning, passionate kisses on the cold, silent glass. "Oh, Agnes! Agnes!" he murmured, "I must have wronged thee!—there is no hypocrisy in that noble, beautiful face—there could not be coldness or deception there! Oh, I needed no copy," he added, after a pause, "from my own heart I could paint thee, my own, my beautiful!"

When the stranger appeared again the picture was nearly completed. De Guyon had worked at it hour after hour with strangely mingled and conflicting feelings. At one time, swayed by old recollections with their first gushing forth of tenderness; at another, reasoning coolly and calmly, until doubt and distrust grew almost to certainty; and again, coupling that meaning smile of his visitant with wonder how the miniature came into his possession, till disgust had well-nigh grown the strongest feeling.

"You have made a perfect likeness," said the young man, after gazing attentively at the picture, "more true to the original in its expression than the miniature itself;" while De Guyon felt that his distrust had unconsciously a little colored his canvass.

"I don't think the expression so lofty and ingenuous," he replied, with seeming carelessness, "and

you will scarce thank me for that, for the lady is certainly fascinatingly beautiful!"

"Yes, the most bewitching and apparently noble-hearted coquette you ever saw. When you know her, however, you will see that your portrait is more truly like than your model."

"You *know* her then, I suppose," remarked the artist, with a tolerably steady voice, applying his pencil to the picture as he spoke, "you have already pronounced."

"Yes, as many before me have known her," was the slightly bitter reply. "As yet, I am a favored suitor, but intend stealing a march on her before my day of proscription comes; and so shall return the miniature and abscond to-morrow, keeping the portrait for a monitor 'to point a moral,' you understand, or as a study for all future physiognomists." He spoke lightly, but still there was a slight tremor in his voice, and his fine lip, though curled in scorn, grew a thought less rich in color.

And she was there! Agnes, his Agnes, was there—in Paris—and yet the hand which held that brush was steady; and while the features, once so wildly worshipped, grew and brightened under his pencil, De Guyon felt a half loathing rising in his bosom, which he scarce cared to check. One dream of romance was gone forever.

The visitant was just leaving the apartment when two others entered. A gentleman, rather elderly, with a mild expression of countenance, and easy, dignified manner, supported on his arm a young lady, clad in deep mourning. "I have brought my niece to you, Monsieur De Guyon," said the old gentleman, gaily, "in the hope that you can at least keep her face for me, since she persists in taking her bodily presence away. I wonder how young ladies can carry their nerves across the sea so coolly. I got mine over here, but *ma mere*, I shall never get them back."

The young artist replied pleasantly, while the lady threw back her veil, and then, though the face was sadder than it once was, and yet, if possible, more beautiful, he recognized it at once. She too started and grew pale at the sound of his voice, but he saw that his name and foreign appearance at first bewildered, and then seemingly convinced her of her error, and he refrained from betraying his own recognition. "You are fatigued, dear, with coming up these horrid long stairs," said the uncle, kindly, "we will go home now and rest! You will be ready for my niece to sit to-morrow evening, sir?" De Guyon bowed, and they withdrew.

It was in vain that he strove that morning to give

the finishing touches to his favorite Madonna; his hand trembled, and that wild, sad face and subdued, graceful manner haunted him. Had he wronged *her*?

Day after day the question recurred with stronger and stronger doubts; and each day as he read the face of his young companion, and transferred the lineaments to his speaking canvass, his heart beat quicker till, when his eye met hers, the color deepened on his cheek, and—why was the glance of each so quickly withdrawn?

"Oh," said the young lady, one evening, "how much that eye-brow is like my mother's! If you could indeed paint her, my dear, dear mother," and the tears trickled fast through her white fingers, and fell, drop by drop, on her mourning dress.

"It *is* like; but your mother's eye-brows were rather heavier and less arched," answered the artist, gently, "and her eye was lighter than yours, Miss Herbert."

He started even as he spoke, for it had been inadvertently that he had, for the first time, by word or look knowingly betrayed that he had ever known her, or had ever himself been caught other than then; and now she too blushed from neck to brow, and sat timid and trembling like a child before him, with her small hands clasped tightly over her heart, as if to still its throbbings.

He gently drew one of those hands in his. "Florence, dear Florence," he whispered, "will you not let me love you now, heart and soul?"

She looked up at last, smiling through her tears. "Yes! Henry, if you will," she breathed in her sweet, low voice, and this time Henry saw no reason to object.

The good uncle thought his Flory improved very fast since she had got to taking so much more exercise; and next he thought it passing strange that the young artist should run away from his luxurious studio, and such magnificent patronage, and take his nerves across the sea too in the very next ship; but his genius was somewhat enlightened when he received an American paper with a marked paragraph.

Married, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, October 18th, by the Right Rev. Dr. ———, Mr. Henry De Guyon, adopted son and heir of the late Colonel W. Stafford, to Miss Florence, only daughter of E. S. Herbert, Esq.—said paper being also accompanied with a long letter, signed, your most grateful and dutiful nephew,

HENRY L. DE GUYON.

"La, sure!" said the simple-hearted old man, "who could have guessed?"

"Yes, I *will* be ready for them."

MATCH-MAKING.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"Poor Mrs. Lincoln, how I pity her!" exclaimed Mrs. Mervyn, as she turned her eyes from the lady in question, to address a gentleman who had just taken a seat beside her.

"Why so?" replied Mr. Howard, "she does not look in a very pitiable condition, at the present moment at least, with her smiling face, her glittering turban, and her velvet dress."

"Look again," said the lady, "and you will see that she is in a perfect fever of impatience and anxiety. Her mouth smiles, it is true, but look at her eyes rolling in a fine phrenzy between my Kate, who is talking to that fashionable rowdy, St. Clair, and her own pretty, over-dressed daughter, who is listening with such a tell-tale face to poor young Marston. As the fates seem always against her, I wish with all my heart she may fail in her endeavors to separate those two who would suit each other so well."

"Have the fates such a peculiar pleasure in crossing Mrs. Lincoln?—in my ignorance I have always supposed her a very successful manager."

"In some respects she may be, yet she seems to fail in attaining what she sets her heart most upon. She tries her best to govern her husband—he walks the even tenor of his way, allowing her to fret and fume and manœuvre as she may. Another of her aims has been to be a leader in the world of fashion—she has succeeded in only being its most subservient follower. She has set her heart upon her daughter's being a dashing belle, and is bitterly disappointed that nature intended her for something better. Strong, however, in her determination to 'conquer fate,' she forces the girl to undertake the part she wishes her to play, and then wonders at her want of success. Just look at the poor child, almost crushed under the load of finery with which her mother has bedizened her."

Mr. Howard looked in the direction indicated, and smiled as he observed the gentle brow of the pretty Flora overshadowed by a ponderous wreath which would have served to crown three genuine goddesses of spring, her slender arms weighed down with their multitudinous bracelets, and her petite figure founced to the waist until its symmetry was destroyed in the profusion of drapery. Extremely diffident by nature, she was at that moment shrinking still more from notice, to conceal the blushes that were mantling on her cheek from pleasure in the society of one she secretly preferred.

"But you were about telling me of a love affair—were you not?" said Mr. Howard.

"Nay, I know nothing about it. I only surmise from Flora's conscious looks that she prefers young Marston, whose only fault is that he is poor; and from her mother's fidgets and manœuvres that she has fixed her heart upon St. Clair, whose only virtue is that he

is rich and fashionable, and who so sadly misuses the gifts with which kind nature has endowed him, that no sensible woman would wish him for a son-in-law."

"Nay, you are too hard upon St. Clair," said Mr. Howard—"besides fortune and fashion in these days are not so much despised, even by sensible people; and if St. Clair is a little wild, why a pretty, gentle wife would be the very thing for him. So I am for the match decidedly," and with a gay laugh Mr. Howard moved through the crowd.

Flora Lincoln had looked forward to this ball with intense pleasure, for she knew that she would then meet with one who rarely mingled in such scenes, and who now for some unknown reason had seldom sought her society. Henry Marston had been an intimate friend of her eldest brother, now abroad, and always a favorite with herself, though till the partial estrangement we have alluded to she scarcely knew how highly she had valued him. It was but this winter that she had entered society, and all was as yet new, dazzling and strange to her. She felt in a sort of bewilderment that deprived her in a measure of the powers of pleasing that she really possessed; and the injudicious course of her mother, whose determination that her daughter should take a prominent place among the belles of the season, often forced her into positions she felt to be both ridiculous and painful. Mrs. Lincoln had no idea of the possession of a single gift of nature or accomplishment of education, save for the purposes of display. To shine was all her aim, and shine Flora must and should—not with her own soft, moon-like radiance, but with the adventitious glare the meteor fashion could throw about her. Nothing, therefore, that expense or management could do, had been spared to attain this desirable end—if end that can be called which was but a means of reaching one still more desirable—a wealthy and distinguished marriage.

To achieve this, Mrs. Lincoln thought her prime, maternal duty—a duty rendered still more onerous because four younger daughters were awaiting in nursery and school-room their turn to play their part on the stage of fashion. Flora was, therefore, to marry early, and, as soon after her debut her pretty, child-like grace attracted the attention of the rich and fashionable St. Clair, he was fixed upon as the chosen future husband.

Until this unfortunate evening everything had favored Mrs. Lincoln's plans. Mr. St. Clair met all her advances very cordially, was always at hand to dance or talk with Flora, and when she was present seemed to care for no one else; while the gentle diffidence with which she permitted his attentions indicated to the sagacious mother a growing preference. At this ball, however, a change seemed to come over

the spirit of both the intended lovers. Flora, deeply interested in Marston's conversation, appeared to shrink from St. Clair's notice; while he revenged himself for her indifference by an animated flirtation with Kate Mervyn, who though less beautiful than Flora, possessed the style and air of fashion she so greatly needed.

Mrs. Lincoln was almost beside herself!—what was to be done? How willingly would she have annihilated both Kate and Henry on the spot!—but as it was, she was forced to smile, and compliment, and appear to listen, while forming plans innumerable to subvert the threatened failure of her darling scheme. Poor Flora!—little did she dream as with a beating hearting and glowing cheek she said good bye to Henry as he placed her in the carriage beside her mother, of the storm that was about to burst on her devoted head. Mrs. Lincoln had been irritated past endurance by the restraint she had been obliged to impose upon her feelings, their outbreak was, therefore, proportionally strong, and Flora wept and strove to pacify her in vain.

It was some time indeed before the poor girl was able to comprehend the ground of her offence, for until this moment she was entirely unconscious of her mother's plans. When the truth at last dawned upon her, it came with such stunning force that as the light from the opening door of their home gleamed upon her daughter's face, Mrs. Lincoln was shocked at the change that had come over it. The soft and gentle expression was gone, the tears dried, and a stony calmness that awed the angry mother into silence had usurped its place. No further word was spoken on either side. Flora silently took her candle and proceeded to her solitary chamber, and when there sat decked with her mocking finery until daylight dawned.

But oh! the bitter, bitter thoughts that chased each other through her busy brain as she sat there so calm, so still. It seemed as though a veil had been stripped from her eyes, and she no longer looked upon the outside of things, but upon their hard realities. The mother she loved so dearly now stood before her a worldly schemer, who had avowed herself ready to sacrifice her daughter's happiness to her own ambition—and to what other love could she trust if hers had failed? Even the thought of Marston brought no relief. She knew that she loved him, but had she any proof that he loved her in return?—none but kind looks and gentle words and tones, which perchance he might give to others as well as to her. So Flora at daylight sought her neglected couch as utterly miserable as one so innocent could be.

Mrs. Lincoln's nature was one that never could bear opposition. Let her have her own way, and few could seem more amiable and pleasant than she. Oppose her, and she made you feel it every hour in the day, and every minute of the hour. She was a fond mother, but one that exacted implicit obedience; and her children, who were naturally gentle, seldom ventured to disobey her. To Flora in particular, who was always self-distrustful and diffident to a fault, her mother's wishes had hitherto been absolute commands. It was "Flora, you will wear such a dress to-night!"—

"your hair must be arranged so and so!"—"you will dance in this style, play in that, behave in the other," and so on forever. The business of her life in fact was that of giving directions and seeing them obeyed. Her husband, satisfied with his own personal freedom with which he had taught his wife never to interfere, allowed her to be the sun round which the domestic system moved with admirable regularity. The very thought then of Flora wandering from her proper sphere, like some eccentric comet, and daring to think, and feel, and decide for herself, was not to be suffered for a single moment. Next morning Flora was summoned like a culprit before the maternal bar, when in plain terms Mrs. Lincoln requested she would hold no further intercourse with Henry Marston than the barest civility demanded, as he was an acquaintance of whom she entirely disapproved. Flora ventured to inquire, "why?"

"I request I may be obeyed, Flora, without being accountable for my wishes to a child like you. There may be many reasons why I think a young man an unfit companion for my daughter, which it would be improper for me to speak or you to hear. Nay, no heroics," she added, as Flora was about interrupting her with clasped hands and streaming eyes—"your duty as a daughter is submission, and it is well for you that you have a mother better able to judge what is for your true happiness than you are capable of doing for yourself. As to Mr. St. Clair—you have compromised yourself too far in the eyes of the world to think of receding now."

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" said Flora, in an agony, "do not speak to me of Mr. St. Clair, when my whole heart—"

"Silence, Flora!" said her mother, imperiously, with a tone and look that checked the warm tears of her daughter, and closed the warmer heart that was about pouring forth its inmost feelings into the mother's ear. But Mrs. Lincoln knew too well what she was about, to listen to any confessions. Coldly and authoritatively she reiterated her commands; and poor Flora, after a few hopeless struggles, was forced to submit. Her constrained manner to Henry grieved him deeply, and after a vain effort to ascertain the cause, he disappeared from the circles in which she mingled.

Thus time went on, and Mrs. Lincoln's plans seemed on the eve of their fulfilment. Flora, who for a while appeared to droop and languish, had now brightened up again, and attained to more than her former vivacity. She seemed daily to gain more confidence in herself, and to claim more consideration from those around her. Mr. St. Clair was her constant visitor, he sang with Flora, walked and rode with her, and she would often return from these excursions with so glowing a cheek that Mrs. Lincoln was sure the mystic words had been spoken, and though restless and fidgeting as ever, she was perfectly certain that all was going right. To add to her satisfaction, it was currently reported that Henry Marston was seriously attentive to Kate Mervyn, and though she wondered that her mother would allow her to think of one so poor and unknown to fame, she felt doubly thankful that her own masterly policy had

checked the incipient flame in her daughter's bosom, and by forcing him to see there was no hope there, had directed his views into another channel.

It was evening, the lights burned brightly on the table of Mrs. Lincoln's spacious drawing-room, and flashed upon the splendid mirrors and the gorgeous gilding; the rich curtains fell with their heavy folds across the darkened windows, and the whole apartment with its brilliant carpet and its luxurious furniture spoke of wealth, and ease, and comfort. But neither the ease nor the comfort that surrounded them seemed to have found their way into the hearts of the master and mistress of all this elegance. Mr. Lincoln was walking restlessly up and down the room, and his usually good-humored face looked puzzled and anxious; while Mrs. Lincoln in her authoritative and dogmatic style, exclaimed—

"It will be a most admirable thing for poor Flora—besides it is my match from beginning to end—I planned and arranged it all, and though Flora was a little restive at first, I fixed the matter at once by saying it should be as I desired—you see the result. She is now as happy as the day is long, and I am sure will consent to marry St. Clair as soon as he asks it—indeed I wonder he has not spoken before this."

Mr. Lincoln stopped short in his hurried walk, and with a peculiar expression replied—"I do not wonder at it all. Mr. St. Clair knows very well that I will never consent to his marrying Flora, and that for once in my life I intend having my own way."

"My dear Mr. Lincoln how very absurd!"

"Absurd! yes, it is absurd—the very height of absurdity. I can't help laughing for the soul of me at the absurdity of the whole affair"—and Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily.

"What do you mean, Mr. Lincoln?" said the lady, angrily—"this is no laughing matter."

"It is, my dear—upon my life it is: 'let those laugh that win,' you know," and Mr. Lincoln's merriment redoubled.

"Mr. Lincoln, what *do* you mean?"

"Read this, my dear, and you will see," and Mr. Lincoln placed in her hand a note addressed to himself by Mr. Mervyn, announcing his daughter's engagement, alluding to the happy termination of all their difficulties, with thanks for Mr. Lincoln's kind offices, and hopes that Flora would act as bridesmaid. Mrs. Lincoln read the note nearly through before she discovered the bridegroom was not to be Henry Marston as she anticipated—but St. Clair!

We cannot attempt to describe the scene that ensued,

it is enough to tell its termination. After having exhausted herself in invectives against St. Clair, Kate, Flora, and the whole world, Mrs. Lincoln had sunk sobbing upon the sofa, when her husband said to her—

"I have so long let you have your own way, Sarah, that you must forgive me if I have made use of a little stratagem to carry mine. I confess that I wanted the courage to endure all that we both should have had to suffer had I opposed you openly. Now the matter is done, and you will be obliged to submit. But you might have spared yourself all this mortification, had you been willing to listen to your daughter, when she would have laid bare her whole heart to you; and you may be thankful your unkindness did not drive her to deceit or desperation. In her misery she came to me—told me that she loved Marston, and implored me not to force her to marry St. Clair. I told her to submit to your wishes, while I would see what could be done. Through my friend Howard I soon discovered exactly how matters stood. St. Clair had long been attached to Kate, but her mother was prejudiced against him, and his attentions to Flora were but a blind to conceal his real feelings, so that if her heart had not been occupied by another, she might, through your fault, at this moment have been suffering the miseries of a hopeless attachment. Mr. Mervyn approved of his daughter's choice as I did of Flora's; but as both of us were under petticoat government, we concerted together our plan, by means of which all our young people were able to see a good deal of each other, until their mothers could be brought to hear right reason. Mrs. Mervyn, finding her daughter's happiness is so deeply interested, has at last given her consent, and confesses she judged the young man too hastily. Howard, who has been the master mover of our plot, dines here to-day, and with him Henry Marston. He is a son-in-law I shall be proud of, and so will you when you come to your senses. Remember how the world will laugh if they think you are outwitted."

And the dread of the world's laugh prevailed. Mrs. Lincoln digested her disappointment: put a good face upon the matter: praised Henry's virtues and abilities in all companies, and declared, in her usual stereotyped phrase on such occasions, that "had she searched the world over Flora could not have made a better choice." The wedding was as grand as though it had been for a millionaire; and Mr. Mervyn, in his delight at his daughter's happiness, declares that he is so pleased with his success, that he is afraid he may be tempted to take up his wife's forsaken business of *match-making*.

MAY-DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EMILLY H. MAY.

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BY EMILY H. MAY.

ONE of the oldest and most poetical holidays of England was that of the first of May. When it first originated, research has failed to discover, though it is probably the remnant of some Pagan festival in commemoration of the opening of spring: but we trace its history clearly for at least five hundred years back.

The popularity of this holiday was at its height probably in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Before day-break the villagers were accustomed to set forth to the woods, where they felled the tallest and straightest tree they could find, and bore it in triumph home, for a May-pole. Sometimes it was dragged from the woods by oxen garlanded with flowers, and accompanied by music; while men and maidens, bearing green boughs, swelled the procession. Arrived at the village the tall pole was reared on the green, and hung with garlands of flowers. The fronts of the houses were frequently dressed in green boughs. Arbors of the same material were also erected, a bower being placed at their head, higher than the others: this, within and without, was decorated with flowers, and set apart for the Queen of May, who was, generally, some peasant girl, selected by the unanimous consent of her companions. Sometimes the daughter of the Lord of the Manor presided as May Queen, and the whole family issued from their old ancestral hall to join in the May-day games. Then there were rustic youths dressed up in the costume of Robin Hood and his merry men, and Maid Marian; re-calling the days of old, when these daring outlaws were the dread and pride of Sherwood Forest, plundering the rich to feed the poor; and chasing the dun deer through the thickets, in spite of Norman keepers and cruel forest-laws.

Thomas Millar, the basket-maker, gives a description copied from an old chronicler of a May-day in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The merry monarch, once rode out with his queen, and a whole concourse of nobles, one fine May morning, to the top of Shooters-hill, above Greenwich, and there they were received by a large troop of men, amounting to about two hundred, who were all dressed as foresters, in a costume of Kendal green, and headed by a captain, whom they called Robin Hood. These May-day

foresters, dressed up for the occasion, amused their royal and noble visitors by showing them their skill in archery; and when this was over each blew his bugle-horn, and conducted the king and his train into a wood under the brow of the hill, where a large arbor was erected of green boughs, consisting of a hall and two chambers, all decorated with flowers and sweet herbs; and here a mighty feast stood ready prepared, quite in keeping with the scene, consisting of venison, venison-pasties, and a copious supply of the blood-red wine, for such, the old ballads say, often formed the forest-banquet of Robin Hood and his merry men.

On their return from this woodland banquet, they were met by two ladies, richly attired, who rode in a beautiful chariot, drawn by five horses; and on the back of each horse was also seated a lady, one of whom was called the Lady of Showers; another, the Lady of Green; the third, the Lady of Vegetation; the fourth, of Pleasure; and the fifth, of Sweet Odor. Of the two who occupied the chariot, one was called the Lady of May, and the other the Lady of Flowers: and they entertained the assembled company with songs, as they returned to Greenwich. Such was an English May-day in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

In bringing home the May-pole, sometimes as many as forty yoke of oxen, each having a sweet nosegay tied to the tip of his horns, were employed. The pole too was covered all over, from top to bottom, with flowers and sweet herbs, bound round with strings; were, at equal distances, cross bars were fastened upon it, to the end of which were attached garlands; and thus decorated, it was hoisted up, amid the leaping and dancing and joyous shouts of the assembled multitude.

Even in London the festival was kept up with spirit. Any one who had passed along Cornhill, on May-day, a few centuries ago, would have seen green arbors erected there, and huge oaken boughs hanging over the street, and the milk-maids, and all the merry old citizens, with their wives, daughters, maids, and apprentices, congregated about the May-pole, many of them dressed in old fanciful costumes, and giving themselves up to all the fun and jollity of May. But time has not preserved even the names of

the mazy measures which they danced; and nearly all we know of the ancient pipe and tabor, the favorite music to which they timed their footsteps, is gathered from glancing at some scarce engraving.

The observance of May-day has, within the last century, fallen into almost entire disuse. In a few rural districts, however, the first of May is still kept.

It is the custom to let the garlands remain on the May-pole until the next year. Millar says:—"I well remember passing through a village, at the end of April, in which a tall May-pole stood, only a few years ago, and seeing the last year's garlands hanging upon it, all wan and withered, and beaten by the storms of the past winter."